

## ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXXII.—DECEMBER, 1898.—No. CCCCXCIV.



## THE UNITED STATES AND THE CONTROL OF THE TROPICS.

THE editor of The Atlantic Monthly has written me the following letter:—

“In your suggestive volume on the control of the tropics you declare it futile that any first-class world-power should hope in the future to fold its hands and stand aloof from the tropics. You say that there can be no choice in the matter, and that with the filling up of the temperate regions and the continued development of industrialism, rivalry for the trade of the tropics will be the largest factor in the era upon which we are entering. You declare that, by reason of past experience, we have now come face to face with the following conclusions regarding the tropics:—

“‘The ethical development that has taken place in our civilization has rendered the experiment once made to develop their resources by forced native labor no longer possible, or permissible, even if possible.’

“‘We have already abandoned, under pressure of experience, the idea, which at one time prevailed, that the tropical regions might be occupied and permanently colonized by European races, as vast regions in the temperate climes have been.’

“‘Within a measurable period in the future, and under pressure of experience, we shall probably also have to abandon the idea, which has in like manner prevailed for a time, that the colored races, left to themselves, possess the qualities necessary to the development of the rich resources of the lands they have inherited.’

“The only method left, therefore, in your opinion, is that the tropics must be governed from a base in the temperate regions; and, in particular,—and in this you make a new departure,—be governed by the nations which undertake such work *as a trust for civilization*. This solution of the problem of the tropics Great Britain has begun to make in the case of Egypt. But Great Britain is already a world-wide empire, and has developed by long experience the methods and machinery for exercising such control.

“You refrain, in your book on the control of the tropics,—no doubt purposely,—from saying whether, in your judgment, the United States has incurred obligations by her victory over Spain to take a share in the development of the tropics, and whether the United States is politically able to enter upon such a career. The body of opinion in the United States that opposes a policy of expansion bases its objections on these three propositions: (1) that the traditions of the United States are directly and strongly opposed to a policy of expansion, and have been so opposed from George Washington’s Farewell Address to the present time; (2) that a dangerous if not an insuperable practical difficulty to a policy of expansion is found in the inefficient civil service of the United States; and (3) that the control of colonies is illogical for the United States, because such a policy directly contradicts the fundamental proposition on which the

republican form of government rests, — that it shall consist only of self-governing commonwealths. In view of these objections, do you hold that the United States could safely enter upon a policy of expansion?"

The questions asked in this letter are so very important, and bear so closely upon a great public issue about which it is the right and duty of the people of the United States alone to express a direct opinion, that I feel some difficulty in replying to them. Let me take the propositions in order, and deal first with the policy of expansion. I have recently been traveling over a large part of the United States, particularly in the West. I have been as far west as the Pacific coast, passing over two main lines of communication, out one way and back another, stopping at various places, and living amongst the people a good deal. On this subject of expansion I talked with the people generally. It was impossible to avoid the subject. I was struck by two great bodies of opinion, as I might call them, on the question of expansion. One of these I might describe as being a sort of unreasoning body of opinion; that is to say, it has not been reasoned out. It takes the shape in the popular mind of a pronounced and even intense feeling that in this matter of expansion the duty of the United States is clear. Ask the farmers and business men in the West why the course which they propose is the duty of America. They will give no direct reason or logical reason, as far as I could find out. But they are, nevertheless, perfectly decided about one thing, and that is "that this thing has got to be done." You ask, "What thing?" and they reply, "Why, that America should keep a stiff upper lip to the world; should hold that which she has not sought, but which has come to her; should keep what she has got." She must, in short, in a favorite phrase, be "true to her own destiny."

Now that is one body of opinion. There is also another great body of opinion, largely prevailing amongst the reasoning classes in the United States. Many men of this class undoubtedly hold strongly that the government is about to embark upon a very responsible experiment, — perhaps an experiment in which there is a considerable element of danger.

With regard to the first body of opinion, which is a serious force it seemed to me in most places, I tried to explain to myself what this feeling is which finds expression as "the destiny of America" now to be carried forward in a policy of expansion. I can only put the matter in the shape in which it has presented itself to my own mind.

To get at the underlying meaning of that great phase of world-development which is now culminating in the United States, it would appear to be necessary to go a little distance back into the past: we must take up the threads of European history. As European history is coming to be understood at the present day, there is a principle which is gradually emerging into the view of the student, and growing clearer and clearer even to the general mind. If we look back over a short period it may perhaps fail to attract attention, but when we extend the view over a few centuries there can be no mistaking it. At first sight this historic principle of development or principle of movement in European affairs may be described as the gradual movement of power northward; when it is regarded more closely, it is possible to see that it is something more than this. Underneath all the outward national quarrels of Europe there has been going on for centuries what is really a struggle between what we might call the Latin type of civilization, represented by the southern races, and that type of civilization which has been developed in northern Europe.

We first catch sight of it early in the



history of the German Empire. It may be seen there how German unity was a sort of ideal which the German people had put before them a long way back in the centuries; how the German people sought to realize that ideal; and how the German people were constantly thwarted by a set of influences from southern Europe, in which at first the influence of Spain, and later the influence of Austria, predominated. It has been only in our own time that the ideal of German unity has been realized, and the rise of Prussia becomes, as Professor Acton sees it, the most significant historical phenomenon in the history of modern Continental Europe. Again, we see Spain joined in a tremendous world-struggle with the Dutch. It is impossible to read Motley's History of the Dutch Republic without vividly feeling what a momentous struggle it was, and with what cost to the Netherlands it was waged. Although the Dutch emerged from it eventually victorious, and were for some time afterward a leading power in Europe, much of the life-blood of the people had certainly been sucked.

Finally the conflict may be observed in its last and most significant phase. To take up the threads we must go a little distance back to where we find Spain confronting England in Elizabethan times, with apparently an overwhelming advantage on the side of the former country. Slowly the outwardly stronger power goes down, and toward the end of the eighteenth century it is France, with Spain behind her, which stands confronting England throughout the world. Even yet historians have scarcely fathomed the meaning of the great struggle that culminated in what is known as the Napoleonic wars. Up to recent times Professor Seeley has probably been the only English historian who has risen to the philosophical position of seeing that that contest was in reality a duel, in which France, with Spain behind her, had joined with England for the future of the

world, — a duel in which the real issue was whether Latin civilization or that kind of civilization with which England had become identified was to be predominant. The whole Napoleonic era, as Seeley puts it, was but a struggle against the world-expansion of the English principle, and "Napoleon tried to conquer the whole continent of Europe because he realized that he could not otherwise conquer England."

The cost of the conflict to England was enormous. It is impossible to give figures which would bring home to the mind the real extent of the sacrifices made. Toward the close of the war Great Britain's population was about 17,000,000. But before peace was restored that comparatively small nation, at a period when money was very scarce and of higher value than it is now, had incurred a national debt of about \$4,000,000,000.

It is not yet perceived in America that one of the principal results of this prolonged struggle has been, not the secession of the United States from England, which was but an incident and of the nature of a development, but rather that the North American continent of the present day speaks English, and not French; and that the immense inheritance of that continent belongs to the type of civilization which the United States now represents, and not to any other type.

But to present the history of this development in its next chapter we have to take a large canvas; for it is necessary to find room for the whole North American continent. Looking at the map of North America immediately before the period when the United States began its career as a nation, we have a remarkable spectacle. A little fringe of English-speaking people, some 5,000,000 in number, occupied the territory along the Atlantic seaboard. The French occupied the broad *hinterland* of the Mississippi Valley. The Spaniards were in possession in the south;

they held also the great territories along the Pacific seaboard. This English-speaking territory is little more than a patch on the map, surrounded by territories belonging to one or other of almost all the leading powers of Europe. Yet we look again toward the end of the nineteenth century, and a wonderful transformation has taken place; a later and vaster chapter of the world-movement, of which we had the opening chapters in another hemisphere, has been enacted. North, south, west, from Atlantic to Pacific, from seaboard to seaboard, the great wave of English-speaking civilization has flowed, submerging, nay, obliterating all other forms. Not a square mile of territory, once won, has ever been given back. The meaning of Washington's Farewell Address, delivered when the United States contained only about 6,000,000 people, surrounded on every side by hostile powers and hostile natural conditions, appears to be lost when the 6,000,000 have grown to 70,000,000, and are already reckoning the day when they will be 200,000,000. The people whom Henry Adams described as living at the beginning of the nineteenth century "in an isolation like that of the Jutes and Angles of the fifth century" have tamed a continent, have covered it with a vast network of the most magnificent railroads in the world, have grown to be the largest and most homogeneous nation on the face of the earth, with a great world-movement behind it, and certainly a great world-part in the future before it. It is because the man in the Western states to-day, in a dim instinctive way, realizes these things, because he has himself been in the midst of this development, and has even been a factor in it, that he seems to be willing to take the risks which more theoretical minds hesitate at. That was the answer which I gave myself. To look closer at the matter is only to have the importance of it brought home with increased force.

The struggle above described has been

going on ever since, and it is but the last phase of it that we have had in America in the recent war with Spain. Yet the conditions are slowly changing. A leading factor in the future history of the world is that it is the probable destiny of the United States, at no distant time, to become the leading section of the English-speaking world; nay, not only that, but to become the leading world-power of the next century. Now, if the United States is going to be a great world-power in the next century, it would seem to be almost impossible to conceive that it will be able to escape the effect of its connection with what are really world-principles, and these world-principles will involve very important relationships to the world in the future. The first matter with which it will undoubtedly be concerned is the trade of the world.

It is not possible to conceive the North American continent as occupied by perhaps 200,000,000 people in the near future, without considering these inhabitants as having behind them a world-trade. Some persons seem to think that a country may have an export trade without an import trade. It is an economic law that even that is impossible. When we come to look at the world of the present day, it may be seen at once that most of the developments that have gone on in the past have been those which have taken place in the temperate regions. We of the more vigorous races have been occupied during the last century or two with colonizing, spreading ourselves over, and taming the temperate regions of the world. That era, it would seem, will not last much longer; it is slowly but surely coming to a close. Within a time which many of us will live to see, the American continent will be settled up; it is very nearly settled up already, in the agricultural sense. The next era of expansion, which we are almost in the midst of, is the great era of industrial expansion, manufacturing expansion, — an era of expansion which will



undoubtedly bring the United States into very important relations with the trade of the world. The people of the United States will be driven to seek the widest possible outside market for their industrial productions; they must be able to buy raw material in outside markets; and they will have behind them, as they will come to realize more and more clearly, a great history, for they will be the leading representatives of definite principles in the development of the world.

Now let us see what this trade means. It would seem that there can be little doubt that the trade of the world in the future will be largely a trade with the tropics. The tropics are naturally the most richly endowed portion of the world. Under proper conditions of administration, the possibilities of production in the tropics are immensely greater than the possibilities of production in the temperate regions. Even with the extremely unfavorable conditions which at present prevail in the tropics, as I have elsewhere tried to show, our civilization already rests to a large extent on its trade with the tropics. As regards America's share in this trade, I may repeat here the analysis that I have already made in my little volume:—

Looking down the import list [of the United States] for 1895, and taking the fifteen heads under which the largest values were imported, we find that they include some two thirds of the total imports of the United States. A glance at the principal commodities is sufficient to show to what an enormous extent the produce of the tropics is represented. Here the two items which stand at the top of the list are coffee and sugar, of which the imports were valued at, respectively, \$96,000,000 and \$76,000,000. The value of the imports of these two articles alone does not fall very far short of one fourth of the total value of the imports of the United States for the year in question. If we add to it the values

under three other heads,—namely, (1) india rubber, (2) tobacco, and (3) tea,—we have a total of about \$221,000,000. If we endeavor to deal with the whole import list, and seek to distinguish what proportion of the total imports of the United States comes from the region embraced between latitude 30° north and 30° south of the equator, we get a total value of, approximately, \$250,000,000 from tropical regions. This is over one third of the entire imports of the United States, the total for the year from all sources being \$731,000,000. In the case of the exports of the United States the currents of trade are somewhat different, about forty-seven per cent of the entire export trade being with the United Kingdom. But of the remainder, the export trade to the tropics forms a large proportion, amounting in all to, approximately, \$96,000,000.

Adding together, therefore, the exports and imports of the United States, we have a remarkable analysis of the entire trade of the country as follows:—

Trade of the United States in	
1895 with the tropics . . .	\$346,000,000
With the English-speaking world	
(not including British tropics)	657,000,000
<hr/>	
Total with the tropics and Eng-	
lish-speaking world . . .	\$1,003,000,000
With the rest of the world . .	535,000,000
<hr/>	
Gross total . . . . .	\$1,538,000,000

If we exclude consideration of trade within the English-speaking regions, the total trade of the United States with the tropics in 1895 was \$346,000,000 as against \$535,000,000 with the remainder of the world. This is a very striking and pregnant fact when we consider existing conditions. It must always be kept in view, too, that no nation can remain permanently indifferent to the condition of a country with which it has large and vital trade relations. Although the United States interfered in Cuba in the cause of humanity, it must

be remembered that it was the close trade connection of the American people with the island which directly and forcibly compelled the attention of the public mind to what was taking place there. For all these reasons, it seems hard to believe that the traditions of the past, which opposed a policy of expansion on the part of the United States, will operate with the same force in the future.

For the same reason that expansion appears to the Western man to be inevitable, there is a disposition to regard with equanimity the apparently "insuperable practical difficulty to a policy of expansion in the inefficient civil service of the United States." One of the most remarkable, and, if I mistake not, one of the most healthy symptoms of public life in America, is a disposition to regard with a cheerful optimism those problems of government which do so much to depress the English observer. As yet, America probably has not taken seriously in hand the treatment of these problems, and the results will likely enough be striking when the task is earnestly undertaken. The United States is the highest, and yet the youngest, of all political organisms in the world, — an organism with a promise and a potentiality behind it of which there has been no previous parallel; but it has hardly had time to attend to the problems, the slow solution of which has taken hundreds of years in other countries. There seems to be no insurmountable reason why there should not be as efficient a civil service in the United States as there is in England. The principle which has been followed in England has been the keeping of the permanent civil service, abroad even more than at home, apart from the traditions and influences of political parties. In England the one consistent idea which, through all outward forms, has in late years been behind the institution of the higher Indian civil service on existing lines is that, even where it is equally open to natives with Europeans through

competitive examination, entrance to it shall be made through a British university. In other words, it is the best and most distinctive product that England can give, the higher ideals and standards of her universities, which is made to feed the inner life from which the British administration of India proceeds.

In the United States, the university system of education has already reached a kind of development which is far in advance of anything that we have in England. There is a magnificent recruiting-ground existing from which to build up a civil service with high traditions of public duty. If the nation rises to the level of the occasion, insists on going straight in this matter from the beginning, there seem to be all the possibilities of the very best results. But it will be necessary to pay salaries adequate to the positions and responsibilities of the officials. In England there is a motto to the effect that "power must be paid." If it is not paid by the state, it tends to pay itself, directly or indirectly, from other sources, and to serve the interests, not of the state, but of those who pay it.

As to the question implied in the third proposition I have no right to reply. It is a matter exclusively for the American people. I would point out, however, that in this question the control of *colonies* by the United States is spoken of. One of the leading principles that I have tried to enunciate in my book on the control of the tropics is that such territories can never be *colonies*; that the white man can never be acclimatized in the tropics; that such regions must continue to be permanently peopled by their *natural* inhabitants; and that the highest duty of the civilized power that undertakes responsibility in relation thereto is to see that they shall be governed, not in the interest of the governing power, but as a trust for civilization.

As to the logic of the situation, that is also a matter solely for the American people. Yet it is one of the deepest



truths of philosophy that the meaning of living things cannot be put into logical formulas. The spirit behind the Constitution of the United States is probably one of the most vital and healthy things in the world; and yet, under the Constitution itself, there are already the most illogical results. One of the fundamental principles of government in the United States is the assumption of the right of every citizen to liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The negro is a citizen of the United States, and yet in some states of the Union he is forbidden to marry a citizen of a different color. The Indian is a ward of the United States, and not a citizen; and the Chinaman is forbidden a vote. All this is illogical. But it is not therefore wrong; and the fact remains that the spirit behind the American Constitution is probably one of the healthiest forces

in the world. The intense feeling of the Western man that there is a meaning and a reason behind a policy of expansion which cannot be put into formulas — which it is not even necessary to put into formulas — has more in it than appears on the surface; it may be nearer to the real meaning of things than the most thoroughly reasoned argument. We have not had a more philosophical historian in England than Professor Seeley, certainly none who has understood better the meaning of the principles behind the expansion of the English-speaking races. It was he who, writing about such principles, delivered himself of this remarkable saying: "In a truly living institution the instinct of development is wiser than the utterances of the wisest individual man." That is the Western man's conclusion put into the philosophy of the historian.

*Benjamin Kidd.*

---

### THE NAME OF OLD GLORY. — 1898.

When, why, and by whom, was our flag The Stars and Stripes first called "Old Glory"?

DAILY QUERY TO PRESS.

I.

OLD GLORY! say, who,  
By the ships and the crew,  
And the long, blended ranks of the Gray and the Blue, —  
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear  
With such pride everywhere,  
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air,  
And leap out full length, as we're wanting you to? —  
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,  
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?  
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,  
With your stars at their glittering best overhead —  
By day or by night  
Their delightfulest light  
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue!  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory — say, who —  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old banner lifted, and faltering then  
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.*

## II.

Old Glory, — speak out! We are asking about  
 How you happened to "favor" a name, so to say,  
 That sounds so familiar and careless and gay,  
 As we cheer it, and shout in our wild, breezy way —  
*We — the crowd*, every man of us, calling you that —  
*We*, Tom, Dick, and Harry, each swinging his hat  
 And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were our kin,  
 When — *Lord!* — we all know we're as common as sin!  
 And yet it just seems like you *humor* us all  
 And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and fall  
 Into line, with you over us, waving us on  
 Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone.  
 And this is the reason we're wanting to know  
 (And we're wanting it *so!*  
 Where our own fathers went we are willing to go)  
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory — O-ho! —  
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill  
 For an instant; then wistfully sighed and was still.*

## III.

Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear  
 Is what the plain facts of your christening were, —  
 For your name — just to hear it,  
 Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit  
 As salt as a tear:  
 And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,  
 There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye,  
 And an aching to live for you always — or die,  
 If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.  
 And so, by our love  
 For you, floating above,  
 And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,  
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why  
 Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

*Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,  
 And fluttered an audible answer at last.*

## IV.

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:—  
 By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red  
 Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead —  
 By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,  
 As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,  
 Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod, —  
 My name is as old as the glory of God.

. . . So I came by the name of Old Glory.

*James Whitcomb Riley.*



## EUROPEAN EXPERIENCE WITH TROPICAL COLONIES.

WRITING of the colonial problem now confronting the United States, Mr. Benjamin Kidd has said, in his little volume on the Control of the Tropics: "It is not a question of the relative merits of any form of government; it is not even a question of the relative merits of any race amongst civilized peoples; it is simply and purely the question of the ultimate relation of the white man to the tropics."

Mr. Kidd has gone to the heart of the subject; for whilst it is certain that all intelligent citizens of the United States have realized that the war with Spain has created a new and important national problem, it is equally certain that there is a general tendency to underestimate its difficulties and to misjudge its real character.

In setting out to control tropical possessions the United States has the experience of six nations to draw upon, — Spain, Portugal, Germany, France, Holland, and Great Britain. Three of these may be dismissed at once. Spain and Portugal may serve as warnings; they can never serve as examples. Germany has had an experience of only fourteen years in tropical colonization, and no opinion of her methods can be of value until her work has had the test of a longer time. If, therefore, the true system of controlling tropical colonies has been discovered, we may expect to find it in the colonial experience of France, Holland, or Great Britain.

France embarked on a policy of colonial expansion from the necessity of keeping pace with Russia, who is extending her empire in the Far East, and with Germany, who hopes to become an African power; and although colonial rivalry with England is at present out of the question, there is a lingering hope amongst a certain class of French states-

men that the next century will witness a decrease rather than an augmentation of Great Britain's colonial possessions. Of the French Asiatic colonies as a whole it may be said that they consist of a handful of French merchants and adventurers, a large body of government officials, and a considerable population of uneducated and semi-barbarous natives, who are exploited — very unsuccessfully, it is true — for the benefit of the home government. Mr. Henry Norman, in his *Peoples and Politics of the Far East*, has drawn a striking picture of the methods adopted by France in her Asiatic colonies. In 1890 the population of French Cochin-China was 1,800,000, of whom only 1600 were French. Of these 1600, 1200 were government officials. The salaries of these officials amounted to \$1,750,000, and in the same year the amount devoted to public works was \$80,000. More extraordinary still, the whole of this \$80,000 was paid out as salaries to officials of the department, and not a cent's worth of work was done. In regard to Tongking, Mr. Norman calculates that the French taxpayer has expended \$24,000 a day on the colony for each day, Sundays included, that it has been a French possession. Up to the end of 1892 France had spent 476,000,000 francs on Tongking, and as a set-off to this, during the same period, had sold the colony 59,000,000 francs' worth of French goods.

In the West Indies France has been financially more fortunate, and a considerable trade exists between Martinique and Guadeloupe and the mother country. But a visit to these islands will convince the impartial observer that although they are not mismanaged in the same way as the Asiatic colonies of France, they are in many respects in an

unsatisfactory condition.<sup>1</sup> Both in Martinique and in Guadeloupe the leading industries are dependent on imported East Indian laborers. French Guiana, or Cayenne, is at present merely an insignificant tract of land on the mainland of South America, which is used as a convict settlement, no serious effort ever having been made to develop its great natural resources. It is interesting to note that Algeria, the most important colonial possession of France, and the one which might be most reasonably expected to prove a financial success, fails to pay the cost of its administration, from the necessity of maintaining an army of 54,000 men to control 3,500,000 natives. France has obtained little honor and less profit from her colonial ventures. Her ambition has been to achieve in the tropics what England has achieved in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and her other non-tropical colonies, — the founding of hardy dependencies, populated by a race mainly of the home stock, and bound to the mother country by all the ties of affection and loyalty, — dependencies which in the hour of need would prove a source of strength to the nation. The failure of France is due rather to the fundamental difficulties of tropical colonization than to the evil effects of maladministration; for it is doubtful whether even any of England's tropical possessions, loyal as they undoubtedly are, would prove a source of strength in time of war. Frenchmen have not emigrated to the French colonies, because to most white men the tropics offer little inducement as a home. The absence of all those conveniences and luxuries which form so large a part of our daily life becomes unendurable as soon as the novelty of a strange land has worn off.

The experience of Holland presents

a series of facts of the highest significance in relation to tropical colonization, and the history of the Dutch colonies furnishes us with material for the understanding of the problem of colonial administration.

The Dutch have tropical colonies both in the East Indies and in the West Indies. In her East Indian colonies Holland has attained a degree of success which has been reached by no other nation in similar circumstances; but in the West Indies her failure has been no less conspicuous than that of other powers.

The principal East Indian possession of Holland is Java, an island which has an area of about 49,000 square miles, with a population of 22,500,000, or, in other words, 459 persons to the square mile. The population is made up of 22,000,000 natives, who are Malaysians; 300,000 Chinese; 42,000 Europeans, including half-castes; 14,900 Arabs; 3500 Hindus; the rest are of various Asiatic and Polynesian races. Ninety-five per cent of the people are Mohammedans. When the Dutch occupied the island at the beginning of the seventeenth century, they found the people in an advanced state of civilization, measured by the standards of the East; and since the Dutch authority became firmly established, they have shown themselves peaceful, industrious, and of gentle disposition. Holland determined to govern the island as a national plantation, and instituted a system of forced labor which, with slight modifications, still exists. The system cannot fairly be called slavery; for although it is compulsory for every able-bodied native to devote a certain portion of his time to the cultivation of coffee, sugar, and other crops, to be delivered at the government depots, he receives in return a fair price for the

<sup>1</sup> In Rear-Admiral Aube's *La Martinique: Son Présent et son Avenir* occurs the following passage: "The colony is fatally doomed to decadence, and it is to put things in the very

best light to suppose that the richest part of the island will be able for a few years longer to maintain the degree of prosperity which it has arrived at."



products of his labor. What the Dutch insisted on was, in effect, that the natural tendency of the people to work only so long as sufficed for the gratification of their simple needs should not be allowed to interfere with the development of a country which could be made to yield a handsome profit to the government, and at the same time provide a comfortable means of support for the natives. Under this system the island prospered amazingly. Trade increased with great rapidity; the government reaped enormous profits; the people enjoyed a degree of material prosperity before undreamed of; gradually the task of ruling the island became less and less difficult, and the government has found it possible to appoint large numbers of intelligent natives to those important and responsible posts which had to be created, as a result of the commercial expansion arising out of the enforced industry of the people.

Let us turn our attention now to Surinam, the principal colony of the Dutch in the West Indies. Surinam, or Dutch Guiana, as it is sometimes called, resembles Java in many respects. It lies at the same distance to the north of the equator as Java lies to the south; it is of almost the same area; it possesses a similar climate; its soil is suitable for the cultivation of the same products; it is watered by noble rivers; it has enormous forests of valuable timber; and it has the advantage of Java in being much nearer to the European markets. Yet what do we find? Instead of the thriving population of Java, instead of its immense trade and tranquil prosperity, we see a country barely able to keep its head above the wave of bankruptcy which is continually threatening it; a country of whose area only one half of one per cent is beneficially occupied; a country where most of the work is done by laborers imported from the

East, — where, to quote from Mr. Washington Eves,<sup>1</sup> “the neglected stores where the European merchants carried on their business tell a tale of decadence.” It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to enumerate all the circumstances which have combined to place in such striking contrast two countries so similar in natural conditions; but two facts stand prominently forth, — the differences in the nature of the native population and in the form of government of the two colonies. In Java the population is of Malays, in Surinam of negroes. The Malays have shown themselves capable of evolving a civilization, of combining together for the purpose of maintaining national institutions and of carrying out enterprises of public utility without assistance or guidance from the white man. In character they exhibit those traits which belong to most Eastern races: a great reverence for family ties; a tendency to resist the intrusion of foreign authority, and a tendency no less marked to submit quietly to that authority once it is firmly established; a natural disinclination to steady work, which, however, yields readily in the face of reasonable inducement or slight pressure; a certain quickness of intellect which gives them a clear vision where their material interests are concerned, and saves them from being improvident; and, finally, a curious mental adjustment, which, if it becomes unsettled through intense excitement or mental strain, is likely to change them in a moment into savages.

It is not my purpose to undertake to describe the negro as he was before his introduction into the western hemisphere, or as he might have been under different circumstances, but only the West Indian negro as he is, without reference to the question whether his present characteristics are due to ill treatment, to lack of opportunity, or to inherent mental and physical qualities.

tute, and the author of an admirable history of the West Indies.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Eves, C. M. G., F. R. G. S., is a member of the council of the Royal Colonial Insti-

The Dutch found the negro undesirable as a slave; they have found him still more undesirable as a free man. Having developed no civilization of his own, he cannot adapt himself to an alien civilization. Exhibiting some outward indications of adherence to Christianity, he reverts, as soon as he is left to himself, to the disgusting rites which belong to his gross and abominable superstitions. He will not work, for he has no ambitions to gratify. For authority, unless it be of the rigorous military kind, he has no respect. His passions are easily aroused, and he is prone to riot and insurrection. Finally, there seems to be no general tendency in the West Indian negro to improve under the influence of education and example. The character of the negro, then, is one reason why Surinam differs so widely from Java.

In government Holland has adopted toward Java an autocratic method, and under it the people have become prosperous and contented. In Surinam a restricted system of representation exists, and the government has not compelled the people to work. The result has been that the negroes have retired into the forests, and given themselves up to devil worship, whilst the labor in the colony is done chiefly by imported East Indian laborers. Whatever might have been the condition of the Surinam negro under autocratic government, he has proved himself, under a more liberal system, unsatisfactory as a colonist.

The experience of the Dutch with tropical negroes, however, has been limited, and the idea naturally suggests itself that possibly the failure of the Surinam negro to make a good colonist is due rather to bad management by his rulers than to any defect in his own nature. In order to gain a broader view of the tropical negro, and to observe him under the most enlightened form of government he has ever enjoyed, a brief glance at the British West Indian colonies is

necessary. I spent six years, beginning in 1891, in the West Indies and in British Guiana, and made during that time a careful study of the conditions prevailing in the West Indian colonies.

It is convenient to divide the more important of these colonies into three classes: the colonies of small industries, Dominica, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Tobago, Antigua, Grenada, St. Kitts, Nevis, and Montserrat; the colonies of large industries, Trinidad, British Guiana, and Jamaica; and Barbados, the economic conditions of which differ materially from those of either of the other two classes. In the year 1896 the colonies of the first class exported produce of the total value of \$3,240,000: the highest on the list being Antigua, with \$910,000; the lowest Montserrat, with \$120,000. The colonies of the second class exported produce of the total value of \$24,000,000: the highest being British Guiana, with \$9,000,000; the lowest Trinidad, with \$6,750,000. It is impracticable to deal with each of these colonies separately, or to point out those distinctions which undoubtedly exist in their conditions. Taking the colonies of small industries as a group, we find a most depressing state of affairs. These islands, which were once thriving and prosperous, are now fast sinking to ruin. Nearly all are of extraordinary fertility, and most of them possess a delightful climate; yet the land is falling out of cultivation year by year, and unmistakable signs of decay are observable on every side. The chief cause of this decay, in my judgment, is the nature of the native population. Except St. Lucia, none of the islands suffers from a lack of laborers; but very little labor is required for the carrying on of the small industries that still survive. Were any attempt made to establish large industries, it would fail unless laborers were imported from the East.

In support of this view I turn to the colonies of large industries. Trinidad



has a population of 245,000, composed chiefly of negroes, half-breeds, and East Indian coolies. The coolies were introduced in order that the agriculture of the island might not disappear for want of men to do the work. These coolies and their descendants now form nearly one half of the population; and this testimony as to their importance as laborers is given in the Report of the West India Royal Commission, which visited the British West Indian colonies last year: "It has, however, been pressed upon us, by evidence which we cannot disregard, that at the present time, and under present conditions, indentured laborers are absolutely necessary to the carrying on of the sugar estates."<sup>1</sup> In Jamaica a similar condition exists. To the question, "Should the supply of immigrants be increased, continued, or diminished?" Mr. P. C. Cork, a gentleman who has had an experience of twenty-three years in the West Indies, gives the following reply: "The system should be continued; otherwise no large agricultural operations can be conducted with good prospect of success. . . . A great many of the most important sugar estates would have long since had to be abandoned but for coolie labor. . . . And the banana industry could not have extended at anything like the rate it has done without such aid."<sup>2</sup> In British Guiana the case is even more serious. The coolies in that colony are fully one half of the population; and at least three quarters of the work done in the colony is done by East Indians. A planter of thirty-seven years' experience gave the following reply to the question, "Does the need exist for further immigration?" "Yes, immigration is now as indispensable to the sugar planter as it ever was, because here in British Guiana the native laborer is disinclined to work more than four days a week, and often [he works] less, perhaps not at all. He is

quite unreliable, and not to be depended on."<sup>3</sup>

In Trinidad, Jamaica, and British Guiana East Indian laborers are imported under contract to work on the sugar estates. The terms of indenture vary slightly in the different colonies, but are, in effect, as follows: The indentured laborers must work five days a week, and seven hours a day, for a period of five years. In return for this, the planter must furnish him with a free house, free hospital accommodation on the estate, free medical attendance and medicine, and free schooling for his children, and must pay a minimum legal wage. At the end of five years the laborer becomes absolutely free, and can claim a free grant of land from the government or a passage back to India.

The testimony is overwhelming that in those islands where the labor supply consists of negroes little work is done; that wherever large industries are to be found it is the coolie who does the work. There is one, and only one exception to this rule, — the island of Barbados; and the negro is there under absolute compulsion to work. Barbados is unique in several respects. With an area of 100,000 acres of cultivable land, 91,000 acres are under cultivation, the rest being used for residential sites, pasturage, and so on. There are left no forests or waste lands on which the negro can squat. The population of the island is about 186,000, or 1120 to the square mile. Under these circumstances it is evident that the Barbadian negro has his choice of working or starving.

It is significant of the feeling which prevails at the British Colonial Office in reference to the fitness of the West Indian negro for self-government that the island of Dominica has recently been deprived of its system of representation and converted into a Crown Colony. The

<sup>1</sup> West India Royal Commission Report, Part 39, Sec. 302.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, Appendix C, Part 13, Sec. 756.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, Appendix C, Part 2, Sec. 160.

manner in which the change was effected is most instructive. The Dominican House of Assembly, which consisted of elected and nominated members in such proportion that a solid vote of the electives would place the government in a minority, rejected a government motion to make the island a Crown Colony. The administrator then dissolved the Assembly and issued writs for new elections. With the particular issue before them, the people returned one member whose views were known to coincide with those of the government. When the new Assembly met, the resolution to make the island a Crown Colony was carried by one vote, — that of an elected member representing the wishes of his constituents. An amendment was introduced and lost, which ran: "Inasmuch as the government is trying to deprive the inhabitants of their just rights and liberties, be it resolved that the British government be asked to barter Dominica with the French, American, or any other nation." A local newspaper, commenting on the vote, said: "Rather than counsel submission to such a policy we advise steadfast and persistent opposition to the government; and when all constitutional means shall have been exhausted in vain, then we would hold up for imitation the resolve of the Cuban people, — to let the aliens have the country in ashes, if have it they must; since it is preferable to be a free man in a wild country rather than a serf in the most highly developed and prosperous community."

It speaks something for the tolerance of British rule that such rank sedition should remain unnoticed by the authorities. The question of representative government for tropical negroes has been treated by many writers. James Anthony Froude, writing on the subject in 1887, said: "If the Antilles are ever to thrive, each of them should have some trained and skillful man at its head, unembarrassed by local elected assemblies.

. . . Let us persist in the other line; let us use the West Indian governments as asylums for average worthy persons who have to be provided for, and force on them black parliamentary institutions as a remedy for such persons' inefficiency, and these beautiful countries will become like Hayti, with Obeah triumphant, and children offered to the devil, and salted and eaten, till the conscience of mankind wakes again and the Americans sweep them all away."

To sum up. We find that Holland has succeeded in Java, where the population is composed of Malaysians, and where forced labor has been exacted; that she has failed in Surinam, where the population is largely negro, and where no compulsion has been used; that England has failed wherever the population is composed of negroes, and has attained a moderate degree of success only where East Indian laborers form a large proportion of the population, and a contract-labor system is in force; finally, that wherever, in those colonies which have been dealt with in this article, any considerable industries exist, the East Indian indentured immigrant is found doing the work.

Any attempt to govern the tropical possessions of the United States on democratic principles is doomed to certain failure. It has been clearly shown that without forced labor, or at least some form of indentured labor, large industries cannot be developed in tropical colonies. Apart from the instances already cited, this statement is true of Hawaii, Mauritius, Natal, Queensland, Peru, the Fiji Islands, the Straits Settlements, and the Danish West Indies.

But there is a more serious question. It is thought by many that although it may be unadvisable to grant the colonies representative government at present, the time will soon come when the people of these colonies will show themselves capable of self-government. Judging from past experience, there would seem



to be little hope that these pleasant anticipations will ever be realized. We look in vain for a single instance within the tropics of a really well-governed independent country. Would the United States tolerate under its flag the conditions which prevail in Venezuela, in Siam, in Hayti, in the Central American republics?

The system under which this country might hope to achieve success with her tropical possessions is one which is little likely to be adopted. It is the system advocated by Froude for the island of Dominica, — surely the most beautiful of all tropical islands: "Find a Rajah Brooke<sup>1</sup> if you can, or a Mr. Smith of

Scilly. . . . Send him out with no more instructions than the knight of La Mancha gave Sancho, — to fear God and do his duty. Put him on his metal. Promise him the praise of all good men if he does well; and if he calls to his help intelligent persons who understand the cultivation of soils and the management of men, in half a score years Dominica would be the brightest gem of the Antilles. . . . The leading of the wise few, the willing obedience of the many, is the beginning and end of all right action. Secure this, and you secure everything. Fail to secure it, and, be your liberties as wide as you can make them, no success is possible."

*W. Alleyn Ireland.*

---

## OUR GOVERNMENT OF NEWLY ACQUIRED TERRITORY.

THE acquisition of Porto Rico and the probable acquisition of the Philippine Islands, or of part of them, have called attention to our machinery for governing territories outside the Union. The United States has already had considerable experience in the government of territories acquired from foreign powers. Eight times, by purchase, by conquest, or by voluntary cession, it has enlarged its boundaries. In 1803 Louisiana was purchased from France. In 1819 Florida was obtained from Spain, and in 1845 Texas was annexed. In 1848 the conquest of Mexico resulted in the cession of provinces richer than any that she retained, and in 1853 another tract of land was purchased from her. In 1867 Russia sold us Alaska, and in 1898 Hawaii has been received after the manner of Texas, while territories the extent of which is not at this time determined are exacted of Spain.

Of these additions to our territory, Texas and Hawaii had been recognized

<sup>1</sup> Of Sarawak, Borneo.

as independent states, both by the United States and by other governments. Texas became at once a member of the Union. For other annexed territory, Congress thought it necessary to provide a form of government not based upon the principle of local autonomy, and in which the ultimate control rested in the hands of the authorities at Washington. Local circumstances, such as sparsity of population or the presence of a preponderant foreign element, were the reasons for keeping these territories in tutelage.

In making provision for our first accession of foreign territory, Congress was guided by the "Ordinance for the government of the territory of the United States northwest of the river Ohio," — a measure more popularly known as the Ordinance of 1787. When the government under the Constitution came into existence, it found the Union in possession of a vast tract of country which was not organized into states, but which was held and administered as the common property of all the members of

the Union. As the life of the old Continental Congress slowly drew to a close, it brought to an end its deliberations upon the disposition of the Northwest, and enacted the great Ordinance which has had a profound influence in many directions. It is usually recalled as the measure that kept slavery out of the Northwest; but it has been no less important in its influence upon our institutional history, for it was this Ordinance which served for many years as the model for the organization of government in the territories. The Congress which was first called upon to deal with the government of foreign acquisitions naturally turned to it as a guide. Indeed, it was used as a guide even before any annexations were made. In 1790, when Congress organized into a territory the area now included in the states of Kentucky and Tennessee, it provided that "the government of the said territory south of the Ohio shall be similar to that which is now exercised in the territory northwest of the Ohio." Later, in 1798, the same provision was made for the government of Mississippi Territory. And the governments established in the territories of Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois, formed by the division of the old Northwest Territory, were all copies of the government formulated in the Ordinance of 1787.

The government of the Northwest Territory was as undemocratic as can well be imagined. It was divided into two grades; the first grade to cease when the territory should contain five thousand free male inhabitants of full age. While the territory remained under the first grade of government, the inhabitants had absolutely no voice in their political affairs. The executive power was vested in a governor, who was appointed by the President for a term of three years, and who was assisted by a secretary, similarly appointed for a term of four years. The judicial power was vested in three judges appointed by the Presi-

dent to hold office during good behavior. Besides their judicial functions, the three judges, with the governor, constituted the territorial legislature. But here their power was subject to severe limitations. Far from possessing a free hand in legislation subject to the supervision of Congress, they were merely empowered to adopt such statutes of the original states as they deemed applicable to the local needs of the territory. As the situation in the territory was radically different from that which led to legislation in the states, it is easy to see that suitable statutes were hard to find. To obviate this difficulty, the judges resorted to the expedient of adopting parts of statutes from several states, and combining them into a new statute. The governor of the Northwest, St. Clair, protested against this practice as being beyond their competence; but, since the territory would have been without laws had not this method been adopted, he finally yielded to the necessities of the situation.

This state of affairs was relieved somewhat when the territory attained a population of five thousand free male inhabitants of full age, for then a legislature came into existence, one house of which was elected by the people. At the first meeting of the elective house it chose ten persons, whose names were sent to the President, and from these ten the President appointed five, who constituted the legislative council, or upper house of the legislature. The election of the lower house was the full extent of the people's participation in the territorial government under the Ordinance of 1787.

The dread of a strong executive which had been manifested in the colonies so many times seems not to have prevailed when the Ordinance of 1787 was adopted, for the executive office then created was almost autocratic in its power. The governor was made commander-in-chief of the militia, all the officers of which below the grade of general officer were appointed by him. He also appointed



all the other territorial officers except the secretary and the judges. He was to establish such magistracies and other civil offices as he thought necessary for the preservation of order, and he was empowered to lay out counties and townships in those parts of the country in which the Indian title had been extinguished, and to organize local government therein according to his discretion. He could summon, prorogue, and dissolve the legislature, and he had an absolute veto upon its proceedings. When we add that the incumbent in the office of governor, General Arthur St. Clair, was inclined to push his power to the utmost, it is easy to see why the state of Ohio, in its first constitution, and in the later constitution of 1851, which is still in force, deprived the chief executive of almost all the usual functions of his office.

In the formation of this territorial government, many of the cardinal political principles in support of which the colonies had gone to war with Great Britain were entirely disregarded. Here was government without the consent of the governed. Here was taxation without representation. Here was such a mingling of the three departments of government, and such a concentration of power in the hands of the executive, as was not to be found in any other part of the United States. The explanation is that the authors of the government of the Northwest were making provision for the administration of a territory which might properly be called a colony, and the principles applied at that time to the government of colonies were applied here. The inhabitants were not consulted about the form of government, their laws, or the selection of their officers. Their delegate in Congress, chosen not by the people, but by the territorial legislature, could debate, but he had no vote. He held a position not unlike that formerly held by the agents maintained by the colonies in London. Indeed, it

was not unusual to hear the Northwest referred to as a colony. In 1786 Monroe sent to Jefferson a description of the government proposed for the Northwest, and said, "It is, in effect, to be a colonial government, similar to that which prevailed in these states previous to the Revolution." A few weeks later he wrote, "It hath been proposed and supported by our state to have a colonial government established over the western districts, to cease at the time they shall be admitted into the Confederacy." This was the government which was to serve as a model for the government of territory newly acquired by the United States.

Our first annexation of foreign territory was the Louisiana purchase, of which the United States took possession December 20, 1803. By Article III. of the treaty of cession, it was stipulated that the inhabitants of the ceded territory should be incorporated in the Union, and admitted as soon as possible, according to the principles of the Federal Constitution, to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages, and immunities of citizens of the United States. Pending the arrangement of a temporary government for the territory, all the military, civil, and judicial powers exercised by the old French officers were to be vested in persons appointed by the President, and exercised as he might direct. By virtue of this provision, practically all the functions of government became vested for a few months in the hands of one man, Governor Claiborn, of Mississippi Territory, who was appointed governor of Louisiana. Alexander Johnston has said of this government, "It was in effect a military despotism over Louisiana, and may suffice as an example of the extent to which the sovereign power over the territories might go, if a wiser policy were not the rule."

In the following year, 1804, Congress worked out a plan of government for the French purchase. The whole area was divided into two parts by a line

drawn along the thirty-third parallel, which is now the northern boundary of the state of Louisiana. That portion south of the line was called the territory of Orleans. All the rest of the area ceded by France was organized into the district of Louisiana. In neither of these divisions did Congress see fit to allow the people any great share in their government: in one case because the population, though considerable, was almost exclusively French and Spanish; and in the other, because there were few civilized people of any race.

In the more populous division, the territory of Orleans, a government modeled after that of the Northwest Territory, but with some radical differences, was organized. The constitution of the executive was the same as in the Northwest, but in the structure of the other two departments there were noteworthy changes. Instead of a legislature composed of the governor and judges, the law-making power was vested in a legislative council composed of thirteen of the most fit and discreet persons of the territory, whom the President was to appoint annually from among those holding real estate therein. With the consent of a majority of the legislative council, the governor was empowered to alter, modify, or repeal any laws of the territory which were in force at the time of this territorial organization. The law provided that "their legislative powers shall also extend to all rightful subjects of legislation; but no law shall be valid which is inconsistent with the Constitution and laws of the United States, or which shall lay any person under restraint, burden, or disability, on account of his religious opinions, professions, or worship; in all which he shall be free to maintain his own, and not burdened for those of another." The governor and council were further restricted in that they had no power over the primary disposal of the soil, nor could they tax the lands of

the United States, or interfere with any claims to land in the territory. All legislative acts were of course subject to the approval of Congress. Instead of the three judges appointed by the President, there was to be a superior court, and such inferior courts and justices of the peace as the territorial legislature should from time to time establish. Trial by jury was secured to the inhabitants in all cases of capital crime, and they were also guaranteed certain other legal protections, such as the writ of *habeas corpus*, bail for offenses, and freedom from cruel or unusual punishments. These provisions are of importance, as an attempt to engraft certain institutions of the English law upon a people accustomed to the forms of the Roman law. The United States was represented in the territory by a district judge, who was required to reside in the city of New Orleans, and hold therein four sessions annually. He was to exercise the same jurisdiction and powers as were exercised by the judge of the Kentucky district. An attorney for the United States, and a marshal, both of whom were appointed by the President, completed the organization of the federal court.

The district of Louisiana, which comprised all the rest of the French purchase, — an area so vast that ten states have since been created out of it, — was placed under the government of the officers of Indiana Territory. The executive power vested in the governor of Indiana was extended over the district. The governor and the judges of Indiana were empowered to establish inferior courts, and to define their jurisdiction. They had also a general legislative power; but the right of trial by jury was reserved in all criminal cases, and in civil cases in which more than one hundred dollars was involved, and either of the parties required it. The Indiana governor and judges had a much wider legislative power in the district



than they had in their own territory. The laws made by the governor and judges for the territory had no force in the district, unless it was expressly so provided, and likewise those made for the district had no force in the territory.

These provisions for the government of the territory of Orleans and the district of Louisiana continued in force for about a year. They were then superseded by acts which converted the district of Louisiana into the territory of Louisiana, and established both in that territory and in the territory of Orleans a government analogous to the second grade of government in the Northwest Territory. They remained thus without change until the territory of Orleans was admitted to the Union as the state of Louisiana in 1812. In the same year the name of the territory of Louisiana was changed to Missouri, but the same form of government was retained until 1816, when provision was made for the organization of a legislature both houses of which were elected by the people of the territory. This change marks the transition from the colonial state.

Our next accession of territory was Florida, which was acquired from Spain by the treaty of February 22, 1819. Article VI. of this treaty, like Article III. of the treaty of Paris of 1803, provided that the inhabitants should be incorporated in the Union as soon as might be consistent with the principles of the Federal Constitution, and admitted to all the rights and immunities of citizens of the United States. There was a delay of two years between the signing of the treaty and the exchange of ratifications, and more than another year elapsed before Congress provided a government for the Spanish cession. The territorial government of Florida was fashioned after that of the territory of Orleans. Here again we find an executive department consisting of a governor and a secretary appointed by the President, while the legislative power was vested in

the governor and "in thirteen of the most fit and discreet persons of the territory," who were to be appointed by the President from among the citizens of the United States residing in Florida. The ownership of real estate in the territory, which was made a requisite for membership in the legislature of Orleans, was not required for appointment to the legislature of Florida. The judicial organization of Florida was almost an exact copy of that of Orleans.

The next extension of our boundaries was by the admission of Texas, which was annexed to the United States and admitted to the Union by the same act. In consequence of this arrangement it was never governed as a territory. The war in which the United States was involved because of this annexation resulted in the acquisition of Upper California and New Mexico. In the case of California, the debates in Congress on the Wilmot Proviso delayed so long the organization of a territorial government to supplant the military government established during the war with Mexico, that the discovery of gold and the consequent immigration made a state government necessary at once. This the people proceeded to form without any authorization from Congress; and when formed it was accepted by Congress, and the state was admitted to the Union September 9, 1850. By the same act New Mexico was endowed with a territorial organization more liberal than any yet accorded to newly acquired provinces. Its government comprised the usual governor and secretary appointed by the President. The legislature, however, consisted of two houses, both of which were elected by the people of the territory; but the federal government kept a check upon it by giving the governor an absolute veto. The qualifications for voting at the first election were very liberal, every free white male citizen of full age residing in the territory being a duly qualified elector. After the first elec-

tion, the territorial legislature was empowered to fix the qualifications for suffrage. When the Gadsden purchase was added to the United States in 1853, it was incorporated in the territory of New Mexico, which then included an area greater in extent than the whole of the present German Empire.

In 1867 Mr. Seward effected the purchase of Alaska. Unlike our other annexations, Alaska offered little or no prospect of ever becoming fit for admission to the Union on an equal footing with the states. It must remain in a colonial condition for an indefinite length of time. Owing to the character and situation of its inhabitants, self-government was out of the question, and government of any kind was almost impossible. Until 1884 Congress took no action with reference to the matter, but in that year a civil organization of the most rudimentary description was established. Alaska was made a civil and judicial district, and the President was authorized to appoint a governor therein. A district court and four commissioners who exercise the powers of justices of the peace according to the laws of Oregon complete the government. In the absence of all legislative authority, the laws of Oregon, in so far as they are applicable and not in conflict with the laws of the United States, are extended over the district.

The joint resolution for the annexation of Hawaii, which received the approval of the President July 7, 1898, contains some provisions regarding the temporary government of the islands quite similar to the articles of the treaty of Paris relating to the government of Louisiana. Until Congress shall otherwise direct, all the civil, judicial, and military powers exercised by the officers of the Hawaiian Republic shall be vested in such person or persons as the President may appoint, and exercised in such manner as he may direct. Such municipal legislation as does not conflict

with its new relations nor with the Constitution or laws of the United States is to remain in force until altered by Congress. With a view to future legislation regarding the islands, the President was directed to appoint a commission of five, at least two of whom should be residents of Hawaii, who should recommend to Congress such measures as seemed necessary and proper. This commission has studied the problem on the spot, and will lay before Congress a plan for the government of the islands.

From the foregoing recital of facts it is possible to draw certain general conclusions. First it is to be noted that all the lands hitherto annexed by the United States were sparsely populated, or else the population was predominantly American. The inhabitants of Louisiana and California were very few as compared with the vast extent of territory. In Texas the American element predominated, while Florida and Alaska had few people of any race. It is this characteristic of our former annexations — that they consisted chiefly of vacant lands — which has made them so important to the United States. They contained few persons who had to unlearn old habits and be trained in new political ideas. They offered an outlet to immigration from the older states and from Europe. Since the pioneers in almost all the new states have been largely of native American stock, they have been a leaven in the European immigration which followed them, and the two elements acting together have built up communities capable of taking a place in the sisterhood of self-governing states.

With the exception of Alaska, all the territorial governments hitherto organized have been avowedly of a temporary character. Their object has been to provide a government which would be sufficient for the needs of a sparse population, and which would at the same time encourage the development of the territory into a state. Admission to the



Union was the goal from the beginning. The territorial status was merely one of transition. Indeed, in the case of two of our most important annexations, Louisiana and Florida, it was stipulated in the treaties of cession that the ceded areas should be admitted to the Union as soon as was consistent with the principles of the Federal Constitution. This characteristic of our territorial system is not found in the colonial policy of any other nation.

If now we attempt to apply these general conclusions to our acquisitions in the West Indies and the Pacific, we are at once impressed with differences which must influence our governmental policy in dealing with them; for these islands differ radically from any territory hitherto annexed. Instead of vast areas with a comparatively small population, and offering tempting fields for settlement, we have in Porto Rico an island situated in the tropics, with an area one third less than that of the state of Connecticut, and a population one third greater, — a population, moreover, unlike that of the United States in language, laws, and political experience and ideas. In the Philippines a similar situation exists, except that the contrast is even greater. The United States has thus far dealt with problems of government in connection with the negro, with the Indian, and with numerous branches of the Caucasian race. In the Philippines it will meet with a race radically different from any of these, one which has shown considerable ability in resisting the established order, and, what is of greatest importance, one which shows little inclination to submit to the authority of the United States. The problem is further complicated by the existence of a rival government, to which a considerable number of the natives have given their allegiance.

To these conditions none of the forms of colonial government heretofore established in the United States seems to be

applicable, except perhaps the autocratic government of Louisiana in 1804, and the military government which prevailed in California while Congress was debating what should be done with that province. Our problem, therefore, is to develop a new form to meet the peculiar necessities of the case. It is probably safe to start with the general proposition that such territories as Porto Rico and the Philippines will have to be actively governed by the authorities at Washington. The degree of local self-control that can safely be granted must be exceedingly small, at least for many years; for the growth of any considerable American population in either place will be a very slow process. Commerce, it is true, is a strong potential influence, but in the case of well-established populations its effects are seen only after the lapse of a long time. English and Dutch experience with Asiatics has shown that only the constant presence of European garrisons is sufficient to insure safety and good order.

In the second place, whatever form of government is adopted for our new possessions must have a degree of permanence not found in our territorial organizations. Porto Rico, for example, will not be ready for admission to the Union for many years, if it will ever be. A more permanent form of rule in this case must necessarily mean a permanent civil service. The government of colonies is not an art to be learned in a day. Our lack of experience must be cured by years of practice, in which we shall make costly mistakes, but as a result of which a body of men will emerge capable of handling the problems intrusted to them. And these men must constitute a permanent staff both for administration and for the training of other men to succeed them. We may expect from these accessions of territory an indirect gain more important than any commercial or political advantages that may accrue to us. The cause of good government in Amer-

ica rests largely upon the principle of an independent civil service, appointment to which shall be based upon merit alone. A striking example of its successful application held constantly and conspicuous-

ly before the eyes of the people will do much to convince them of its inherent soundness ; and once they are convinced, the struggle for good government at home will be more nearly won.

*Carl Evans Boyd.*

## CONFESSIONS OF A SUMMER COLONIST.

THE season is ending in the little summer settlement on the Down East coast where I have been passing the last three months, and with each loath day the sense of its peculiar charm grows more poignant. A prescience of the homesickness I shall feel for it when I go already begins to torment me, and I find myself wishing to imagine some form of words which shall keep a likeness of it at least through the winter ; some shadowy semblance which I may turn to hereafter if any chance or change should destroy or transform it, or what is more likely, if I should never come back to it. Perhaps others in the distant future may turn to it for a glimpse of our actual life in one of its most characteristic phases ; I am sure that in the distant present there are many millions of our own inlanders to whom it would be altogether strange.

### I.

In a certain sort *fragile* is written all over our colony ; as far as the visible body of it is concerned it is inexpressibly perishable ; a fire and a high wind could sweep it all away ; and one of the most American of all American things is the least fitted among them to survive from the present to the future, and impart to it the significance of what may soon be a "portion and parcel" of our extremely forgetful past.

It is also in a supremely transitional moment : one might say that last year it was not quite what it is now, and next year it may be altogether different. In

fact, our summer colony is in that happy hour when the rudeness of the first summer conditions has been left far behind, and vulgar luxury has not yet cumbrously succeeded to a sort of sylvan distinction.

The type of its simple and sufficing hospitalities is the seven o'clock supper. Every one, in hotel or in cottage, dines between one and two, and no less scrupulously sups at seven, unless it is a few extremists who sup at half past seven. At this function, which is our chief social event, it is *de rigueur* for the men *not* to dress, and they come in any sort of sack or jacket or cutaway, letting the ladies make up the pomps which they forego. From this fact may be inferred the informality of their day-time attire ; and the same note is sounded in the whole range of the cottage life, so that once a visitor from the world outside, who had been exasperated beyond endurance by the absence of form among us (if such an effect could be from a cause so negative), burst out with the reproach, "Oh, you make a fetish of your informality !"

"Fetish" is perhaps rather too strong a word, but I should not mind saying that informality was the tutelary genius of the place. American men are everywhere impatient of form. It burdens and bothers them, and they like to throw it off whenever they can. We may not be so very democratic at heart as we seem, but we are impatient of ceremonies that separate us when it is our business or our pleasure to get at one another ; and



it is part of our splendor to ignore the ceremonies as we do the expenses. We have all the decent grades of riches and poverty in our colony, but our informality is not more the treasure of the humble than of the great. In the nature of things it cannot last, however, and the only question is how long it will last. I think, myself, until some one imagines giving an eight o'clock dinner; then all the informalities will go, and the whole train of evils which such a dinner connotes will rush in.

## II.

The cottages themselves are of several sorts, and some still exist in the earlier stages of mutation from the fishermen's and farmers' houses which formed their germ. But these are now mostly let as lodgings to bachelors and other single or semi-detached folks who go for their meals to the neighboring hotels or boarding-houses. The hotels are each the centre of this sort of centripetal life, as well as the homes of their own scores or hundreds of inmates. A single boarding-house gathers about it half a dozen dependent cottages which it cares for, and feeds at its table; and even where the cottages have kitchens and all the housekeeping facilities, their inmates sometimes prefer to dine at the hotels. By far the greater number of cottagers, however, keep house, bringing their service with them from the cities, and settling in their summer homes for three or four or five months.

The houses conform more or less to one type: a picturesque structure of colonial pattern, shingled to the ground, and stained or left to take a weather-stain of grayish brown, with cavernous verandas, and dormer-windowed roofs covering ten or twelve rooms. Within they are, if not elaborately finished, elaborately fitted up, with a constant regard to health in the plumbing and drainage. The water is brought in a system of pipes from a lake five miles away, and as it is

only for summer use the pipes are not buried from the frost, but wander along the surface, through the ferns and brambles of the tough little seaside knolls on which the cottages are perched, and climb the old tumbling stone walls of the original pastures before diving into the cemented basements.

Perhaps half of the cottages are owned by their occupants, and furnished by them; the rest, not less attractive and hardly less tastefully furnished, belong to natives, who have caught on to the architectural and domestic preferences of the summer people, and have built them to let. The rugosities of the stony pasture land end in a wooded point seaward, and curve east and north in a succession of beaches. It is on the point, and mainly short of its wooded extremity, that the cottages of our settlement are dropped, as near the ocean as may be, and with as little order as birds' nests in the grass, among the sweet-fern, laurel, bay, wild raspberries, and dog-roses, which it is the ideal to leave as untouched as possible. Wheelworn lanes that twist about among the hollows find the cottages from the highway, but foot-paths approach one cottage from another, and people walk rather than drive to each other's doors.

From the deep-bosomed, well-sheltered little harbor the tides swim inland, half a score of winding miles, up the channel of a river which without them would be a trickling rivulet. An irregular line of cottages follows the shore a little way, and then leaves the river to the schooners and barges which navigate it as far as the oldest pile-built wooden bridge in New England, and these in their turn abandon it to the fleets of rowboats and canoes in which summer youth of both sexes explore it to its source over depths as clear as glass, past wooded headlands and low rush-bordered meadows, through reaches and openings of pastoral fields, and under the shadow of dreaming groves.

## III.

If there is anything lovelier than the scenery of this gentle river I do not know it; and I doubt if the sky is purer and bluer in paradise. This seems to be the consensus, tacit or explicit, of the youth who visit it, and employ the landscape for their picnics and their water parties from the beginning to the end of summer.

The river is very much used for sunsets by the cottagers who live on it, and who claim a superiority through them to the cottagers on the point. An impartial mind obliges me to say that the sunsets are all good in our colony; there is no place from which they are bad; and yet for a certain tragical sunset, where the dying day bleeds slowly into the channel till it is filled from shore to shore with red as far as the eye can reach, the river is unmatched.

For my own purposes, it is not less acceptable, however, when the fog has come in from the sea like a visible reverie, and blurred the whole valley with its whiteness. I find that particularly good to look at from the trolley car which visits and revisits the river before finally leaving it, with a sort of desperation, and hiding its passion with a sudden plunge into the woods.

## IV.

The old fishing and seafaring village, which has now almost lost the recollection of its first estate in its absorption with the care of the summer colony, was sparsely dropped along the highway bordering the harbor, and the shores of the river, where the piles of the time-worn wharves are still rotting. A few houses of the past remain, but the type of the summer cottage has impressed itself upon all the later building, and the native is passing architecturally, if not personally, into abeyance. He takes the situation philosophically, and in the season he caters to the summer colony not only

as the landlord of the rented cottages, and the keeper of the hotels and boarding-houses, but as livery-stableman, grocer, butcher, marketman, apothecary, and doctor; there is not one foreign accent in any of these callings. If the native is a farmer, he devotes himself to vegetables, poultry, eggs, and fruit for the summer folks, and brings these supplies to their doors; his children appear with flowers; and there are many proofs that he has accurately sized the cottagers up in their tastes and fancies as well as their needs. I doubt if we have sized him up so well, or if our somewhat conventionalized ideal of him is perfectly representative. He is perhaps more complex than he seems; he is certainly much more self-sufficing than might have been expected. The summer folks are the material from which his prosperity is wrought, but he is not dependent, and is very far from submissive. As in all right conditions, it is here the employer who asks for work, not the employee; and the work must be respectfully asked for. There are many fables to this effect, as for instance that of the lady who said to a summer visitor critical of the week's wash she had brought home, "I'll wash you and I'll iron you, but I won't take none of your jaw." A primitive independence is the keynote of the native character, and it suffers no infringement, but rather boasts itself. "We're independent here, I tell you," said the friendly person who consented to take off the wire door. "I was down Bangor way doin' a piece of work, and a fellow come along, and says he, 'I want you should hurry up on that job.' 'Hello!' says I, 'I guess I'll pull out.' Well, we calculate to do our *work*," he added, with an accent which sufficiently implied that their consciences needed no bossing in the performance.

The native compliance with any summer-visiting request is commonly in some such form as, "Well, I don't know but what I can," or, "I guess there ain't anything to hinder me." This compliance



is so rarely, if ever, carried to the point of domestic service that it may fairly be said that all the domestic service, at least of the cottagers, is imported. The natives will wait at the hotel tables; they will come in "to accommodate;" but they will not "live out." I was one day witness of the extreme failure of a friend whose city cook had suddenly abandoned him, and who applied to a friendly farmer's wife in the vain hope that she might help him to some one who would help his family out in their strait. "Why, there ain't a girl in the Hollow that lives out! Why, if you was sick abed, I don't know as I know anybody 't you could git to set up with you." The natives will not live out because they cannot keep their self-respect in the conditions of domestic service. Some people laugh at this self-respect, but most summer folks like it, as I own I do.

In our partly mythical estimate of the native and his relation to us, he is imagined as holding a kind of carnival when we leave him at the end of the season, and it is believed that he likes us to go early. We have had his good offices at a fair price all summer, but as it draws to a close these are rendered more and more fitfully. From some perhaps flattered reports of the happiness of the natives at the departure of the sojourners, I have pictured them dancing a sort of *farandole*, and stretching with linked hands from the farthest summer cottage up the river to the last on the wooded point. It is certain that they get tired, and I could not blame them if they were glad to be rid of their guests, and to go back to their own social life. This includes church festivals of divers kinds, lectures and shows, sleigh-rides, theatricals, and reading-clubs, and a plentiful use of books from the excellently chosen free village library. They say frankly that the summer folks have no idea how pleasant it is when they are gone, and I am sure that the gayeties to which we leave them must be more toler-

able than those which we go back to in the city. It may be, however, that I am too confident, and that their gayeties are only different. I should really like to know just what the entertainments are which are given in a building devoted to them in a country neighborhood three or four miles from the village. It was once a church, but is now used solely for social amusements.

v.

The amusements of the summer colony I have already hinted at. Besides suppers, there are also teas, of larger scope, both afternoon and evening. There are hops every week at the two largest hotels, which are practically free to all; and the bathing-beach is of course a supreme attraction. The bath-houses, which are very clean and well equipped, are not very cheap, either for the season or for a single bath, and there is a pretty pavilion at the edge of the sands. This is always full of gossiping spectators of the hardy adventurers who brave tides too remote from the Gulf Stream to be ever much warmer than sixty or sixty-five degrees. The bathers are mostly young people, who have the courage of their pretty bathing-costumes or the inextinguishable ardor of their years. If it is not rather serious business with them all, still I admire the fortitude with which some of them remain in fifteen minutes.

Beyond our colony, which calls itself the Port, there is a far more populous watering-place, east of the Point, known as the Beach, which is the resort of people several grades of gentility lower than ours: so many, in fact, that we never can speak of the Beach without averting our faces, or, at the best, with a tolerant smile. It is really a succession of beaches, all much longer and, I am bound to say, more beautiful than ours, lined with rows of the humbler sort of summer cottages known as shells, and with many hotels of corresponding degree. The cottages may be hired by the week or month at about two dollars a day, and

they are supposed to be taken by inland people of little social importance. Very likely this is true; but they seemed to be very nice, quiet people, and I commonly saw the ladies reading on their verandas, books and magazines, while the gentlemen sprayed the dusty road before them with the garden hose. The place had also for me an agreeable alien suggestion, and in passing the long row of cottages I was slightly reminded of Scheveningen.

Beyond the cottage settlements is a struggling little park, laid out this season, and dedicated to the only Indian saint I ever heard of, though there may be others. His statue, colossal in sheet-lead, painted the copper color of his race, offers any heathen comer the choice between a Bible in one of his hands and a tomahawk in the other, at the entrance of the park; and there are other sheet-lead groups and figures in the white of allegory at different points. It promises to be a pretty enough little place in future years, but as yet it is not much resorted to by the excursions which largely form the prosperity of the Beach. The trolley line was to have been carried as far as the park, but a want of *juice*, as the electric current is familiarly and affectionately called in the trolley-men's parlance, forbade the extension, and the entertainments of the park have languished. The concerts and the "high-class vaudeville" promised have not flourished in the pavilion provided for them, and one of two monkeys in the zoölogical department has perished of the public inattention. This has not fatally affected the captive bear, who rises to his hind legs, and eats peanuts and doughnuts in that position like a fellow citizen. With the cockatoos and parrots, and the dozen deer in an inclosure of wire netting, he is no mean attraction; but he does not charm the excursionists away from the summer village at the shore, where they spend long afternoons splashing among the waves, or in lolling groups of men, women, and

children on the sand. In the more active gayeties, I have seen nothing so decided during the whole season as the behavior of three young girls who once came up out of the sea, and obliged me by dancing a measure on the smooth hard beach in their bathing-dresses.

## VI.

I thought it very pretty, but I do not believe such a thing could have been seen on *our* beach, which is safe from all excursionists, and sacred to the cottage and hotel life of the Port.

Besides our beach and its bathing, we have a reading-club for the men, evolved from one of the old native houses, and verandaed round for summer use; and we have golf-links and a golf club-house within easy trolley reach. The links are as energetically, if not as generally frequented as the sands, and the sport finds the favor which attends it everywhere in the decay of tennis. The tennis courts which I saw thronged about by eager girl-crowds, here, seven years ago, are now almost wholly abandoned to the lovers of the game, who are nearly always men.

Perhaps the only thing (beside, of course, our common mortality) which we have in common with the excursionists is our love of the trolley line. This, by its admirable equipment, and by the terror it inspires in horses, has wellnigh abolished driving; and following the old country roads, as it does, with an occasional short-cut through the deep, green-lighted woods or across the prismatic salt meadows, it is of a picturesque variety entirely satisfying. After a year of fervent opposition and protest, the whole community — whether of summer or of winter folks — now gladly accepts the trolley, and the grandest cottager and the lowliest hotel-dweller meet in a grateful appreciation of its beauty and comfort.

Some pass a great part of every afternoon on the trolley, and one lady has



achieved celebrity by spending four dollars a week in trolley rides. The exhilaration of these is varied with an occasional apprehension when the car pitches down a sharp incline, and twists almost at right angles on a sudden curve at the bottom without slacking its speed. A lady who ventured an appeal to the conductor at one such crisis was reassured, and at the same time taught her place, by his reply: "That motorman's life, ma'am, is just as precious to him as what yours is to you."

She had, perhaps, really ventured too far, for ordinarily the employees of the trolley do not find occasion to use so much severity with their passengers. They look after their comfort as far as possible, and seek even to anticipate their wants in unexpected cases, if I may believe a story which was told by a witness. She had long expected to see some one thrown out of the open car at one of the sharp curves, and one day she actually saw a woman hurled from the seat into the road. Luckily the woman alighted on her feet, and stood looking round in a daze.

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed another woman in the seat behind, "she's left her umbrella!"

The conductor promptly threw it out to her.

"Why," demanded the witness, "did that lady *wish* to get out here?"

The conductor hesitated before he jerked the bell-pull to go on. Then he said, "Well, she'll want her umbrella, anyway."

The conductors are in fact very civil as well as kind. If they see a horse in anxiety at the approach of the car, they considerately stop, and let him get by with his driver in safety. By such means, with their frequent trips and low fares, and with the ease and comfort of their cars, they have conciliated public favor, and the trolley has drawn travel away from the steam railroad in such measure that it ran no trains last winter.

## VII.

The trolley, in fact, is a fad of the summer folks, this year; but what it will be another no one knows; it may be their hissing and by-word. In the meantime, as I have already suggested, they have other amusements. These are not always of a nature so general as the trolley, or so particular as the tea. But each of the larger hotels has been fully supplied with entertainments for the benefit of their projectors, though nearly everything of the sort had some sort of charitable slant. I assisted at a stereopticon lecture on Alaska for the aid of some youthful Alaskans of both sexes, who were shown first in their savage state, and then as they appeared after a merely rudimental education, in the costumes and profiles of our own civilization. I never would have supposed that education could do so much in so short a time; and I gladly gave my mite for their further development in classic beauty and a final elegance. My mite was taken up in a hat, which, passed round among the audience, is a common means of collecting the spectators' expressions of appreciation. Other entertainments, of a prouder frame, exact an admission fee, but I am not sure that these are better than some of the hat-shows, as they are called.

The tale of our summer amusements would be sadly incomplete without some record of the bull-fights given by the Spanish prisoners of war on the neighboring island, where they have been confined. Admission to these could be had only by favor of the officers in charge, and even among the élite of the colony those who went were a more elect few. Still, the day I went, there were some fifty or seventy-five spectators, who arrived by trolley near the island, and walked to the stockade which confined the captives. A real bull-fight, I believe, is always given on Sunday, and Puritan prejudice yielded to usage even

in the case of a burlesque bull-fight; at any rate, it was on a Sunday that we crouched in an irregular semicircle on a rising ground within the prison pale, and faced the captive audience in another semicircle, across a little alley for the entrances and exits of the performers. The president of the bull-fight was first brought to the place of honor in a hand-cart, and then came the banderilleros, the picadores, and the espada, wonderfully effective and correct in white muslin and colored tissue-paper. Much may be done in personal decoration with advertising placards; and the lofty mural crown of the president counseled the public on both sides to Use Plug Cut. The picador's pasteboard horse was attached to his middle, fore and aft, and looked quite the sort of hapless jade which is ordinarily sacrificed to the bulls. The toro himself was composed of two prisoners, whose horizontal backs were covered with a brown blanket; and his feet, sometimes bare and sometimes shod with india-rubber boots, were of the human pattern. Practicable horns, of a somewhat too yielding substance, branched from a front of pasteboard, and a cloth tail, apt to come off in the charge, swung from his rear. I have never seen a genuine corrida, but a lady present, who had, told me that this was conducted with all the right circumstance; and it is certain that the performers entered into their parts with the artistic gust of their race. The picador sustained some terrific falls, and in his quality of horse had to be taken out repeatedly and sewed up; the banderilleros tormented and eluded the toro with table-covers, one red and two drab, till the espada took him from them, and with due ceremony, after a speech to the president, drove his blade home to the bull's heart. I stayed to see three bulls killed; the last was uncommonly fierce, and when his hindquarters came off or out, his forequarters charged joyously among the aficionados on the prisoners' side.

and made havoc in their thickly packed ranks. The espada who killed this bull was showered with cigars and cigarettes from our side.

I do not know what the Sabbath-keeping shades of the old Puritans made of our presence at such a fête on Sunday; but possibly they had got on so far in a better life as to be less shocked at the decay of piety among us than pleased at the rise of such Christianity as had brought us, like friends and comrades, together with our public enemies in this harmless fun. I wish to say that the tobacco lavished upon the espada was collected for the behoof of all the prisoners.

#### VIII.

Our fiction has made so much of our summer places as the *mise en scène* of its love stories that I suppose I ought to say something of this side of our colonial life. But after sixty I suspect that one's eyes are poor for that sort of thing, and I can only say that in its earliest and simplest epoch the Port was particularly famous for the good times that the young people had. They still have good times, though whether on just the old terms I do not know. I know that the river is still here with its canoes and rowboats, its meadowy reaches apt for dual solitude, and its groves for picnics. There is not much bicycling,—the roads are rough and hilly; but there is something of it, and it is mighty pretty to see the youth of both sexes bicycling with their heads bare. They go about bareheaded on foot and in buggies, too, and the young girls seek the tan which their mothers used so anxiously to shun.

The sailboats, manned by weather-worn and weather-wise skippers, are rather for the pleasure of such older summer folks as have a taste for cod-fishing, which is here very good. But at every age, and in whatever sort our colonists amuse themselves, it is with the least possible ceremony. It is as if, Nature having taken them so hospitably



to her heart, they felt convention an affront to her. Around their cottages, as I have said, they prefer to leave her primitive beauty untouched, and she rewards their forbearance with such a profusion of wild flowers as I have seen nowhere else. The low pink laurel flushed all the stony fields to the edges of their verandas, when we first came; the meadows were milk-white with daisies; in the swampy places delicate orchids grew, in the pools the flags and flowering rushes; all the paths and waysides were set with dog-roses; the hollows and stony tops were broadly matted with ground juniper. Since then the goldenrod has passed from glory to glory; first mixing its yellow-powdered plumes with the red-purple tufts of the iron-weed, and then with the wild asters everywhere. There has come later a dwarf soft, six or ten inches high, wonderfully rich and fine, which, with a low white aster, seems to hold the field against everything else, though the taller goldenrod and the masses of the high blue asters nod less thickly above it. But these smaller blooms deck the ground in incredible profusion, and have an innocent air of being stuck in, as if they had been fancifully used for ornament by children or Indians.

## IX.

In a little while, now, as it is almost the end of September, all the feathery gold will have faded to the soft pale ghosts of that loveliness. The summer birds have long been silent; the crows, as if they were so many exultant natives, are shouting in the blue sky above the windrows of the rowan, in jubilant prescience of the depopulation of our colony, which fled the hotels a fortnight ago. The days are growing shorter, and the red evenings falling earlier; so that the cottagers' husbands who come up every Saturday from town might well be impatient for a Monday of final return. Those who came from remoter distances

have gone back already; and the lady cottagers lingering hardly on till October must find the sight of the empty hotels and the windows of the neighboring houses, which no longer brighten after the chilly nightfall, rather depressing. Every one says that this is the loveliest time of year, and that it will be divine here all through October. But there are sudden and unexpected defections; there is a steady pull of the heart cityward, which it is hard to resist. The first great exodus was on the first of the month, when the hotels were deserted by four fifths of their guests. The rest followed, half of them within the week, and within a fortnight none but an all but inaudible and invisible remnant were left, who made no impression of summer sojourn in the deserted trolleys.

The days now go by in moods of rapid succession. There have been days when the sea has lain smiling in placid derision of the recreants who have fled the lingering summer; there have been nights when the winds have roared round the cottages in wild menace of the faithful few who have remained.

We have had a magnificent storm, which came, as an equinoctial storm should, exactly at the equinox, and for a day and a night heaped the sea upon the shore in thundering surges twenty and thirty feet high. I watched these at their awfulest, from the wide windows of a cottage that crouched in the very edge of the surf, with the effect of clutching the rocks with one hand and holding its roof on with the other. The sea was such a sight as I have not seen on shipboard, and while I luxuriously shuddered at it, I had the advantage of a mellow log-fire at my back, purring and softly crackling in a quiet indifference to the storm.

Twenty-four hours more made all serene again. Blood-curdling tales of lobster-pots carried to sea filled the air; but the air was as blandly unconscious of ever having been a fury as a lady who has found her lost temper. Swift alter-

nations of weather are so characteristic of our colonial climate that the other afternoon I went out with my umbrella against the raw cold rain of the morning, and had to raise it against the broiling sun. Three days ago I could say that the green of the woods had no touch of hectic in it; but already the low trees of the swampland have flamed into crimson. Every morning, when I look out, this crimson is of a fierier intensity, and the trees on the distant uplands are beginning slowly to kindle, with a sort of inner glow which has not yet burst into a blaze. Here and there the goldenrod is rusting; but there seem only to be more and more asters of all sorts; and I have seen ladies coming home with sheaves of blue gentians; I have heard that the orchids are beginning again to light their tender lamps from the burning blackberry vines that stray from the pastures to the edge of the swamps.

After an apparently total evanescence there has been a like resuscitation of the spirit of summer society. In the very last week of September we have gone to

a supper, which lingered far out of its season like one of these late flowers, and there has been an afternoon tea which assembled an astonishing number of cottagers, all secretly surprised to find one another still here, and professing openly a pity tinged with contempt for those who are here no longer.

I blamed those who had gone home, but I myself sniff the asphalt afar; the roar of the street calls to me with the magic that the voice of the sea is losing. Just now it shines entreatingly, it shines winningly, in the sun which is mellowing to an October tenderness, and it shines under a moon of perfect orb, which seems to have the whole heavens to itself in "the first watch of the night," except for "the red planet Mars." This begins to burn in the west before the flush of sunset has passed from it; and then later, a few moon-washed stars pierce the vast vault with their keen points. The stars which so powdered the summer sky seem mostly to have gone back to town, where no doubt people mistake them for electric lights.

*W. D. Howells.*

---

#### SUMMER DIED LAST NIGHT.

SUMMER died last night,  
 Lady of Delight, —  
 Summer died last night;  
     Look for her no more.

In the early gray  
 Of this golden day,  
 In the early gray  
     By the mirrored shore

I saw leaves of red, —  
 So I knew her dead, —  
 I saw leaves of red  
     Wreathed upon her door.

*Maude Caldwell Perry.*



## AMONG THE BIRDS OF THE YOSEMITE.

TRAVELERS in the Sierra forests usually complain of the want of life. "The trees," they say, "are fine, but the empty stillness is deadly; there are no animals to be seen, no birds. We have not heard a song in all the woods." And no wonder! They go in large parties with mules and horses; they make a great noise; they are dressed in outlandish, unnatural colors: every animal shuns them. Even the frightened pines would run away if they could. But Nature lovers, devout, silent, open-eyed, looking and listening with love, find no lack of inhabitants in these mountain mansions, and they come to them gladly. Not to mention the large animals or the small insect people, every waterfall has its ouzel and every tree its squirrel or tamias or bird: tiny nuthatch threading the furrows of the bark, cheerily whispering to itself as it deftly pries off loose scales and examines the curled edges of lichens; or Clarke crow or jay examining the cones; or some singer — oriole, tanager, warbler — resting, feeding, attending to domestic affairs. Hawks and eagles sail overhead, grouse walk in happy flocks below, and song sparrows sing in every bed of chaparral. There is no crowding, to be sure. Unlike the low Eastern trees, those of the Sierra in the main forest belt average nearly two hundred feet in height, and of course many birds are required to make much show in them and many voices to fill them. Nevertheless, the whole range from foothills to snowy summits is shaken into song every summer; and though low and thin in winter, the music never ceases.

The sage cock — *Centrocerus urophasianus* — is the largest of the Sierra game-birds and the king of American grouse. It is an admirably strong, hardy, handsome, independent bird, able with comfort to bid defiance to heat, cold,

drought, hunger, and all sorts of storms, living on whatever seeds or insects chance to come in its way, or simply on the leaves of sage-brush, everywhere abundant on its desert range. In winter, when the temperature is oftentimes below zero, and heavy snowstorms are blowing, he sits beneath a sage bush and allows himself to be covered, poking his head now and then through the snow to feed on the leaves of his shelter. Not even the Arctic ptarmigan is hardier in braving frost and snow and wintry darkness. When in full plumage he is a beautiful bird, with a long, firm, sharp-pointed tail, which in walking is slightly raised and swings sidewise back and forth with each step. The male is handsomely marked with black and white on the neck, back, and wings, weighs five or six pounds, and measures about thirty inches in length. The female is clad mostly in plain brown, and is not so large. They occasionally wander from the sage plains into the open nut-pine and juniper woods, but never enter the main coniferous forest. It is only in the broad, dry, half-desert sage plains that they are quite at home, where the weather is blazing hot in summer, cold in winter. If any one passes through a flock, all squat on the gray ground and hold their heads low, hoping to escape observation; but when approached within a rod or so, they rise with a magnificent burst of wing-beats, looking about as big as turkeys and making a noise like a whirlwind.

On the 28th of June, at the head of Owen's Valley, I caught one of the young that was then just able to fly. It was seven inches long, of a uniform gray color, blunt-billed, and when captured cried lustily in a shrill piping voice, clear in tone as a boy's small willow whistle. I have seen flocks of from ten to thirty or forty on the east margin of the park,

where the Mono Desert meets the gray foothills of the Sierra; but since cattle have been pastured there they are becoming rarer every year.

Another magnificent bird, the blue or dusky grouse, next in size to the sage cock, is found all through the main forest belt, though not in great numbers. They like best the heaviest silver-fir woods near garden and meadow openings, where there is but little underbrush to cover the approach of enemies. When a flock of these brave birds, sauntering and feeding on the sunny flowery levels of some hidden meadow or Yosemite valley far back in the heart of the mountains, see a man for the first time in their lives, they rise with hurried notes of surprise and excitement and alight on the lowest branches of the trees, wondering what the wanderer may be, and showing great eagerness to get a good view of the strange vertical animal. Knowing nothing of guns, they allow you to approach within a half dozen paces, then quietly hop a few branches higher or fly to the next tree without a thought of concealment, so that you may observe them as long as you like, near enough to see the fine shading of their plumage, the feathers on their toes, and the innocent wonderment in their beautiful wild eyes. But in the neighborhood of roads and trails they soon become shy, and when disturbed fly into the highest, leafiest trees, and suddenly become invisible, so well do they know how to hide and keep still and make use of their protective coloring. Nor can they be easily dislodged ere they are ready to go. In vain the hunter goes round and round some tall pine or fir into which he has perhaps seen a dozen enter, gazing up through the branches, straining his eyes while his gun is held ready; not a feather can he see unless his eyes have been sharpened by long experience and knowledge of the blue grouse's habits. Then, perhaps, when he is thinking that the tree must be hollow and that the birds have all gone inside, they burst forth with a

startling whirl of wing-beats, and after gaining full speed go skating swiftly away through the forest arches in a long, silent, wavering slide, with wings held steady.

During the summer they are most of the time on the ground, feeding on insects, seeds, berries, etc., around the margins of open spots and rocky moraines, playing and sauntering, taking sun baths and sand baths, and drinking at little pools and rills during the heat of the day. In winter they live mostly in the trees, depending on buds for food, sheltering beneath dense overlapping branches at night and during storms on the lee-side of the trunk, sunning themselves on the southside limbs in fine weather, and sometimes diving into the mealy snow to flutter and wallow, apparently for exercise and fun.

I have seen young broods running beneath the firs in June at a height of eight thousand feet above the sea. On the approach of danger, the mother with a peculiar cry warns the helpless midgets to scatter and hide beneath leaves and twigs, and even in plain open places it is almost impossible to discover them. In the meantime the mother feigns lameness, throws herself at your feet, kicks and gasps and flutters, to draw your attention from the chicks. The young are generally able to fly about the middle of July; but even after they can fly well they are usually advised to run and hide and lie still, no matter how closely approached, while the mother goes on with her loving, lying acting, apparently as desperately concerned for their safety as when they were featherless infants. Sometimes, however, after carefully studying the circumstances, she tells them to take wing; and up and away in a blurry birr and whirl they scatter to all points of the compass, as if blown up with gunpowder, dropping cunningly out of sight three or four hundred yards off, and keeping quiet until called, after the danger is supposed to be past. If you walk on a little way without manifesting any in-



inclination to hunt them, you may sit down at the foot of a tree near enough to see and hear the happy reunion. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin; and it is truly wonderful how love-telling the small voices of these birds are, and how far they reach through the woods into one another's hearts and into ours. The tones are so perfectly human and so full of anxious affection, few mountaineers can fail to be touched by them.

They are cared for until full grown. On the 20th of August, as I was passing along the margin of a garden spot on the head-waters of the San Joaquin, a grouse rose from the ruins of an old juniper that had been uprooted and brought down by an avalanche from a cliff overhead. She threw herself at my feet, limped and fluttered and gasped, showing, as I thought, that she had a nest and was raising a second brood. Looking for the eggs, I was surprised to see a strong-winged flock nearly as large as the mother fly up around me.

Instead of seeking a warmer climate when the winter storms set in, these hardy birds stay all the year in the High Sierra forests, and I have never known them to suffer in any sort of weather. Able to live on the buds of pine, spruce, and fir, they are forever independent in the matter of food supply, which gives so many of us trouble, dragging us here and there away from our best work. How gladly I would live on pine buds, however pitchy, for the sake of this grand independence. With all his superior resources, man makes more distracting difficulty concerning food than any other of the family.

The mountain quail or plumed partridge (*Oreortyx pictus plumiferus*) is common in all the upper portions of the park, though nowhere found in large numbers. He ranges considerably higher than the grouse in summer, but is unable to endure the heavy storms of winter. When his food is buried he descends the range to the brushy foothills,

at a height of from two thousand to three thousand feet above the sea; but like every true mountaineer, he is quick to follow the spring back into the highest mountains. I think he is the very handsomest and most interesting of all the American partridges, larger and handsomer than the famous Bob White, or even the fine California valley quail or the Massena partridge of Arizona and Mexico. That he is not so regarded, is because as a lonely mountaineer he is not half known.

His plumage is delicately shaded, brown above, white and rich chestnut below and on the sides, with many dainty markings of black and white and gray here and there, while his beautiful head plume, three or four inches long, nearly straight, composed of two feathers closely folded so as to appear as one, is worn jauntily slanted backward like a single feather in a boy's cap, giving him a very marked appearance. They wander over the lonely mountains in family flocks of from six to fifteen, beneath ceanothus, manzanita, and wild cherry thickets, and over dry sandy flats, glacier meadows, rocky ridges, and beds of bryanthus around glacier lakes, especially in autumn when the berries of the upper gardens are ripe, uttering low clucking notes to enable them to keep together. When they are so suddenly disturbed that they are afraid they cannot escape the danger by running into thickets, they rise with a fine hearty whir and scatter in the brush over an area of half a square mile or so, a few of them diving into leafy trees. But as soon as the danger is past, the parents with a clear piping note call them together again. By the end of July the young are two thirds grown and fly well, though only dire necessity can compel them to try their wings. In gait, gestures, habits, and general behavior they are like domestic chickens, but infinitely finer, searching for insects and seeds, looking to this side and that, scratching among fallen leaves, jumping

up to pull down grass heads, and clucking and muttering in low tones.

Once when I was seated at the foot of a tree on the head-waters of the Merced, sketching, I heard a flock up the valley behind me, and by their voices gradually sounding nearer I knew that they were feeding toward me. I kept still, hoping to see them. Soon one came within three or four feet of me, without noticing me any more than if I were a stump or a bulging part of the trunk against which I was leaning, my clothing being brown, nearly like the bark. Presently along came another and another, and it was delightful to get so near a view of these handsome chickens perfectly undisturbed, observe their manners, and hear their low peaceful notes. At last one of them caught my eye, gazed in silent wonder for a moment, then uttered a peculiar cry, which was followed by a lot of hurried muttered notes that sounded like speech. The others, of course, saw me as soon as the alarm was sounded, and joined the wonder talk, gazing and chattering, astonished but not frightened. Then all with one accord ran back with the news to the rest of the flock. "What is it? what is it? Oh, you never saw the like," they seemed to be saying. "Not a deer, or a wolf, or a bear; come see, come see." "Where? where?" "Down there by that tree." Then they approached cautiously, past the tree, stretching their necks, and looking up in turn as if knowing from the story told them just where I was. For fifteen or twenty minutes they kept coming and going, venturing within a few feet of me, and discussing the wonder in charming chatter. Their curiosity at last satisfied, they began to scatter and feed again, going back in the direction they had come from; while I, loath to part with them, followed noiselessly, crawling beneath the bushes, keeping them in sight for an hour or two, learning their habits, and finding out what seeds and berries they liked best.

The valley quail is not a mountaineer, and seldom enters the park except at a few of the lowest places on the western boundary. It belongs to the brushy foothills and plains, orchards and wheat-fields, and is a hundred times more numerous than the mountain quail. It is a beautiful bird, about the size of the Bob White, and has a handsome crest of four or five feathers an inch long, recurved, standing nearly erect at times or drooping forward. The loud calls of these quails in the spring — Pe-check-ah, Pe-check-a, Hoy, Hoy — are heard far and near over all the lowlands. They have vastly increased in numbers since the settlement of the country, notwithstanding the immense numbers killed every season by boys and pot-hunters as well as the regular legged sportsmen from the towns; for man's destructive action is more than counterbalanced by increased supply of food from cultivation, and by the destruction of their enemies — coyotes, skunks, foxes, hawks, owls, etc. — which not only kill the old birds, but plunder their nests. Where coyotes and skunks abound, scarce one pair in a hundred is successful in raising a brood. So well aware are these birds of the protection afforded by man, even now that the number of their wild enemies has been greatly diminished, that they prefer to nest near houses, notwithstanding they are so shy. Four or five pairs rear their young around our cottage every spring. One year a pair nested in a straw pile within four or five feet of the stable door, and did not leave the eggs when the men led the horses back and forth within a foot or two. For many seasons a pair nested in a tuft of pampas grass in the garden; another pair in an ivy vine on the cottage roof, and when the young were hatched, it was interesting to see the parents getting the fluffy dots down. They were greatly excited, and their anxious calls and directions to their many babes attracted our attention. They had no great dif-



faculty in persuading the young birds to pitch themselves from the main roof to the porch roof among the ivy, but to get them safely down from the latter to the ground, a distance of ten feet, was most distressing. It seemed impossible the frail soft things could avoid being killed. The anxious parents led them to a point above a spiræa bush, that reached nearly to the eaves, which they seemed to know would break the fall. Anyhow they led their chicks to this point, and with infinite coaxing and encouragement got them to tumble themselves off. Down they rolled and sifted through the soft leaves and panicles to the pavement, and, strange to say, all got away unhurt except one that lay as if dead for a few minutes. When it revived, the joyful parents, with their brood fairly launched on the journey of life, proudly led them down the cottage hill, through the garden, and along an osage orange hedge into the cherry orchard. These charming birds even enter towns and villages, where the gardens are of good size and guns are forbidden, sometimes going several miles to feed, and returning every evening to their roosts in ivy or brushy trees and shrubs.

Geese occasionally visit the park, but never stay long. Sometimes on their way across the range, a flock wanders into Hetch-Hetchy or Yosemite to rest or get something to eat, and if shot at, are often sorely bewildered in seeking a way out. I have seen them rise from the meadow or river, wheel round in a spiral until a height of four or five hundred feet was reached, then form ranks and try to fly over the wall. But Yosemite magnitudes seem to be as deceptive to geese as to men, for they would suddenly find themselves against the cliffs not a fourth of the way to the top. Then turning in confusion, and screaming at the strange heights, they would try the opposite side, and so on, until exhausted they were compelled to rest, and only after discovering the river cañon

could they make their escape. Large harrow-shaped flocks may often be seen crossing the range in the spring, at a height of at least fourteen thousand feet. Think of the strength of wing required to sustain so heavy a bird in air so thin. At this elevation it is but little over half as dense as at the sea level. Yet they hold bravely on in beautifully dressed ranks, and have breath enough to spare for loud honking. After the crest of the Sierra is passed it is only a smooth slide down the sky to the waters of Mono, where they may rest as long as they like.

Ducks of five or six species, among which are the mallard and wood duck, go far up into the heart of the mountains in the spring, and of course come down in the fall with the families they have reared. A few, as if loath to leave the mountains, pass the winter in the lower valleys of the park at a height of three thousand to four thousand feet, where the main streams are never wholly frozen over, and snow never falls to a great depth or lies long. In summer they are found up to a height of eleven thousand feet on all the lakes and branches of the rivers except the smallest, and those beside the glaciers encumbered with drifting ice and snow. I found mallards and wood ducks at Lake Tenaya, June 1, before the ice-covering was half melted, and a flock of young ones in Bloody Cañon Lake, June 20. They are usually met in pairs, never in large flocks. No place is too wild or rocky or solitary for these brave swimmers, no stream too rapid. In the roaring, resounding cañon torrents, they seem as much at home as in the tranquil reaches and lakes of the broad glacial valleys. Abandoning themselves to the wild play of the waters, they go drifting confidently through blinding, thrashing spray, dancing on boulder-dashed waves, tossing in beautiful security on rougher water than is usually encountered by sea birds when storms are blowing.

A mother duck with her family of ten little ones, waltzing round and round in a pot-hole ornamented with foam bells, huge rocks leaning over them, cascades above and below and beside them, made one of the most interesting bird pictures I ever saw.

I have never found the great northern diver in the park lakes. Most of them are inaccessible to him. He might plump down into them, but would hardly be able to get out of them, since, with his small wings and heavy body, a wide expanse of elbow room is required in rising. Now and then one may be seen in the lower Sierra lakes to the northward about Lassens Butte and Shasta, at a height of four thousand to five thousand feet, making the loneliest places lonelier with the wildest of wild cries.

Plovers are found along the sandy shores of nearly all the mountain lakes, tripping daintily on the water's edge, picking up insects; and it is interesting to learn how few of these familiar birds are required to make a solitude cheerful.

Sandhill cranes are sometimes found in comparatively small marshes, mere dots in the mighty forest. In such spots, at an elevation of from six thousand to eight thousand feet above the sea, they are occasionally met in pairs as early as the end of May, while the snow is still deep in the surrounding fir and sugar-pine woods. And on sunny days in autumn, large flocks may be seen sailing at a great height above the forests, shaking the crisp air into rolling waves with their hearty koor-r-r, koor-r-r uck-uck, soaring in circles for hours together on their majestic wings, seeming to float without effort like clouds, eying the wrinkled landscape outspread like a map mottled with lakes and glaciers and meadows, and streaked with shadowy cañons and streams, and surveying every frog marsh and sandy flat within a hundred miles.

Eagles and hawks are oftentimes seen above the ridges and domes. The greatest height at which I have observed them

was about twelve thousand feet, over the summits of Mount Hoffman, in the middle region of the park. A few pairs had their nests on the cliffs of this mountain, and could be seen every day in summer, hunting marmots, mountain beavers, pikas, etc. A pair of golden eagles have made their home in Yosemite ever since I went there thirty years ago. Their nest is on the Nevada Fall Cliff, opposite the Liberty Cap. Their screams are rather pleasant to hear in the vast gulfs between the granite cliffs, and they help the owls in keeping the echoes busy.

But of all the birds of the High Sierra, the strangest, noisiest, and most notable is the Clarke crow (*Nucifraga columbiana*). He is a foot long and nearly two feet in extent of wing, ashy gray in general color, with black wings, white tail, and a strong sharp bill, with which he digs into pine cones for the seeds on which he mainly subsists. He is quick, boisterous, jerky, and irregular in his movements and speech, and makes a tremendously loud and showy advertisement of himself, — swooping and diving in deep curves across gorges and valleys from ridge to ridge, alighting on dead spars, looking warily about him, and leaving his dry springy perches trembling from the vigor of his kick as he launches himself for a new flight, screaming from time to time loud enough to be heard more than a mile in still weather. He dwells far back on the high, storm-beaten margin of the forest, where the mountain pine, juniper, and hemlock grow wide apart on glacier pavements and domes and rough crumbling ridges, and the dwarf pine makes a low crinkled growth along the flanks of the summit peaks. In so open a region, of course, he is well seen. Everybody notices him, and nobody at first knows what to make of him. One guesses he must be a woodpecker, another a crow or some sort of jay, another a magpie. He seems to be a pretty thoroughly mixed and fermented compound of all these birds, has all their



strength, cunning, shyness, thievishness, and wary, suspicious curiosity combined and condensed. He flies like a woodpecker, hammers dead limbs for insects, digs big holes in pine cones to get at the seeds, cracks nuts held between his toes, cries like a crow or Steller jay, — but in a far louder, harsher, and more forbidding tone of voice, — and besides his crow caws and screams, has a great variety of small chatter talk, mostly uttered in a fault-finding tone. Like the magpie, he steals articles that can be of no use to him. Once when I made my camp in a grove at Cathedral Lake, I chanced to leave a cake of soap on the shore where I had been washing, and a few minutes afterward I saw my soap flying past me through the grove, pushed by a Clarke crow.

In winter, when the snow is deep, the cones of the mountain pines empty, and the juniper, hemlock, and dwarf pine orchards buried, he comes down to glean seeds in the yellow pine forests, startling the grouse with his loud screams. But even in winter, in calm weather, he stays in his high mountain home, defying the bitter frost. Once I lay snowbound through a three days' storm at the timber-line on Mount Shasta; and while the roaring snow-laden blast swept by, one of these brave birds came to my camp, and began hammering at the cones on the topmost branches of half-buried pines, without showing the slightest distress. I have seen Clarke crows feeding their young as early as June 19, at a height of more than ten thousand feet, when nearly the whole landscape was snow-covered.

They are excessively shy, and keep away from the traveler as long as they think they are observed; but when one goes on without seeming to notice them, or sits down and keeps still, their curiosity speedily gets the better of their caution, and they come flying from tree to tree, nearer and nearer, and watch every motion. Few, I am afraid, will

ever learn to like this bird, he is so suspicious and self-reliant, and his voice is so harsh that to most ears the scream of the eagle will seem melodious compared with it. Yet the mountaineer who has battled and suffered and struggled must admire his strength and endurance, — the way he faces the mountain weather, cleaves the icy blasts, cares for his young, and digs a living from the stern wilderness. Higher yet than *Nucifraga* dwells the little dun-headed sparrow (*Leucosticte tephrocotis*). From early spring to late autumn he is to be found only on the snowy icy peaks at the head of the glacier cirques and cañons. His feeding grounds in spring are the snow sheets between the peaks, and in midsummer and autumn the glaciers. Many bold insects go mountaineering almost as soon as they are born, ascending the highest summits on the mild breezes that blow in from the sea every day during steady weather; but comparatively few of these adventurers find their way down or see a flower bed again. Getting tired and chilly, they alight on the snow fields and glaciers, attracted perhaps by the glare, take cold, and die. There they lie as if on a white cloth purposely outspread for them, and the dun sparrows find them a rich and varied repast requiring no pursuit, — bees and butterflies on ice, and many spicy beetles, a perpetual feast, on tables big for guests so small, and in vast banqueting halls ventilated by cool breezes that ruffle the feathers of the fairy brownies. Happy fellows, no rivals come to dispute possession with them. No other birds, not even hawks, as far as I have noticed, live so high. They see people so seldom, they flutter around the explorer with the liveliest curiosity, and come down a little way, sometimes nearly a mile, to meet him and conduct him into their icy homes.

When I was exploring the Merced group, climbing up the grand cañon between the Merced and Red mountains into the fountain amphitheatre of an an-

cient glacier, just as I was approaching the small active glacier that leans back in the shadow of Merced Mountain, a flock of twenty or thirty of these little birds, the first I had seen, came down the cañon to meet me, flying low, straight toward me as if they meant to fly in my face. Instead of attacking me or passing by, they circled round my head, chirping and fluttering for a minute or two, then turned and escorted me up the cañon, alighting on the nearest rocks on either hand, and flying ahead a few yards at a time to keep even with me.

I have not discovered their winter quarters. Probably they are in the desert ranges to the eastward, for I never saw any of them in Yosemite, the winter refuge of so many of the mountain birds.

Hummingbirds are among the best and most conspicuous of the mountaineers, flashing their ruby throats in countless wild gardens far up the higher slopes, where they would be least expected. All one has to do to enjoy the company of these mountain-loving midgets is to display a showy blanket or handkerchief.

The arctic bluebird is another delightful mountaineer, singing a wild, cheery song and "carrying the sky on his back" over all the gray ridges and domes of the subalpine region.

A fine, hearty, good-natured lot of woodpeckers dwell in the park, and keep it lively all the year round. Among the most notable of these are the magnificent log cock (*Ceophlæus pileatus*), the prince of Sierra woodpeckers, and only second in rank, as far as I know, of all the woodpeckers of the world; the Lewis woodpecker, large, black, glossy, that flaps and flies like a crow, does but little hammering, and feeds in great part on wild cherries and berries; and the carpenter, who stores up great quantities of acorns in the bark of trees for winter use. The last named species is a beautiful bird, charmingly familiar and far more common than the others. In the

woods of the West he represents the eastern red-head. Bright, cheerful, industrious, not in the least shy, the carpenters give delightful animation to the open Sierra forests at a height of from three thousand to fifty-five hundred feet, especially in autumn when the acorns are ripe. Then no squirrel works harder at his pine-nut harvest than these woodpeckers at their acorn harvest, drilling holes in the thick, corky bark of the yellow pine and incense cedar, in which to store the crop for winter use; a hole for each acorn, so nicely adjusted as to size that when the acorn, point foremost, is driven in, it fits so well that it cannot be drawn out without digging around it. Each acorn is thus carefully stored in a dry bin, perfectly protected from the weather, — a most laborious method of stowing away a crop, a granary for each kernel. Yet the birds seem never to weary at the work, but go on so diligently that they seem determined to save every acorn in the grove. They are never seen eating acorns at the time they are storing them, and it is commonly believed that they never eat them or intend to eat them, but that the wise birds store them and protect them from the depredations of squirrels and jays, solely for the sake of the worms they are supposed to contain. And because these worms are too small for use at the time the acorns drop, they are shut up like lean calves and steers, each in a separate stall with abundance of food, to grow big and fat by the time they will be most wanted, that is, in winter, when insects are scarce and stall-fed worms most valuable. So these woodpeckers are supposed to be a sort of cattle-raisers, each with a drove of thousands, rivaling the ants that raise grain and keep herds of plant lice for milk cows. Needless to say the story is not true, though some naturalists even believe it. When Emerson was in the park, having heard the worm story and seen the great pines plugged full of acorns, he asked (just to pump me,



I suppose), "Why do the woodpeckers take the trouble to put acorns into the bark of the trees?" "For the same reason," I replied, "that bees store honey and squirrels nuts." "But they tell me, Mr. Muir, that woodpeckers don't eat acorns." "Yes, they do," I said, "I have seen them eating them. During snowstorms they seem to eat little besides acorns. I have repeatedly interrupted them at their meals, and seen the perfectly sound, half-eaten acorns. They eat them in the shell as some people eat eggs." "But what about the worms?" "I suppose," I said, "that when they come to a wormy one they eat both worm and acorn. Anyhow, they eat the sound ones when they can't find anything they like better, and from the time they store them until they are used they guard them, and woe to the squirrel or jay caught stealing." Indians, in times of scarcity, frequently resort to these stores and chop them out with hatchets; a bushel or more may be gathered from a single cedar or pine.

The common robin, with all his familiar notes and gestures, is found nearly everywhere throughout the park, — in shady dells beneath dogwoods and maples, along the flowery banks of the streams, tripping daintily about the margins of meadows in the fir and pine woods, and far beyond on the shores of glacier lakes and the slopes of the peaks. How admirable the constitution and temper of this cheery, graceful bird, keeping glad health over so vast and varied a range. In all America he is at home, flying from plains to mountains up and down, north and south, away and back, with the seasons and supply of food. Oftentimes, in the High Sierra, as you wander through the solemn woods, awe-stricken and silent, you will hear the reassuring voice of this fellow wanderer ringing out sweet and clear as if saying, "Fear not, fear not. Only love is here." In the severest solitudes he seems as happy as in gardens and apple orchards.

The robins enter the park as soon as the snow melts, and go on up the mountains, gradually higher, with the opening flowers, until the topmost glacier meadows are reached in June and July. After the short summer is done, they descend like most other summer visitors in concord with the weather, keeping out of the first heavy snows as much as possible, while lingering among the frost-nipped wild cherries on the slopes just below the glacier meadows. Thence they go to the lower slopes of the forest region, compelled to make haste at times by heavy all-day storms, picking up seeds or benumbed insects by the way, and at last all, save a few that winter in Yosemite valleys, arrive in the vineyards and orchards and stubble-fields of the lowlands in November, picking up fallen fruit and grain, and awakening old-time memories among the white-headed pioneers, who cannot fail to recognize the influence of so homelike a bird. They are then in flocks of hundreds, and make their way into the gardens of towns as well as into the parks and fields and orchards about the bay of San Francisco, where many of the wanderers are shot for sport and the morsel of meat on their breasts. Man then seems a beast of prey. Not even genuine piety can make the robin-killer quite respectable. Saturday is the great slaughter day in the bay region. Then the city pot-hunters, with a ragtag of boys, go forth to kill, kept in countenance by a sprinkling of regular sportsmen arrayed in self-conscious majesty and leggins, leading dogs and carrying hammerless, breech-loading guns of famous makers. Over the fine landscapes the killing goes forward with shameful enthusiasm. After escaping countless dangers, thousands fall, big bagfuls are gathered, many are left wounded to die slowly, no Red Cross Society to help them. Next day, Sunday, the blood and leggins vanish from the most devout of the bird butchers, who go to church, carrying gold-headed

canes instead of guns. After hymns, prayers, and sermon they go home to feast, to put God's songbirds to use, put them in their dinners instead of in their hearts, eat them, and suck the pitiful little drumsticks. It is only race living on race, to be sure, but Christians singing Divine Love need not be driven to such straits while wheat and apples grow and the shops are full of dead cattle. Songbirds for food! Compared with this, making kindlings of pianos and violins would be pious economy.

The larks come in large flocks from the hills and mountains in the fall, and are slaughtered as ruthlessly as the robins. Fortunately, most of our songbirds keep back in leafy hidings, and are comparatively inaccessible.

The water ouzel, in his rocky home amid foaming waters, seldom sees a gun, and of all the singers I like him the best. He is a plainly dressed little bird, about the size of a robin, with short, crisp, but rather broad wings, and a tail of moderate length, slanted up, giving him with his nodding, bobbing manners a wrennish look. He is usually seen fluttering about in the spray of falls and the rapid cascading portions of the main branches of the rivers. These are his favorite haunts; but he is often seen also on comparatively level reaches and occasionally on the shores of mountain lakes, especially at the beginning of winter, when heavy snowfalls have blurred the streams with sludge. Though not a water bird in structure, he gets his living in the water, and is never seen away from the immediate margin of streams. He dives fearlessly into rough, boiling eddies and rapids to feed at the bottom, flying under water seemingly as easily as in

the air. Sometimes he wades in shallow places, thrusting his head under from time to time in a nodding, frisky way that is sure to attract attention. His flight is a solid whirl of wing-beats like that of a partridge, and in going from place to place along his favorite string of rapids he follows the windings of the stream, and usually alights on some rock or snag on the bank or out in the current, or rarely on the dry limb of an overhanging tree, perching like a tree bird when it suits his convenience. He has the oddest, neatest manners imaginable, and all his gestures as he flits about in the wild, dashing waters bespeak the utmost cheerfulness and confidence. He sings both winter and summer, in all sorts of weather, — a sweet, fluty melody, rather low, and much less keen and accentuated than from the brisk vigor of his movements one would be led to expect.

How romantic and beautiful is the life of this brave little singer on the wild mountain streams, building his round bossy nest of moss by the side of a rapid or fall, where it is sprinkled and kept fresh and green by the spray! No wonder he sings well, since all the air about him is music; every breath he draws is part of a song, and he gets his first music lessons before he is born; for the eggs vibrate in time with the tones of the waterfalls. Bird and stream are inseparable, songful and wild, gentle and strong, — the bird ever in danger in the midst of the stream's mad whirlpools, yet seeming immortal. And so I might go on, writing words, words, words; but to what purpose? Go see him and love him, and through him as through a window look into Nature's warm heart.

*John Muir.*



THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

THE CORPS OF PAGES.

I.

IN August, 1857, the long-cherished ambition of my father was realized. There was a vacancy in the corps of pages which I could fill before I had got beyond the age to which admission was limited, and I was taken to St. Petersburg and entered the school. Only a hundred and fifty boys — mostly children of the nobility belonging to the court — received education in this privileged corps, which combined the character of a military school endowed with special rights and of a court institution attached to the imperial household. After a stay of four or five years in the corps of pages, those who had passed the final examinations were received as officers in any regiment of the guard or of the army they chose, irrespective of the number of vacancies in that regiment; and each year the first sixteen pupils of the highest form were nominated *pages de chambre*; that is, they were personally attached to the several members of the imperial family, — the Emperor, the Empress, the grand duchesses, and the grand dukes. That was considered, of course, a great honor; and, moreover, the young men upon whom this honor was bestowed became known at the court, and had afterward every chance of being nominated aides-de-camp of the Emperor or of one of the grand dukes, and consequently had every facility for making a brilliant career in the service of the state. Fathers and mothers of families connected with the court took due care, therefore, that their boys should not miss entering the corps of pages, even though entrance had to be secured at the expense of other candidates who never saw a place opening

for them. Now that I was in the select corps my father could give a free flight to his ambitious dreams.

The corps was divided into five forms, of which the highest was the first, and the lowest the fifth, and the intention was that I should enter the fourth form. However, as it appeared at the examinations that I was not sufficiently familiar with decimal fractions, and as the fourth form contained that year over forty pupils, while only twenty had been mustered for the fifth form, I was enrolled in the latter.

I felt extremely vexed at this decision. It was with reluctance that I entered a military school, and now I should have to stay in it five years instead of four. What should I do in the fifth form, when I knew already all that would be taught in it? With tears in my eyes I spoke of it to the inspector (the head of the educational department), but he answered me with a joke. "You know," he remarked, "what Cæsar said, — better to be the first in a village than the second in Rome." To which I warmly replied that I should prefer to be the very last, if only I could leave the military school as soon as possible. "Perhaps, after some time, you will like the school," he remarked, and from that day he took a liking to me.

To the teacher of arithmetic, who also tried to console me, I gave my word of honor that I would never cast a glance into his textbook; "and nevertheless you will have to give me the highest marks." I kept my word; but thinking now of this scene, I fancy that the pupil was not even then of a very docile disposition.

And yet, as I look back upon that remote past, I cannot but feel grateful for having been put in the lower form.

Having only to repeat during the first year what I already knew, I got into the habit of learning my lessons by merely listening to what the teachers said in the classroom; and, the lessons over, I had plenty of time to read and to write to my heart's content. When I reached the higher "special" forms, I was better prepared to master the variety of subjects we had to study. All children, I now think, would be benefited very much if serious teaching did not begin for them before they have reached a certain development, usually attained at about the age of fifteen. After that age they learn very quickly, and far better, what would have taken them years to master when younger; and those early years could be so well utilized in many other ways. Besides, I spent more than half of the first winter in the hospital. Like all children who are not born at St. Petersburg, I had to pay a heavy tribute to "the capital on the swamps of Finland," in the shape of several attacks of local cholera, and finally one of typhoid fever.

When I entered the corps of pages, its inner life was undergoing a profound change. All Russia awakened at that time from the heavy slumber and the nightmare of the terrible years of Nicholas I.'s reign. Our school also felt the effects of that revival. I do not know, in fact, what would have become of me, had I entered the corps of pages one or two years sooner. Either my will would have been totally broken, or I should have been excluded from the school with no one knows what consequences. Happily, the transition period was already in full sway in the year 1857.

The director of the corps was an excellent old man, General Zheltúkhin. But he was the nominal head only. The real master of the school was "the Colonel," — Colonel Girardot, a Frenchman in the Russian service. People said he was a Jesuit, and so he was, I believe. His ways, at any rate, were thoroughly im-

bued with the teachings of Loyola, and his educational methods were those of the French Jesuit colleges.

Imagine a short, extremely thin man, with dark, piercing, and furtive eyes, wearing very short clipped mustaches, which gave him the expression of a cat; very quiet and firm; not remarkably intelligent, but exceedingly cunning; a despot at the bottom of his heart, who was capable of hating — intensely hating — the boy who would not fall under his fascination, and of expressing that hatred, not by silly persecutions, but, unceasingly, by his general behavior, — by an occasionally dropped word, a gesture, a smile, an interjection. His walk was more like gliding along, and the exploring glances he used to cast round without turning his head completed the illusion. A stamp of cold dryness was impressed on his lips, even when he tried to look well disposed, and that expression became still more harsh when his mouth was contorted by a smile of discontent or of contempt. With all this there was nothing of a commander in him; you would rather think, at first sight, of a benevolent father who talks to his children as if they were full-grown people. And yet, you soon felt that every one and everything had to bend before his will. Woe to the boy who would not feel happy or unhappy according to the degree of good will shown toward him by the Colonel.

The words "the Colonel" were continually on all lips. Other officers went by their nicknames, but no one dared to give a nickname to the Colonel. A sort of mystery hung about him, as if he were omniscient and everywhere present. True, he spent all the day and part of the night in the school. Even when we were in the classes he prowled about, visiting our drawers, which he opened with his own keys. As to the night, he gave a good portion of it to the task of inscribing in certain small books, — of which he had quite a library, — in separate col-



umns, by special signs and in inks of different colors, all the faults and virtues of each boy.

Play, jokes, and conversations stopped when we saw him slowly moving along through our spacious rooms, hand in hand with one of his favorites, balancing his body forward and backward; smiling at one boy, keenly looking into the eyes of another, casting an indifferent glance upon a third, and giving a slight contortion to his lip as he passed a fourth: and from these looks every one knew that he liked the first boy, that to the second he was indifferent, that he intentionally did not notice the third, and that he disliked the fourth. This dislike was enough to terrify most boys, — the more so as no reason could be given for it. Impressionable boys had been brought to despair by that mute, unceasingly displayed aversion and those suspicious looks; in others the result had been a total annihilation of will, as one of the Tolstoys — Theodor, also a pupil of Girardot — has shown in an autobiographic novel, *The Diseases of the Will*.

The inner life of the corps was miserable under the rule of the Colonel. In all boarding-schools the newly entered boys are subjected to petty persecutions. The "greenhorns" are submitted in this way to a test. What are they worth? Are they going to turn "telltales"? And then the "old hands" like to show to newcomers the superiority of an established brotherhood. So it goes in all schools and in prisons. But under Girardot's rule these persecutions took on a harsher aspect, and they came, not from the comrades of the same form, but from the first form, — the pages de chambre, who were non-commissioned officers, and whom Girardot had placed in a quite exceptional, superior position. His system was to give them *carte blanche*; to pretend that he did not know even the horrors they were enacting; and to maintain through them a severe discipline.

To answer a blow received from a page de chambre would have meant, in the times of Nicholas I., to be sent to a battalion of soldiers' sons, if the fact became public; and to revolt in any way against the mere caprice of a page de chambre meant that the twenty youths of the first form, armed with their heavy oak rulers, would assemble in a room, and, with Girardot's tacit approval, administer a severe beating to the boy who had shown such a spirit of insubordination.

Accordingly, the first form did what they liked; and not further back than the preceding winter one of their favorite games had been to assemble the "greenhorns" at night in a room, in their night-shirts, and to make them run round, like horses in a circus, while the pages de chambre, armed with thick india-rubber whips, standing some in the centre and the others on the outside, pitilessly whipped the boys. As a rule the "circus" ended in an Oriental fashion, in an abominable way. The moral conceptions which prevailed at that time, and the foul talk which went on in the school concerning what occurred at night after a circus, were such that the least said about them the better.

The Colonel knew all this. He had a perfectly organized system of espionage, and nothing escaped his knowledge. But so long as he was not known to know it, all was right. To shut his eyes to what was done by the first form was the foundation of his system of maintaining discipline.

However, a new spirit was awakened in the school, and only a few months before I entered it a revolution had taken place. That year the third form was different from what it had hitherto been. It contained a number of young men who learned splendidly, and read a good deal; some of them became, later, men of mark. My first acquaintance with one of them — let me call him von Schauff — was when he was reading Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. Be-

sides, they had amongst them some of the strongest youths of the school. The tallest member of the corps was in that form, as also a very strong young man, Kóshtoff, a great friend of von Schauff.

They could not bear the yoke of the pages de chambre with the same docility with which it had been endured up to that time; they looked with disgust upon what was going on; and in consequence of an incident, which I prefer not to describe, a fight took place between the third and the first form, with the result that the pages de chambre got a very severe thrashing from their subordinates. Girardot hushed up the affair, but the authority of the first form was broken down. The india-rubber whips remained, but never more were they put to use. The circuses and the rest became things of the past.

That much was won; but the lowest form, the fifth, composed almost entirely of very young boys who had just entered the school, had still to obey the petty caprices of the pages de chambre without murmuring. We had a beautiful garden, filled with old trees, but the boys of the fifth form could enjoy it little: they were forced to run a roundabout, while the pages de chambre sat in it and chattered, or to send back the balls when these gentlemen played ninepins. A couple of days after I had entered the school, seeing how things stood in the garden, I did not go there, but remained upstairs. I was reading, when a page de chambre, with carrot hair and a face covered with freckles, came upon me, and ordered me to go at once to the garden to run the roundabout.

"I will not; you see I am reading," was my reply.

Anger disfigured his already unpleasant face. He was ready to jump upon me. I took the defensive. He tried to give me blows on the face with his cap. I fenced as best I could. Then he flung his cap on the floor.

"Pick it up."

"Pick it up yourself."

Such an act of disobedience was unheard of in the school. Why he did not beat me unmercifully on the spot I do not know. He was much older and stronger than I was.

Next day and the following days I received similar commands, but obstinately remained upstairs. Then began the most exasperating petty persecutions at every step, — enough to bring one to despair. Happily, I was always of a jovial disposition, and answered with jokes, or took little heed of them. Still, my younger comrades were so vexed that they asked the third form to interfere, but received the wise reply that it would be impossible to engage in a new fight for such a reason. The third form, however, began to show us in various little ways its friendly disposition; with von Schauff we had many points of contact.

Moreover, all this soon came to an end. The weather turned rainy, and we spent most of our time indoors. In the garden the first form smoked freely enough, but when we were indoors the smoking club was "the tower." It was kept beautifully clean, and a fire was always burning there. The pages de chambre severely punished all others whom they caught smoking, but they themselves sat continually at the fire-side chattering and enjoying cigarettes. Their favorite smoking time was at night, after all were supposed to have gone to bed at ten; they kept their club till half past eleven, and, to protect themselves from an unexpected interruption by Girardot, they ordered us to keep watch. The small boys of the fifth form were taken out of their beds in turn, two at a time, and they had to loiter about the staircase till half past eleven, to give notice of the approach of the Colonel.

We decided to put an end to these night watches. Long were the discussions, and the higher forms were consulted as to what was to be done. At last the decision came: "Refuse, all of



you, to keep the watch; and when they begin to beat you, which they are sure to do, go, as many of you as can, in a block, and call in Girardot. He knows it all, but then he will be bound to stop it." The question whether that would not be "reporting" was settled in the negative by experts in honor matters: the pages de chambre did not behave toward the others like comrades.

The turn to watch fell that night to a Prince Sh——, an old hand, and to S——, a newcomer, an extremely timid boy, who even spoke in a girlish voice. Sh—— was called upon first, but refused to go, and was left alone. Then two pages de chambre went to the timid S——, who was in bed; as he refused to obey, they began to flog him brutally with heavy leather braces. Sh—— woke up several comrades who were near at hand, and they all ran to find Girardot.

I was also in bed when the two came upon me, ordering me to take the watch. I refused. Thereupon, seizing two pairs of braces, — we always used to put our clothes in perfect order on a bench by the bedside, braces uppermost, and the necktie across them, — they began to flog me. Sitting up in bed, I fenced with my hands, and had already received several heavy blows, when a command resounded, — "The first form to the Colonel!" The fierce fighters became tame at once, and hurriedly put my things in order.

"Don't say a word," they whispered.

"The necktie across, in good order," I said to them, while my shoulders and arms burned from the blows.

What Girardot's talk with the first form was we did not know; but next day, as we stood in the ranks before marching downstairs to the dining-room, he addressed us in a minor key, saying how sad it was that pages de chambre should have fallen upon a boy who was right in his refusal. And upon whom? A newcomer, and so timid a boy as S—— was. The school were simply disgusted at that Jesuitic speech.

No need to say that that was the end of the watch-keeping, and that it gave a final blow to the worrying of the newcomers: it has never been renewed.

It surely was also a blow to Girardot's authority, and he resented it very much. He regarded our form, and me especially, with great dislike (the roundabout affair had been reported to him), and he manifested it at every opportunity.

During the first winter I was a frequent inmate of the hospital. After suffering from typhoid fever, during which the director and the doctor bestowed on me a really parental care, I had very bad and persistently recurring gastric attacks. Girardot, as he made his daily rounds of the hospital, seeing me so often there, began to say to me every morning, half jokingly, in French, "Here is a young man who is as healthy as the New Bridge, and loiters in the hospital." Once or twice I replied jestingly, but at last, seeing malice in this constant repetition, I lost patience. Frequently boys pretended to be ill and went to the hospital when they did not know their lessons; but there was no necessity for me to do so, and, as I never could bear a suspicion of deceit, I grew very angry.

"How dare you say that?" I exclaimed. "I shall ask the doctor to forbid your entering this room," and so on.

Girardot recoiled two steps; his dark eyes glittered, his thin lip became still thinner. At last he said, "I have offended you, have I? Well, we have in the hall two artillery guns: shall we have a duel?"

"I don't make jokes, and I tell you that I shall bear no more of your insinuations," I continued.

He did not repeat his joke, but regarded me with even more dislike than before.

Happily enough, there was little opportunity for punishing me. I did not smoke; my clothes were always hooked

and buttoned, and properly folded at night. I liked all sorts of games, but, plunged as I was in reading and in a correspondence with my brother, I could hardly find time to play a *lapta* match (a sort of cricket) in the garden, and always hurried back to my books. But when I was caught in fault, it was not I that Girardot punished, but the page de chambre who was my superior. Once, for instance, at dinner, I made a physical discovery: I noticed that the sound given out by a tumbler depends on the amount of water it contains, and at once tried to obtain a chord with four glasses. But there stood Girardot behind me, and without saying a word to me he ordered my page de chambre under arrest. It so happened that this young man was an excellent fellow, a third cousin of mine, who refused even to listen to my excuses, saying, "All right. I know he dislikes you." His comrades, though, gave me a warning. "Take care, naughty boy; we are not going to be punished for you," they said; and if reading had not been my all-absorbing occupation, they probably would have made me pay dearly for my physical experiment.

All the comrades and officers spoke of Girardot's dislike for me; but I paid no attention to it, and probably increased it by my indifference. For full eighteen months he refused to give me the epaulets, which were usually given to newly entered boys after one or two months' stay at the school, when they had learned some of the rudiments of military drill; but I felt quite happy without that military decoration. At last, an officer — the best teacher of drill in the school, a man simply enamored of drill — volunteered to teach me; and when he saw me performing all the tricks to his entire satisfaction, he undertook to introduce me to Girardot. The Colonel refused again, twice in succession, so that the officer took it as a personal offense; and when the director of the corps once

asked him why I had no epaulets yet, he bluntly answered, "The boy is all right; it is the Colonel who does not want him;" whereupon, probably after a remark of the director, Girardot himself asked to reexamine me, and gave me the epaulets that very day.

But the Colonel's influence was rapidly vanishing. The whole character of the school was changing. For twenty years Girardot had realized his ideal, which was to have the pages nicely combed, curled, and girlish looking, and to send to the court pages as refined as courtiers of Louis XIV. Whether they learned or not, he cared little; his favorites were those whose clothes-baskets were best filled with all sorts of nail-brushes and scent bottles, whose "private" uniform (which could be put on when we went home on Sundays) was of the best make, and who knew how to make the most elegant *salut oblique*. Formerly, when Girardot had held rehearsals of court ceremonies, wrapping up a page in a striped red cotton cover taken from one of our beds, in order that he might represent the Empress at a *baisemain*, the boys almost religiously approached the imaginary Empress, seriously performed the ceremony of kissing the hand, and retired with a most elegant oblique bow; but now, though they were very elegant at court, they would perform at the rehearsals such bearlike bows that all roared with laughter, while Girardot was simply raging. Formerly, the younger boys who had been taken to a court levee, and had been curled for that purpose, used to keep their curls as long as they would last; now, on returning from the palace, they hurried to put their heads under the cold-water tap, to get rid of the curls. An effeminate appearance was laughed at. To be sent to the palace to stand as a decoration at a levee was now considered a drudgery rather than a favor. And when the small boys who were occasionally taken to the palace to play with the little grand dukes remarked that one of



the latter used, in some game, to make a hard whip out of his handkerchief, and use it freely, one of our boys did the same, and so whipped the grand duke that he cried. Girardot was terrified, while the old Sebastopol admiral who was tutor of the grand duke only praised our boy.

A new spirit, studious and serious, developed in the corps of pages, as in all other schools. In former years, the pages, being sure that in one way or another they would get the necessary marks for being promoted officers of the guard, spent the first years in the school hardly learning at all, and only began to study more or less in the last two forms; now the lower forms learned very well. The moral tone also became quite different from what it was a few years before. Oriental amusements were looked upon with disgust, and an attempt or two to revert to old manners resulted in scandals which reached the St. Petersburg drawing-rooms. Girardot was dismissed. He was only allowed to retain his bachelor apartment in the building of the corps, and we often saw him afterward, wrapped in his long military cloak, pacing along, plunged in reflections, — sad, I suppose, because he could not but condemn the new spirit which rapidly developed in the corps of pages.

## II.

All over Russia people were talking of education. As soon as peace had been concluded at Paris, and the severity of censorship had been slightly relaxed, educational matters began to be eagerly discussed. The ignorance of the masses of the people, the obstacles that had hitherto been put in the way of those who wanted to learn, the absence of schools in the country, the obsolete methods of teaching, and the remedies for these evils became favorite themes of discussion in educated circles, in the press, and even in the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy. The first high schools for girls had been opened in 1857, on

an excellent plan and with a splendid teaching staff. As by magic a number of men and women came to the front who not only have since devoted their lives to education, but have proved to be such remarkable practical pedagogists that their writings would occupy a place of honor in every civilized literature, if they were known abroad.

The corps of pages also felt the effect of that revival. Apart from a few exceptions, the general tendency of the three younger forms was to study. The head of the educational department, the inspector, Winkler, who was a well-educated colonel of artillery, a good mathematician, and a man of progressive opinions, hit upon an excellent plan for stimulating that spirit. Instead of the indifferent teachers who formerly used to teach in the lower forms, he endeavored to secure the best ones. In his opinion, no professor was too good to teach the very beginnings of a subject to the youngest boys. Thus, to teach the elements of algebra in the fourth form he invited a first-rate mathematician and a born teacher, Captain Sukhónin, and the form took at once to mathematics. By the way, it so happened that this captain was a tutor of the heir of the throne (Nikolai Alexándrovich, who died at the age of twenty-two), and the heir apparent was brought once a week to the corps of pages to be present at the algebra lessons of Captain Sukhónin. Empress Marie Alexándrovna, who was an educated woman, thought that perhaps the contact with studious boys would stimulate her son to learning. He sat amongst us, and had to answer questions like all the others. But he managed mostly, while the teacher spoke, to make drawings very nicely, or to whisper all sorts of droll things to his neighbors. He was exceedingly good-natured and gentle in his behavior, but rather superficial in learning as in his affections.

For the fifth form the inspector se-

cured two remarkable men. He entered our classroom, one day, quite radiant, and told us that we should have a rare chance. Professor Klasóvsky, a great classical scholar and expert in Russian literature, had consented to teach us Russian grammar, and would take us through all the five forms in succession, shifting with us every year to the next form. Another university professor, Herr Becker, librarian of the imperial (national) library, would do the same in German. Professor Klasóvsky, he added, was in weak health that winter, but the inspector was sure that we would be very quiet in his class. The chance to have such a teacher was too good to be missed.

He had thought aright. We became very proud of having university professors for teachers, and although there came voices from the Kamchátka (in Russia, the back benches of each class bear the name of that remote and uncivilized peninsula) to the effect that "the sausage-maker" — that is, the German — must be kept by all means in obedience, public opinion in our form was decidedly in favor of the professors.

"The sausage-maker" won our respect at once. A tall man, with an immense forehead and very kind, intelligent eyes, not devoid of a touch of humor, came into our class, and told us in quite good Russian that he intended to divide our form into three sections. The first section would be composed of Germans, who already knew the language, and from whom he would require more serious work; to the second section he would teach grammar, and later on German literature, in accordance with the established programmes; and the third section, he concluded with a charming smile, would be the Kamchátka. "From you," he said, "I shall only require that at each lesson you copy four lines which I will choose for you from a book. The four lines copied, you can do what you like; only do not hinder the rest. And I pro-

mise you that in five years you will learn something of German and German literature. Now, who joins the Germans? You, Stackelberg? You, Lamsdorf? Perhaps some one of the Russians? And who joins the Kamchátka?" Five or six boys, who knew not a word of German, took residence in the peninsula. They most conscientiously copied their four lines, — a dozen or a score of lines in the higher forms, — and Becker chose the lines so well, and bestowed so much attention upon the boys, that by the end of the five years they really knew something of the language and its literature.

I joined the Germans. My brother Alexander insisted so much in his letters upon my acquiring German, which possesses so rich a literature and into which every book of value is translated, that I set myself assiduously to learn it. I translated and studied most thoroughly one page of a rather difficult poetical description of a thunderstorm, and learned by heart, as the professor had advised me, the conjugations, the adverbs, and the prepositions, and began to read. A splendid method it is for learning languages. Becker advised me, moreover, to subscribe to a cheap illustrated weekly, and its illustrations and short stories were a continual inducement to read a few lines or a column. I soon mastered the language.

Toward the end of the winter I asked Herr Becker to lend me a copy of Goethe's *Faust*. I had read it in a Russian translation; I had also read Turguéneff's beautiful novel, *Faust*; and I now longed to read the great work in the original. "You will understand nothing in it; it is too philosophical," Becker said, with his gentle smile; but he brought me, nevertheless, a little square book, with the pages yellowed by age, containing the immortal drama. He little knew the unfathomable joy that that small square book gave me. I drank in the sense and the music of every line of it, beginning with the very



first verses of the ideally beautiful dedication, and soon knew full pages by heart. Faust's monologue in the forest, and especially the lines in which he speaks of his understanding of nature,

"Thou

Not only cold, amazed acquaintance yield'st,  
But grantest that in her profoundest breast  
I gaze, as in the bosom of a friend,"

simply put me in ecstasy, and till now it has retained its power over me. Every verse gradually became a dear friend. And then, is there a higher æsthetic delight than to read poetry in a language which one does not yet quite thoroughly understand? The whole is veiled with a sort of slight haze, which admirably suits poetry. Words, the trivial meaning of which, when one knows the language colloquially, sometimes interferes with the poetical image they are intended to convey, retain but their subtle, elevated sense; while the music of the poetry is only the more strongly impressed upon the ear.

Professor Klasóvsky's first lesson was a revelation to us. He was a small man, about fifty years of age, very rapid in his movements, with bright, intelligent eyes and a slightly sarcastic expression, and the high forehead of a poet. When he came in for his first lesson, he said in a low voice that, suffering from a protracted illness, he could not speak loud enough, and asked us, therefore, to sit closer to him. He placed his chair near the first row of tables, and we clustered round him like a swarm of bees.

He was to teach us Russian grammar; but, instead of the dull grammar lesson, we heard something quite different from what we expected. It was grammar; but here came in a comparison of an old Russian folklore expression with a line from Homer or from the Sanskrit Mahabharata, the beauty of which was rendered in Russian words; there, a verse from Schiller was introduced, and was followed by a sarcastic

remark about some modern society prejudice; then solid grammar again, and then some wide poetical or philosophical generalization.

Of course, there was much in it that we did not understand, or of which we missed the deeper sense. But do not the bewitching powers of all studies lie in that they continually open up to us new, unsuspected horizons, not yet understood, which entice us to proceed further and further in the penetration of what appears in vague outlines, only, at the first sight? Our hands placed on one another's shoulders, some of us leaning across the tables of the first row, others standing close behind Klasóvsky, our eyes glittering, we all hung on his lips. The more his voice fell, toward the end of the hour, the more breathlessly we listened. The inspector opened the door of the classroom, to see how we behaved with our new teacher; but on seeing that motionless swarm he retired on tiptoe. Even Daúroff, a restless spirit, stared at Klasóvsky as if to say, "That is the sort of man you are?" Even von Kleinau, a hopelessly obtuse Circassian with a German name, sat motionless. In most of the others something good and elevated simmered at the bottom of their hearts, as if a vision of an unsuspected world was opening before them. Upon me Klasóvsky had an immense influence, which only grew with years. Winkler's prophecy, that, after all, I might like the school, was fulfilled.

In western Europe, and probably in America, that type of teacher — "the teacher of literature" — is unknown; but in Russia there is not a man or woman of mark, in literature or in political life, who does not owe the first impulse toward a higher development to his or her teacher of literature. Every school in the world ought to have such a teacher. Each teacher in a school has his own subject, and there is no link between the different subjects. Only the

teacher of literature, guided by the general outlines of the programme, but left free to treat it as he likes, can bind together the separate historical and humanitarian sciences that are taught in a school, unify them by a broad philosophical and humane conception, and awaken higher ideas and inspirations in the brains and hearts of the young people. In Russia, that necessary task falls quite naturally upon the teacher of Russian literature. As he speaks of the development of the language, of the contents of the early epic poetry, of popular songs and music, and, later on, of modern fiction, of the scientific, political, and philosophical literature of his own country, and the divers æsthetic, political, and philosophical currents it has reflected, he is bound to introduce that generalized conception of the development of human mind which lies beyond the scope of each of the subjects that are taught separately.

The same thing ought to be done for the natural sciences as well. It is not enough to teach physics and chemistry, astronomy and meteorology, zoölogy and botany. The philosophy of all the natural sciences — a general view of nature as a whole, something on the lines of the first volume of Humboldt's *Cosmos* — must be conveyed to the pupils and the students, whatsoever may be the extension given to the study of the natural sciences in the school. The philosophy and the poetry of nature, the methods of all the exact sciences, and an inspired conception of the life of nature must make part of education. Perhaps the teacher of geography might provisionally assume this function; but then we should require quite a different set of teachers of this subject, and a different set of professors of geography in the universities would be needed. What is now taught under this name is anything you like, but it is not geography.

Another teacher conquered our rather

uproarious form in a quite different manner. It was the teacher of writing, the last one of the teaching staff. If the "heathen" — that is, the German and the French teachers — were regarded with little respect, the teacher of writing, Ebert, who was a German Jew, was a real martyr. To be insolent with him was a sort of *chic* amongst the pages. His poverty alone must have been the reason why he kept to his lesson in our corps. The old hands, who had stayed for two or three years in the fifth form without moving higher up, treated him very badly; but by some means or other he had made an agreement with them: "One frolic during each lesson, but no more," — an agreement which, I am afraid, was not always honestly kept on our side.

One day, one of the residents of the remote peninsula soaked the blackboard sponge with ink and chalk and flung it at the caligraphy martyr. "Get it, Ebert!" he shouted, with a stupid smile. The sponge touched Ebert's shoulder, glanced into his face and down on his white shirt, covering both with ink and chalk.

All saw it, and were sure that this time Ebert would leave the room and report the fact to the inspector. But he only exclaimed, as he took out his cotton handkerchief and wiped his face, "Gentlemen, one frolic, — no more to-day!" "The shirt is spoiled," he added in a subdued voice, and continued to correct some one's book.

We looked stupefied and ashamed. Why, instead of reporting, he had thought at once of the agreement! All feelings turned in his favor. "What you have done is stupid," we reproached our comrade. "He is a poor man, and you have spoiled his shirt! Shame!" somebody cried.

The culprit went at once to make excuses. "One must learn," was all that Ebert said in reply, with sadness in his voice.



All became silent after that, and at the next lesson, as if we had settled it beforehand, many of us wrote in our best possible handwriting, and took our books to Ebert, asking him to correct them. He was radiant; he felt happy that day.

This fact deeply impressed me, and was never wiped out from my memory. To this day I feel grateful to that remarkable man for his lesson.

With our teacher of drawing, who was named Ganz, we never came to live on good terms. He continually reported those who played in his class. This, in our opinion, he had no right to do, because he was only a teacher of drawing, but especially because he was not an honest man. In the class he paid little attention to most of us, and spent his time in improving the drawings of those who took private lessons from him, or paid him in order to show at the examinations a good drawing and to get a good mark for it. Against those comrades who did so we had no grudge. On the contrary, we thought it quite right that those who had no capacity for mathematics or no memory for geography, and had but poor marks in these subjects, should improve their total of marks by ordering from a draughtsman a drawing or a topographical map for which they would get "a full twelve." Only for the first two pupils of the form it would not have been fair to resort to such means, while the remainder could do it with untroubled consciences. But the teacher had no business to make drawings to order; and if he chose to act in this way, he ought to bear with resignation the noise and the tricks of his pupils. That was our ethics. Instead of this, no lesson passed without his lodging complaints, and each time he grew more arrogant.

As soon as we were moved to the fourth form, and felt ourselves naturalized citizens of the corps, we decided to tighten the bridle upon him. "It is

your own fault," our elder comrades told us, "that he takes such airs with you; *we* used to keep him in obedience." So we decided to bring him into subjection.

One day, two excellent comrades of our form approached Ganz with cigarettes in their mouths, and asked him to oblige them with a light. Of course, that was only meant for a joke, — no one ever thought of smoking in the classrooms, — and, according to our rules of propriety, Ganz had merely to send the two boys away; but he inscribed them in the journal, and they were severely punished. That was the last drop. We decided to give him a "benefit night." That meant that one day all the form, provided with rulers borrowed from the upper forms, would start an outrageous noise by striking the rulers against the tables, and send the teacher out of the class. However, the plot offered many difficulties. We had in our form a lot of "goody" boys who would promise to join in the demonstration, but at the last moment would grow nervous and draw back, and then the teacher would name the others. In such enterprises unanimity is the first requisite, because the punishment, whatsoever it may be, is always lighter when it falls on the whole class instead of on a few.

The difficulties were overcome with a truly Machiavellian craft. At a given signal all were to turn their backs to Ganz, and then, with the rulers laid in readiness in the desks of the next row, they would produce the required noise. In this way the goody boys would not feel terrified at Ganz's staring at them. But the signal? Whistling, as in robbers' tales, shouting, or even sneezing would not do: Ganz would be capable of naming any one of us as having whistled or sneezed. The signal must be a silent one. One of us, who drew nicely, would take his drawing to show it to Ganz, and the moment he returned and took his seat, — that should be the time!

All went on admirably. Nesádoff took up his drawing, and Ganz corrected it in a few minutes, which seemed to us an eternity. He returned at last to his seat; he stopped for a moment, looking at us; he sat down. . . . All the form turned suddenly on their seats, and the rulers rattled merrily within the desks, while some of us shouted amidst the noise, "Ganz out! Down with him!" The noise was deafening; all the forms knew that Ganz had got his benefit night. He stood there, murmuring something, and finally went out. An officer ran in, — the noise continued; then the sub-inspector dashed in, and after him the inspector. The noise stopped at once. Scolding began.

"The elder under arrest at once!" the inspector commanded; and I, who was the first in the form, and consequently the elder, was marched to the black cell. That spared me seeing what followed. The director came; Ganz was asked to name the ringleaders, but he could name nobody. "They all turned their backs to me, and began the noise," was his reply. Thereupon the form was taken downstairs, and although flogging had been completely abandoned in our school, this time the two who had been reported because they asked for a light were flogged with the birch rod, under the pretext that the benefit night was a revenge for their punishment.

I learned this ten days later, when I was allowed to return to the class. My name, which had been inscribed on the red board in the class, was wiped off. To this I was indifferent; but I must confess that the ten days in the cell, without books, seemed to me rather long, so that I composed (in horrible verses) a poem, in which the deeds of the fourth form were duly glorified.

Of course, our form became now the heroes of the school. For a month or so we had to tell and retell all about the affair to the other forms, and received congratulations for having managed it with

such unanimity that nobody was caught separately. And then came the Sundays — all the Sundays down to Christmas — that the form had to remain at the school, not being allowed to go home. Being all kept together, we managed to make those Sundays very gay. The mammas of the goody boys brought them heaps of sweets; those who had some money spent it generously, and mountains of pastry — substantial before dinner, and sweet after it — were absorbed, while in the evenings the friends from the other forms smuggled in quantities of fruit for the brave fourth form.

Ganz gave up inscribing any one; but drawing was totally lost for us. No one wanted to learn drawing from that mercenary man.

### III.

My brother Alexander was at that time at Moscow, in a corps of cadets, and we maintained a lively correspondence. As long as I was at home that would have been impossible, because our father considered it his prerogative to read all letters addressed to our house; he would have soon put an end to any but a commonplace correspondence. Now we were free to discuss in our letters whatever we liked. The only difficulty was to get money for stamps; but we soon learned to write in such fine characters that we could convey an incredible amount of matter in each letter. Alexander, whose handwriting was beautiful, contrived to get four printed pages on one single page of note paper, and his microscopic lines were as legible as the best small type print. It is a pity that these letters, which he kept as precious relics, have disappeared. The state's police, during one of their raids, robbed him even of these treasures.

Our first letters were mostly about the petty things of my new surroundings, but our correspondence soon took a more serious character. My brother could not write about trifles. Even in society he became animated only when some seri-



ous discussion was engaged in, and he complained of feeling "a dull pain in the brain" — a physical pain, as he used to say — when he was with people who cared only for small talk. He was very much in advance of me in his intellectual development, and all the time he urged me forward, raising new scientific and philosophical questions one after another, and advising me what to read or to study. What a happiness it was for me to have such a brother! — a brother who, moreover, loved me passionately. To him I owe the best part of my development.

Sometimes he would advise me to read poetry, and would send me in his letters quantities of verses and whole poems, which he wrote from memory. "Read poetry," he wrote: "poetry makes men better. How often, in my after life, I realized the truth of this remark of his! "Read poetry: it makes men better." He himself was a poet, and had a wonderful facility for writing most musical verses; indeed, I think it a great pity that he abandoned poetry. The reaction against art, which arose among the Russian youth in the early sixties, and which Turguéneff has depicted in *Bazárov* (Fathers and Sons), induced him to look upon his verses with contempt, and to plunge headlong into the natural sciences. I must say, however, that my favorite poet was none of those whom his poetical gift, his musical ear, and his philosophical turn of mind made him like best. His favorite Russian poet was Venevítinoff, while mine was Nekrásoff, whose verses were very often unmusical, but appealed most to my heart by their sympathy for "the downtrodden and offended."

"One must have a set purpose in his life," he wrote me once. "Without an aim, without a purpose, life is not life." And he advised me to get a purpose in my life worth living for. I was too young then to find one; but something undetermined, vague, "good" altogether,

already rose under that appeal, even though I could not say what that "good" would be.

Our father gave us very little spending money, and I never had any to buy a single book; but if Alexander got a few rubles from some aunt, he never spent a penny of it for pleasure, but bought a book and sent it to me. He objected, though, to indiscriminate reading. "One must have some question," he wrote, "addressed to the book he is going to read." However, I did not then appreciate this remark, and cannot think now without amazement of the number of books, often of a quite special character, which I read, in all branches, but particularly in the domain of history. I did not waste my time upon French novels, since Alexander, years before, had characterized them in one blunt sentence: "They are stupid and full of bad language."

The great questions concerning the conception we should form of the universe — our *Weltanschauung*, as the Germans say — were, of course, the dominant subjects in our correspondence. In our childhood we had never been religious. We were taken to church; but in a Russian church, in a small parish or in a village, the solemn attitude of the people is far more impressive than the mass itself. Of all that I ever had heard in church only two things had impressed me: the twelve passages from the Gospels, relative to the sufferings of the Christ, which are read in Russia at the night service on the eve of Good Friday, and the short prayer condemning the spirit of domination, which is recited during the Great Lent, and is really beautiful by reason of its simple, unpretentious words and feeling. Púshkin has rendered it into Russian verse.

Later on, at St. Petersburg, I went several times to a Roman Catholic church, but the theatrical character of the service and the absence of real feeling in it shocked me, the more so when I saw there with what simple faith some re-

tired Polish soldier or a peasant woman would pray in a remote corner. I also went to a Protestant church; but coming out of it I caught myself murmuring Goethe's words: —

"But you will never link hearts together

Unless the linking springs from your own heart."

Alexander, in the meantime, had embraced with his usual passion the Lutheran faith. He had read Michelet's book on Servetus, and had worked out for himself a religion on the lines of that great fighter. He studied with enthusiasm the Augsburg declaration, which he copied out and sent me, and our letters now became full of discussions about grace, and of texts from the apostles Paul and James. I followed my brother, but theological discussions did not deeply interest me. Since I had recovered from the typhoid fever I had taken to quite different reading.

Our sister Hélène, who was now married, was at St. Petersburg, and every Saturday night I went to visit her. Her husband had a good library, in which the French philosophers of the last century and the modern French historians were well represented, and I plunged into them. Such books were prohibited in Russia, and evidently could not be taken to school; so I spent most of the night, every Saturday, in reading the works of the encyclopædists, the philosophical dictionary of Voltaire, the writings of the Stoics, especially Marcus Aurelius, and so on. The infinite immensity of the universe, the greatness of nature, its poetry, its ever throbbing life, impressed me more and more; and that never ceasing life and its harmonies gave me the ecstacy of admiration which the young soul thirsts for, while my favorite poets supplied me with an expression in words of that awakening love of mankind and faith in its progress which make the best part of youth and impress man for all his life.

Alexander, by this time, had gradual-

ly come to a Kantian agnosticism, and the "relativity of perceptions," "perceptions in time and space, and time only," and so on, filled pages and pages in our letters, the writing of which became more and more microscopical as the subjects under discussion grew in importance. But neither then nor later on, when we used to spend hours and hours in discussing Kant's philosophy, could my brother convert me to become a disciple of the Königsberg philosopher.

Natural sciences — that is, mathematics, physics, and astronomy — were my chief studies. In the year 1858, before Darwin had brought out his immortal work, a professor of zoölogy at the Moscow University, Roulier, published three lectures on transformism, and my brother took up at once his ideas concerning the variability of species. He was not satisfied, however, with approximate proofs only, and began to study a number of special books on heredity and the like; communicating to me in his letters the main facts, as well as his ideas and his doubts. The appearance of *The Origin of Species* did not settle his doubts on several special points, but only raised new questions and gave him the impulse for further studies. We afterward discussed — and that discussion lasted for many years — various questions relative to the origin of variations, their chances of being transmitted and being accentuated; in short, those questions which have been raised quite lately in the Weismann-Spencer controversy, in Galton's researches, and in the works of the modern Neo-Lamarckians. Owing to his philosophical and critical mind, Alexander had noticed at once the fundamental importance of these questions for the theory of variability of species, even though they were so often overlooked then by many naturalists.

I must also mention a temporary excursion into the domain of political economy. In the years 1858 and 1859 every



one in Russia spoke of political economy; lectures on free trade and protective duties attracted crowds of people, and my brother, who was not yet absorbed by the variability of species, took a lively though temporary interest in economical matters, sending me for reading the Political Economy of Jean Baptiste Say. I read a few chapters only: tariffs and banking operations did not interest me in the least; but Alexander took up these matters so passionately that he even wrote letters to our stepmother, trying to interest her in the intricacies of the customs duties. Later on, in Siberia, as we were re-reading some of the letters of that period, we laughed like children when we fell upon one of his epistles in which he complained of our stepmother's incapacity to be moved even by such burning questions, and raged against a greengrocer whom he had caught in the street, and who, "would you believe it," he wrote with signs of exclamation, "although he was a tradesman, affected a pig-headed indifference to tariff matters!"

Every summer about one half of the pages were taken to a military camp, with the other military schools, at Peterhof. The lower forms, however, were dispensed from joining the camp, and I spent the first two summers at Nikólskoye. To leave the school, to take the train to Moscow, and there to meet Alexander was such a happy prospect that I used to count the days that had to pass till that glorious one should arrive. But on one occasion a great disappointment awaited me at Moscow. Alexander had not passed his examinations, and was left for another year in the same form. He was, in fact, too young to enter the special classes; but our father was very angry with him, nevertheless, and would not permit us to see each other. I felt very sad. We were not children any more, and had so much to say to each other. I tried to obtain permission to

go to our aunt Sulíma, at whose house I might meet Alexander, but it was absolutely refused. After our father remarked we were never allowed to see our mother's relations.

That spring our Moscow house was full of guests. Every night the reception rooms were flooded with lights, the band played, the confectioner was busy making ices and pastry, and card-playing went on in the great hall till a late hour. I strolled aimlessly about in the brilliantly illuminated rooms, and felt unhappy.

One night, after ten, a servant beckoned me, asking if I would come out to the entrance hall. I went. "Come to the coachmen's house," the old majordomo Frol whispered to me. "Alexander Alexéievich is here."

I dashed across the yard, up the flight of steps leading to the coachmen's house, and into a wide, half-dark room, where, at the immense dining-table of the servants, I saw Alexander.

"Sásha, dear, how did you come?" and in a moment we rushed into each other's arms, hugging each other and unable to speak from emotion.

"Hush, hush! they may overhear you," said the servants' cook, Praskóvia, wiping away her tears with her apron. "Poor orphans! If your mother were only alive!"—

Old Frol stood, his head deeply bent, his eyes also twinkling.

"Look here, Pétya, not a word to any one; to no one," he said, while Praskóvia placed on the table an earthenware jar full of porridge for Alexander.

He, glowing with health, in his cadet uniform, already had begun to talk about all sorts of matters, while he rapidly emptied the porridge pot. I could hardly make him tell me how he came there at such a late hour. We lived then near the Smolénsky boulevard, within a stone's throw of the house where our mother died, and the corps of cadets

was at the opposite outskirts of Moscow, full five miles away.

He had made a doll out of bedclothes, and had put it in his bed, under the blankets; then he went to the tower, descended from a window, came out unnoticed, and walked the whole distance.

"Were you not afraid at night, in the deserted fields round your corps?" I asked.

"What had I to fear? Only lots of dogs were upon me; I had teased them myself. To-morrow I shall take my sword with me."

The coachmen and other servants came in and out; they sighed as they looked at us, and took seats at a distance, along the walls, exchanging words in a subdued tone, so as not to disturb us; while we two, in each other's arms, sat there till midnight, talking about nebulae and Laplace's hypothesis, the structure of matter, the struggles of the papacy under Boniface VIII. with the imperial power, and so on.

From time to time one of the servants would hurriedly run in, saying, "Pé-tinka, go and show thyself in the hall; they may ask for thee."

I implored Sáscha not to come next night; but he came, nevertheless, — not without having had a scrimmage with the dogs, against whom he had taken his sword. I responded with feverish haste,

when, earlier than the day before, I was called once more to the coachmen's house. Sáscha had made part of the journey in a cab. The previous night, one of the servants had brought him what he had got from the card-players and asked him to take it. Sáscha took some small coin to hire a cab, and so he came earlier than on his first visit.

He intended to come next night, too, but for some reason it would have been dangerous for the servants, and we decided to part till the autumn. A short "official" note made me understand next day that his nocturnal escapades had passed unnoticed. How terrible would have been the punishment, if they had been discovered! It is awful to think of it: flogging before the corps till he was carried away unconscious on a sheet, and then dismissal to 'a soldiers' sons' battalion, — anything was possible, in those times.

What our servants would have suffered for hiding us, if information of the affair had reached our father's ears, would have been equally terrible; but they knew how to keep secrets, and not to betray one another. They all knew of the visits of Alexander, but none of them whispered a word to any one of the family. They and I were the only ones in the house who ever knew anything about it.

*P. Kropotkin.*

---

#### QUATRAIN.

WHY fear the night? The sun may sink  
And never rise again on me;  
Yet some one that I love shall see  
It blaze above the eastern brink.

*John Albert Macy.*



## THE LANDSCAPE AS A MEANS OF CULTURE.

THE habits of civilized life tend to separate men from the charm of the world about them. The insistent activities which are the price of success, in the effort to win the harvests of an immediately profitable kind, fix the attention on certain limited fields of the environment, and necessarily exclude all recognition of the larger features of nature. Thus, the noble aspects of the sky, in the changes from dawn to dark, and from storm to fair weather, count to most of us only as the conditions of our occupations or our diversions; in themselves, they are quite without consideration. This is no new state of man; indeed, by the demands of economic life, the primitive savage and the barbarian have ordinarily followed in the path of the prehuman species whence they came, giving no more heed to the scenes about them than their needs called for. Now and then, in moments of poetic exaltation, the beauty of the natural realm has forced itself on their attention, but only the rarer spirits see that there is here a great field to be won for the profit of man. The art of appropriating the landscape is not a lost art, but one which is yet to be invented and applied to the profit of our kind. It is likely to be a long time before we acquire the habit of attending to the expression of the world about us as we do to that of the human countenance.

It is evident that our culture is near the station where we may hope for some effort to develop the landscape sense by a systematic training in the arts which may enable us to appreciate scenery. Such a training may be regarded as a fitting supplement of that which we now devote to the purely scientific aspects of nature. It is likely that the task would long ago have been essayed in our American schools, where any pe-

dagogic novelty commends itself, but for the evident difficulty of devising a fit system by which it can be done. The trouble is that the appreciation of scenic beauty is like the poetic sense, or the other sympathetic movements of the spirit, not only without the field of ordinary teaching, but quite beyond the reach of its methods. Every part of the movement which is required must come from within. Something can doubtless be done to favor the development of the landscape motive by the proper use of such literature as presents the beauties of nature in a way to awaken the emotions; something also by practice in sketching, or in describing actual or pictured scenes. Still, the effective impulse must come from within.

To those who would develop their sensibility to natural beauty, the teacher can be most helpful by telling the experiences he has had in the development of his sympathy with the external world. In my own case, these tokens are not many. Their value is uncertain, for the reason that minds differ incalculably in their modes of action. Ways of looking at nature which may lead one to rich harvests may beguile another into desert places. Moreover, it is not easy even for those who are accustomed to introspection to gain an adequate notion of how their states of mind are induced. Therefore I will limit the suggestions to points which lie well in the field of my individual experience and that of others who have helped me with theirs.

The first of all the mental arts which the student of the landscape needs to acquire is that of contemplation, — the calm, affectionate forthgoing to the environment which permits the scene to enter in its fullness to the understanding and to sink quietly therein. Until this way of beholding is established, the

mind can do no more than snatch fragmentary impressions of the scene, which may gratify the curiosity or awaken the pleasure of surprise, but have no relation to the higher æsthetic sense. Few persons in this day develop any capacity for the contemplative mood, — it has indeed been rare in all days; but our time, with its crowding of people and interests, with its almost fiendish sense of duty by the moment, makes against the motive in a disastrously effective way. He who would acquire this, the very foundation of all æsthetic sense, must be prepared to set himself against the spirit of his age.

The contemplative attitude demands solitude, or at least a mental isolation from our fellow men. In this it is like the kindred poetic motive, which acts only when the mind is isolated. The isolation, indeed, in both these movements of the spirit, has to be so complete that self-consciousness is banished before the needed solitude is won. Therefore he who would become a lover of the landscape must accustom himself to seek it alone, and must learn to know that his mere presence at its doors will not make him free to its treasures. He must come to them as a worshiper, and with the spirit of devotion which befits a temple.

He who really seeks the landscape will surely find that he possesses a profitable remnant of the natural affection for the outer world that belongs in the spirit of men, but which our unhappy methods of education and of living so tend to wear away. If he has never set himself before a scene with the intention of winning all that he can gain from it, he is certain to find his first essay rather unprofitable. He will find himself in the tourist's frame of mind, with the additional hamper of the self-consciousness which attends any such experiment. His first task is to make himself familiar with the view, so that he may feel at home in it, so that all mere surprise is cleared away. With

years of training, he will be able quickly to enter on this friendly relation with a landscape, but to the novice the relation comes slowly; he may have to look again and again before he can begin to feel its true charm. The best plan for him is to see the place from the same point of view, and under the same conditions of hour and sky, day after day, until it becomes something like his own property.

Although the contemplative attitude may seem to those who know little about it to be one of indolent repose, it really demands all the strength the mind gives to intellectual labor. It is quite as taxing as any other form of such work. Therefore those who would view a landscape aright must see to it that they have nervous energy at their command, as they are accustomed to have it when they need to use their minds in full measure. Hurriedly to seek a view after hard climbing and in discomfort is no more reasonable than it would be to make a like preparation for other absorbing mental work. On this account it is worth the observer's while to see to his condition, when he would appreciate a landscape, even as carefully as he would do in preparation for hearing music.

At the beginning of his study of landscapes, the observer learns that all scenes have one point of view which is for him the best, though it may not be for another. From that station the effects are evidently most harmonious, — fitting to his previously acquired motives. Therefore a certain reconnoitring of the ground is required before one determines just how one shall face the vista. Practice will in time enable the observer almost instinctively to come upon the point where the field can be best read; he will form the habit of looking at the landscape as he has formed that of reading the printed page, limiting his attention to the few characters which he need have in eye and mind in order to go swiftly forward with the interpre-



tation. In the larger record of the field, as in the smaller of the print, habit must guide in this necessary limitation of the attention, and in its measured ongoing from one passage to another. It is important that this habit be rationally formed, for on its guidance depends success in approaching the beautiful in nature. The application is, indeed, much wider; it includes the scientific as well as the æsthetic contact with the world about us. Answers come only to our interrogations; the supreme art is that of questioning.

Perhaps the commonest blunder, in looking upon the landscape, is found in the effort to take in at once all that a wide field contains. The tourist's usual endeavor is to climb some hill, the higher the better for his desire, whence he can have a panorama including the largest possible number of peaks, lakes, and towns within the bewildering circle of the horizon. He willingly climbs for another half day to double his catalogue of telescopic objects. It is not too much to say that to approach the landscape in this way is to insure immunity from any spiritual contact with it. There may be creatures in other solar systems so organized that they can appropriate a panorama. If such there are, their minds must have other qualities than ours have. They must have eyes on every side, so that they are exempt from the sense of before and behind which is one of the limitations of man's nature. With ourselves, this sense is a part of the stock inherited from our ancestors, man and brute alike; it is dominating in all our relations to the surrounding world; along with that of up and down, it rules our feelings in all our contacts with the environment.

If the observer has attained to some skill in approaching a landscape, he will be conscious of a certain measure of discomfort whenever he is forced to attend to a circular view; the portion of the vista which he feels to be behind him, or too

far on either side to receive due attention, is in a way discomforting. Acting on this suggestion afforded by the uneasiness aroused by a panorama, the observer will find it profitable to make some experiments to determine the most advantageous limits of a view; these limits appear to vary within a rather narrow range with different persons and perhaps in different stages of training in the landscape art. The easiest way in which to make the essay is by looking at a wide and attractive view through a doorway or a window, where there is no obstruction from the sashes. Beginning the test from a point so near the opening that its margins do not force themselves upon the eye, the observer should note, as well as he can, the measure of satisfaction which he receives from the beholding. This, if his experience is the same as that of the writer and of those who have tried like experiments for him, will be qualified by the fact that the vision cannot take in anything like as wide an angle as is offered to it. The view, in a word, is not one, but many, for the eyes have to turn in order to compass it. When this first impression has been gained, another should be sought at a distance back from the opening which will make its margins come in to limit the field of view, so that all the scene can, in a way, be compassed with one "setting" of the eyes. At a certain point on the reduction in the angle, the observer will find that with the particular view he obtains the maximum of satisfaction.

The above described experiment, though apparently simple, is not altogether easy of trial, for the reason that the observer must have a certain capacity for valuing his impressions, such as is not commonly attained without a good deal of training in the art of seeing. With most persons the trial of the method appears to show that there is a distinct increase in the æsthetic value as the angle is diminished from say

ninety degrees to about fifteen degrees or less. Much, however, depends upon the nature of the view: one in which the features are simple and there are few details which demand attention permits a wider lateral range than another where the notable details are numerous and closely interrelated. In general, the more the scene has to give, the narrower the range of vision which can profitably be applied to it.

Without resorting to deliberate experiment, which may be held as rather out of place in æsthetic inquiry, the observer can gain a fair idea of the principle that I have laid down, and at the same time determine his capacity for taking in a view, by noting his daily experience in the scenes which offer themselves to his eyes. When the houses of a street terminate in a manner to open a pleasing field, he can, as he walks toward the expanse, find the point where the vista is most satisfactory. Repeating the trial from day to day, he will perhaps be able to judge whether his sensibility to the landscape is sufficiently keen to afford him a basis for judgment; if not, he has not become quickened to such perceptions. He has yet to make his novitiate.

Another observation, which serves to illustrate the limitation which needs to be put on the range of vision in order to obtain the best effect, may be made when we look upon a great building. In such viewing, because of the necessary concentration of the attention on details of form and proportion, the suitable angle to be included by the eyes is much smaller than in beholding a wide landscape where the features are of a broader nature. The scope fitted to give an impression of a building is probably not over five degrees; in the appreciation of details of architecture it is yet less. As a general statement it may be said that the closest observation in vision, such as we give to a single small object, requires that there shall be practically no angle

of divergence to the boundaries of the field. As the field is widened, the measure of attention given to any part of it is diminished, until at a certain point in the increase the eyes have to be turned and readjusted to another set of impressions. This change is instinctively made whenever the sense of interest in the margins of the visual area is aroused, without the perception being clear enough to satisfy the demands of the mind. When this change is made, the second view is in part superimposed on the first, and the panoramic method of observation is begun, with a resulting loss of æsthetic value.

If the reader has never criticised his ways of looking at the landscape, he will be likely to think that there can be no great difference in the mental result arising from the mere shifting of the eyes in the process of compassing a view. The shortest answer to this suggestion is the advice to try the experiment. He will perceive, after his essay, that his attention is distracted by the change, and that he has diminished the effectiveness of the impression. The conditions are much the same as those we meet in beholding pictures. We all know that a painting, especially if it be a landscape, is most advantageously seen alone; not in a gallery, but where its effect is not overlaid by that of others, however like in motive. The only canvases which the writer vividly remembers are those seen under such circumstances, though the value of these works has not been as great as that of others exhibited in large collections. With such, the effect of the successive impressions may destroy all the æsthetic value of the noblest art. The analogy of the mind to a sensitive photographic plate, whereon one impression destroys another, though too mechanical for the exact truth, presents fairly enough the results of overlaying one mental image with another.

The sum of this plea for a singleness of impression in the effort to obtain the full æsthetic value of the landscape may



be stated in a few words. It is that panoramic or even wide-angled seeing, while it gratifies the curiosity, is destructive to all valuable effects so far as the sense of beauty is concerned. The impression gained is distinct and powerful by virtue of its limitation so long as the boundaries are not so narrow that they chafe the understanding; it is strong in proportion to its repetition from the same point of view and under the same conditions of air and light.

The next consideration for the student of the landscape to note is the relation between the purely intellectual or rational interest he may find or introduce into a view and the æsthetic impression which he seeks to gain from it. It is easily made clear to those who in any measure share in the scientific and the spiritual motives of interpreting nature, that good as these motives are in themselves, and effectively as they may be made to stimulate and reinforce one another in the general economy of the mind, they cannot at any one time be profitably associated. They are, indeed, so far antagonistic as to be mutually destructive in all but their ultimate purpose, — the comprehension of nature. The task of the æsthetic sympathies is to take the data which consciousness presents, — things seen as well as remoter knowledge, — and combine these impressions in the ideal realm so that they awaken the constructive imagination and extend the poetic fancy to the utmost. While thus acting, the mind, though advantageously it may use all its store of knowledge in building its "baseless fabrics of a vision," cares for no rules; construction is in large measure and necessarily emancipated from the control of facts.

There can be no doubt that knowledge may vastly enhance the intensity of æsthetic impressions. There are many landscapes in the unhistoric wildernesses, endowed with a far greater share of purely natural beauty than that of the Val d'Arno or of the plain of Marathon.

It is the light from the past which gives these scenes their abiding dignity; but this light does not shine forth from the pages of the guidebook; it must come from the ancient wealth of the mind. Therefore, the student who would make himself ready to bring all the value of the landscape before his spiritual understanding must be prepared to gain his knowledge of a scene some time before he seeks to turn it over to his fancy, — long enough before to have the facts become so well organized in the memory that they come forth unconsciously and without command. Otherwise, fancy, the most independent of all his powers, will deny them any place in her creations.

In beginning the study of landscapes, the novice will find it necessary slowly to acquire all the knowledge which enters into the imaginative impression the scene is to yield him. The evidence of the slow changes which have brought the bit of earth to its existing form, which have shaped the face which it turns to the eyes of man, has to be gained by deliberate inquiry, so that the reading is as that of a great volume in its difficulty and in the time it demands. This stage will pass with the increase in knowledge, and of skill in selecting from that knowledge the little yet precious share which may be used by the imagination in its constructive work. So, at least, it is true as regards the details of scientific fact. It is otherwise as regards the more general conceptions which relate to the application of the natural forces to the earth, and the larger results arising therefrom. Such truths are in their very essence so far poetic that, to the discerning eye, they shine with its light even in the grim framework of a mathematical proposition. On an ocean-beaten shore, we may feel the power of the sea in the overhanging cliffs even when there are no waves. In the river, the waterfall, or the glacier, the energy which enters into the work appeals to the informed imagination

scarcely less than do its visible results. This enlarged conception is what makes the difference between the ignorant and the cultivated appreciation of the beauties of nature. With the rustic,

"A primrose by a river's brim  
A yellow primrose is to him,  
And it is nothing more."

Knowledge it is which places the blossom in the realm of life, making us to see it as the product of the ages, in kinship with what has gone before and what is to come hereafter, and thus endows it with the dignity that thought can lend. This is as true of the earth as of its flowers. With most if not all people, the landscape gains much from its associations with mankind. Even where human life does not enter visibly or in conscious memory, it usually seeks a place shyly and as an aside, in mere spectres of the imagination which we unconsciously allow to enter on the scene. Even if the view be in desert wildernesses, the observer, if he be attentive to his thought, will remark the work of this humanizing instinct. If the scene be such as the eternal snowfields or the troops of icebergs present, excluding the conception of life, we feel that it in some way fails to awaken the mind. We do not go forth to it as its mere physical charm bids us do. On this account, the quality of the human life of a field, that which is visible or in memory, has with most men quite as much to do with its value as a landscape as its physical aspect has.

With the advance which an assiduous training of the landscape sense brings, the observer finds himself less in need of the human note in the view; his development follows the course by which the landscape motive became established. In its earlier stages, only the regions of garden-like aspect commanded æsthetic approval; then only so much of primitive nature as would make a foil for the culture was admitted to be good. Even the Alps, though they rise from fertile

plains, in no wise charmed the ancients; until within two centuries they were utterly repugnant to refined minds. Now those of well-trained eye find satisfaction in the wilderness, though all alike will confess that the scenes which yield the most pleasure are those which are at once humanized and historic. All this points to the conclusion that the novice will do well to begin his studies of the landscape with its more domesticated parts. Even the cities and great towns commonly afford prospects which are sufficiently gratifying to the æsthetic sense to give it nurture. The many strong impressions arising from the grouping of buildings, which even when bad in themselves often afford agreeable masses and skylines, make them profitable to the beginner by the easily acquired impressions they present. Moreover, our cities, by the very badness of their smoke and dust laden air, are richer in atmospheric effects of a striking kind than is the open country; by them the observer may be led to note those more delicately toned qualities of atmosphere which, though they are the very flower of the landscape, are so generally overlooked.

From the limited though varied aspects of the overhumanized views in and about the town, the student should pass, in a well-devised gradation, to the scenes where pure nature, though the fields be tilled, controls the expression, and thence by a further step to the primitive lands where there is no trace of the hand of man. As he departs from the realm of excessive culture, where the expression of the earth everywhere is controlled by the artificial, the need increases of an enlargement of the conception by the understanding of how the natural forces have shaped the view. In place of the power of man which is so manifest in his seats of most dominant action, we have in the wilderness the elemental forces, those which make and unmake the lands and which rule every feature of their aspect. To have these conceptions so



well in mind that they may afford even a general basis for interpreting the landscape demands a somewhat extended training in that part of geology which is included in modern geography, — a science not limited, as of old, to mere statements of facts concerning the earth forms, but going back to their causes. This schooling, which is happily becoming common, leads the student to take account of the variations of the earth's surface, and to seek their explanation in visible processes of nature.

With some knowledge of what we may term the evolution of scenery, the observer will be led almost at a glance to create a perspective in time for the landscape he is beholding, — less vivid, of course, than that it occupies in space, but of the same mind-leading quality that takes the imagination afar. It is not to be expected that these conceptions will have scientific value, — they may indeed not rise above the plane occupied by the legends of men and their doings, — but they may well have all the truth that the poetic needs demand, for Fancy cares more that her servants are nimble than that they are scientifically accurate.

It is easy to see an historic foundation for the value which we find in the conception of the action of the forces which shape the landscape; for the history of man's relations to nature shows us that all the true poetry which we have from it comes out of the ineradicable idea that the natural realm is informed with a spirit like our own. To the pantheist the world is but the expression of the universal divine power. To the polytheist each entity of shape and action represents the thought or will of a god of some degree. To the monotheist all things are the work of the supreme power dwelling apart from, yet informing all things. These views, under the influence of which our minds have taken their shape, have the common quality that they have led men to see, behind the face of events and forms, the might

that shaped them. One of the distressing influences of natural science upon the people of to-day — be it said of to-day, for the situation is most likely but temporary — is a crude view to the effect that the universe is a great mechanical contrivance, going like a huge clockwork moved by a power lying quite beyond the limits of our understanding. In the present state of our learning, there is no escape from this tyranny of the machine except by going so close to actual nature that we feel the currents of its life even as we do those of our own bodies, seeing how the forces have worked to produce in the end our intelligence which looks forth upon the universe and the beauty that gratifies our sympathetic desires.

While any one may feel a measure of satisfaction in the beauty of a landscape, the degree of the satisfaction is doubtless in large part determined by what we read into the scene. It is as in hearing music, where much of the pleasure comes, not from the associations of sounds, but from the thought which they excite. So, too, in a play, though the acting be bad and the ideas displeasing, the mind may be aroused to make a by-play, as it would not do but for the stimulus of the situation. Such secondary pleasures depend for their existence on the mental store which he who hears or sees brings with him to the orchestra or the stage. Unless he have a store of fit memories out of which his fancy can build its edifices, his profit is not likely to be great. The stock which the amateur of the landscape may profitably bring with him to the theatre he attends is all that relates thereto in the way of lore of earth and man.

A common error on the part of those who seek to acquire some sense of the beauty of the landscape is that its charm exists only in certain very select places, to which it is necessary to resort in order to obtain such impressions. So they hie away from the beauty which is about

them, to seek, at much cost, that which is usually far less comprehensible than what they left at their doors. It may well be said that all landscapes are beautiful, and that while the harvest which may be won from them by those who know how to gather it varies greatly in kind, its value changes in no like measure. It is the part of fancy to separate the dross from the gold. This is to be done in the appreciation of the beauty of a landscape, however limited that may be, as it is in other work of the ideals. There are few, if any, scenes deserving the name of landscape so utterly ignoble that they yield nothing to such assay. They may foil the eye of the novice, but not that of the master in the art of seeing.

One of the evils which come from overmuch search after rarely composed and famous landscapes is that the memories they leave become false standards, leading their possessors to overlook the beauty which is about them, because it is other than they have had chosen for them as the proper fashion for nature to follow. One of the best results of a critical method with this art of beholding the face of the earth will be the clearing away of this false view. Every student should be on his guard against it. Let him go as far as he will, see as much of the earth as he can, but let him not forget that it is about as reasonable to go on long journeys to make human friends as it is to seek in that way for the friendship of nature. The chance for both is at its best near home.

It is often suggested that the true way to acquire a keen sense of natural beauty in any field is to practice delineation with the pencil or brush. It is clear that the ability to discern is greatly improved by such training, and in so far as seeing clearly is part of the landscape art, this training is of much value; a share of it is indeed almost indispensable in an effective education. It appears doubtful, however, whether the drawing habit affords all that its advocates claim for it,

for the reason that, when well developed, it tends so far to fix the attention on the elements of form as to separate the mind from the larger interests of the scene. If the draughtsman attain to the dignity of the true artist, so that his craft becomes the unconscious instrument of his understanding and feeling, he may use his hands to help his eyes; but this station is won by few even among those who gain a name in the profession. The greater number do not attain to more than mere delineation; they fail to penetrate the depths of the landscape. Their pictures, after the manner of photographs, render the facts with more or less accuracy, but they do not, in the manner of true sympathetic art, translate them into terms which arouse the emotions. The task of depicting is in itself so absorbing of the attention that the novice is likely to be diverted by it from his main end, which is to enter upon a friendly relation with the scene. His contact with it is apt to take on a business-like character which will hinder his enlargement. Therefore it seems best for the beginner to use the pencil and the brush as he may use the field-glass, to aid his seeing and to develop the habit of looking closely, supplementing the notebook picture, when he makes it, by the photograph, which for the mere record of fact is better than any handwork can be.

Some people are likely to resent the suggestion that the instinctive pleasure which they derive from the landscape should be made the subject of a deliberate training, because it seems to them that the emotions lie beyond the field of schooling. To this objection, which at first sight appears to have some value, it may be answered that the pleasure which we have from music or from the drama is of the same primitive nature as that which the earth's prospects afford. Yet these arts have been subjected to a process of culture, to the vast advantage of men. Even more purely instinctive actions, such as the movements of the limbs,



are profitably removed from the animal plane by education, as by a training in dancing or fencing. While a novice in them, the youth is conscious of all he does, but, as is well said, the *second nature* stage of the culture again makes him free with a perfected freedom. He forgets the rules of the dance or the mimic combat, but his body and mind retain the alacrity and grace which they impart.

We may fairly reckon that with the landscape motive, as with other forms of the sympathetic emotions, all sound training will but serve to enlarge and emancipate the instinct, giving it a chance to attain something like the place that music and acting have won with like aid from the rational side of the mind. As regards the art of appreciating the landscape, we are at present in the state in which music and acting were before the score and the stage had been invented. Men whistled, sang, and mimicked their fellows before they brought these actions into set form. No one will doubt, however, that the higher steps have been well taken, and that the musical and

dramatic motives are really finer than they were of old.

If, as seems likely, we can bring into definite shape, by educative means, the emotions which lead to pleasure in the landscape, we shall thereby add another important art to those which serve to dignify our lives. The art of seeing the landscape has a certain advantage over all the others we have invented, in that the data it uses are ever before those who are blessed with eyes. Outside of prison, a man is sure of the sky, — the largest, most varied, and in some regards the richest element of all scenes. The earth about him may be defiled, but rarely in such measure that it will not yield him good fruit. Every look abroad tempts him beyond himself into an enlarging contact with nature. Not only are the opportunities for this art ever soliciting the mind, but the practice of it demands no long and painful novitiate. There is much satisfaction at the very beginning of the practice; it grows with exercise, until it opens the world as no other art can do.

N. S. Shaler.

## UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CARLYLE.

### IV.

IN April, 1861, Carlyle went to hear Ruskin's lecture on Leaves; and in August, 1862, highly praised to Erskine the same writer's *Unto this Last*.

April 29, 1863, Carlyle wrote thus of one of Dickens's readings: "I had to go yesterday to Dickens's Reading, 8 p. m. Hanover Rooms, to the complete upsetting of my evening habitudes and spiritual composure. Dickens does do it capitally, such as *it is*; acts better than any Macready in the world; a whole tragic, comic, heroic *theatre* visible, performing under one *hat*, and

keeping us laughing — in a sorry way, some of us thought — the whole night. He is a good creature, too, and makes fifty or sixty pounds by each of these readings."

Carlyle's unfortunate horse, mentioned in the following letter, was Fritz. He was sold for nine pounds. Lady Ashburton supplied a successor, whom Carlyle called Noggs.

XXXVII. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, HAMILTON, C. W.

CHELSEA, LONDON, 13 Aug. 1863.

DEAR SISTER JENNY, — It is a long time since I have had on hand to send

you the little bit of remembrance marked on the other page, but I am held in such a ferment of perpetual hurry and botheration here and have grown so weak and weary of my sad work, (till it *do* end), that I have seldom five minutes to dispose of in my own way, and leave many little jobs undone for a long time and many little satisfactions unenjoyed for want of a bold stroke at them. Finally I bethought me of the Dr. in Edinburgh and he has now got me your little paper into readiness for sending. I understand you have nothing to do but present it at the Bank and at once get payment. If, (till you have time to write a long letter of *news*, which will be very welcome), you at once address me a Canada newspaper with three strokes, nothing more will be necessary in regard to this little bit of business.

I expect to get done with my book in six or eight months. O that I saw the day! I can and have been working thitherward with all the strength that I possess, to the hurt of my health as well, but I calculate when the end have once come I shall begin directly to improve more or less, and perhaps by degrees get very considerably better again. I had an excellent horse who had carried me 7 years and above twenty thousand miles, his hoofs were got spoiled on the stone hard roads. He came plunging down with me one day, (not throwing me nor hurting me in the slightest), — a most decided fall for no reason whatever — upon which I had to sell him (to a kind master for an old song), and for the last six weeks have been *walking*, which was a great enjoyment by way of change. It would not do, however, and since about a week I am mounted again: — very swift, very rough (in comparison to my old friend), but good natured, healthy, willing: — and must continue adding a dozen miles daily to the twenty thousand already done.

We have had such a winter for *warmth* as was never seen before, not

very healthy, I believe, but it has agreed well with Jane: — and indeed the kindred, I think, are all well. Poor "Wullie Carlyle" (if you remember him at all) died lately at Edinburgh, an old man, as we are all growing hereabouts.

Tell Alick about my affairs and this last news you have had. That I never do or can forget him, he need not be told. I hope your lasses are doing well and that Robert and all of you are pushing along patiently, faithfully as heretofore.

In August, 1863, Mrs. Carlyle fell in St. Martin's Lane and broke her thigh. The accident resulted in long illness and pain. During the spring of 1864 she grew worse, and in March was taken to St. Leonards. From a subsequent trip to Scotland she returned in October to Cheyne Row, "weak, shattered, body worn to a shadow, spirit bright as ever."

The last volume of Frederick was published in April, 1865. When the proofs were finished, Carlyle and his wife went to Devonshire for a few weeks with Lady Ashburton.

XXXVIII. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, HAM-  
ILTON, C. W.

CHELSEA, 4 May, 1865.

DEAR JENNY, — Two or three days ago, I saw a letter from you to Sister Jean; which was very welcome here, as bringing more definite news of you than we had got for a good while before. I have now got done with my Book (a copy of it probably in your hands before this); and am not henceforth to be so dreadfully hampered in writing a little note to my friends from time to time. I am still in a huge fuss, confusions of all kinds lying about me, and indeed I am just about running off for Scotland (to Jean's, in the first place), to try and recover a little from the completely shattered state these twelve years of incessant drudgery and slaving have reduced me to. But there is something



I had meant, this long time and here it is — just come to hand. Inclosed is a Paper which will bring you the amount of Dollars for £20, on your presenting it at the Hamilton Bank. If by way of "*identifying*," they ask you who *sends* the money, you can answer with my name, and if further needful, add that the *Negociator* for me with the Edinr. Bank, was *Dr. Carlyle* of that City. Nothing more, I suppose, if even that much will be necessary. Let me know by return that it is safe in your hand (a newspaper with *three* strokes will serve if you are short of time for the moment). And so with my best blessings, dear little Jenny, accept this poor mark of my remembrance.

My Jane is very frail and feeble, but always stirring about, and has got blessedly away out of the horrible torments she had (and all of you had on her account) last year. Scotsbrig, Gill, Dumfries, Edinburgh; all is going in the usual average way there. To you I can fancy what a distress the removal of your poor little Mary and her Husband to the Far West must be! These things happen and are *inevitable* in the current of life. That your son-in-law is a good man, this should be a great joy to you. Do not you be *too* hasty to follow to Iowa; consider it well first.

You see what a shaky hand I have; you do not see the bitter hurry I am still in! With kindest wishes to you and all your household,

Ever your Affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

Carlyle was elected Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh in November, 1865; and on April 2, 1866, spoke his inaugural address at Edinburgh, of which the best account known to me — best for a general impression of Carlyle — is that given by Mr. Moncure Conway. On the 21st of April the news of Mrs. Carlyle's sudden death was brought to Carlyle at his sister's house in Dumfries.

The epitaph which he wrote for her grave in the abbey church of Haddington ends with the words, "And the light of his life as if gone out."

An episode of the time when that light was fading will remain longer with some of us than most of the occurrences of Carlyle's life. Mrs. Oliphant has left a sketch, done with very few lines, of Mrs. Carlyle playing Scotch airs "to the tall old man in his dressing-gown, sitting meditative by the fire." Carlyle himself, in his *Journal* for December 3, 1867, described the last of these occasions: "One evening, I think in the spring of 1866, we two had come up from dinner and were sitting in this room, very weak and weary creatures, perhaps even I the wearier, though she far the weaker; I at least far the more inclined to sleep, which directly after dinner was not good for me. 'Lie on the sofa there,' said she — the ever kind and graceful, herself refusing to do so — 'there, but don't sleep,' and I, after some superficial objecting, did. In old years I used to lie that way, and she would play the piano to me: a long series of Scotch tunes which set my mind finely wandering through the realms of memory and romance, and effectually prevented sleep. That evening I had lain but a few minutes when she turned round to her piano, got out the Thomson Burns book, and, to my surprise and joy, broke out again into her bright little stream of harmony and poesy, silent for at least ten years before, and gave me, in soft tinkling beauty, pathos, and melody, all my old favourites: 'Banks and Braes,' 'Flowers of the Forest,' 'Gilderoy,' not forgetting 'Duncan Gray,' 'Cauld Kail,' 'Irish Coolen,' or any of my favourites tragic or comic. . . . That piano has never again sounded, nor in my time will or shall. In late months it has grown clearer to me than ever that she had said to herself that night, 'I will play his tunes all yet once,' and had thought it would be but

once. . . . This is now a thing infinitely touching to me. So like her; so like her. Alas, alas! I was very blind, and might have known better how near its setting my bright sun was."

The following letter is shadowed with the death of Mrs. Carlyle, although nearly two years had passed.

XXXIX. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, HAMILTON, C. W.

CHELSEA, 14th February, 1868.

MY DEAR JENNY, — This is a little New Year's gift which I intended for you sooner. It (the essential part of it) has been lying here apart and wrapt up for you ever since Christmas time, but I never could get up to have it made into a banking, portable form till now, so languid, sad and lazy have I been! The banks all close at an earlier hour than my walking one, and it is rare that I can get so far into town in time. I am dreadfully indisposed to writing, and even my poor shaking right hand makes continual protest! I hope the poor little Gift will be welcome to you and in some savings bank or otherwise be innocently waiting to do you good some time or other! — I am told there will be no difficulty for you at the "Gore Bank" in Hamilton merely to go thither and sign your name. A newspaper with three strokes will sufficiently announce it for me till you have leisure for writing. I have also sent a photograph for nephew Tom's young wife, to whom, with all my affectionate regards to them both, pray send it by your first opportunity. There is *another* (if the letter will carry it), for yourself for your own free disposal otherwise.

I am not specially in worse health than usual, but excessively languid, dispirited, weary, sad and idle — especially in the late dark months of winter, which however are now gone, and indeed were never severe, but lighter upon us than common. Jean has been here ever since early in December. It makes

the house a little less lonesome to me than it has become for the last twenty two months, but cannot, as you may imagine, lift the heavy heart of me into anything of cheeriness, nor indeed perhaps *should* it. She will go home by Liverpool before long, where her son Jim (who is a clever solid fellow and has got promotion in Liverpool) is *just setting up house* with his sister Maggie as Manageress. Their mother will look in so soon as they have the home settled. All kinds of business are reported as utterly *dull* here: much distress among the idle poor — and a general silent anxiety as to this new "Reform Bill" or "Leap in the dark," — poor stupid souls!

An extremely accursed atrocity of murder and worse has happened in Cummertrees, which has thrown all the community into horror and excitation — of which you will see or hear soon enough in the newspapers and probably know the location as I do.

Your kindred in Annandale and here are all well and I can send their best regards.

Ever your affectionate brother,

T. CARLYLE.

In October, 1868, Carlyle was again thrown, — this time from a horse named Comet. A conversation with the Queen, the death of Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, and a letter to the Times newspaper on the Franco-Prussian war were among the events of the next few years.

Carlyle speaks again now of his shaking right hand. A few weeks after he quite lost the use of it for writing with a pen. "Mary Aitken," ready to write to his dictation, was Mary Carlyle Aitken, daughter to his sister Jean.

XI. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, HAMILTON, C. W.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, 13 Feb. 1871.

MY DEAR SISTER JENNY, — Here is a little bit of a present which you must accept from me; it was intended for the



New Year's time, but has been belated ; which will do it no great ill with you. Buy yourself something nice with it ; and consider at all times that my affectionate best wishes are with you ; and that if I could in any way do you a useful kindness, I gladly would.

We get a good few Canada newspapers from you ; welcome tokens of your remembrance : in one of the last, there was a very melancholy item of news marked by your hand, — the death of your dear little grandchild, poor Mary's Bairn ; we conceived painfully how sad it must have made you all ; and were ourselves sad and sorry. Poor Mary, she was herself a child when I saw her last, and she is now a bereaved mother : — Death snatches us from one another at all ages ! I often think with silent gratitude to Providence how gently we older ones have been dealt with in this respect ; saved, a whole family of us, for so many years ; none lost but poor Margaret, (very dear, and very sacred to me at this hour), and a wee wee *Jenny* whom you never saw, but whose death, and my mother's unappeasable grief for it, are still strangely present to me, after near seventy years. All we can say is, both the Living and the Dead are with God ; and we have to obey, and be of hope.

You regret sometimes that I do not write to you ; but it is not my blame, it is my misfortune rather. For rather above five years past my right hand has been getting useless for writing, (the left strangely enough, is still steady, and holds good) ; the weight of years, too, 75 of them gone December last, presses heavy on me ; and all work, but most especially all kinds of writing, are a thing I avoid as sorrowfully disagreeable. Mary Aitken, who drives an admirable pen, is indeed ever willing to be "dictated" to ; and I do, in cases of necessity, trust that method ; but find, on the whole, that it never will succeed with me.

From the Dr. and from Jean I believe you get all the news that are worth writing ; and that is the main interest in the matter.

The Dr. is in Edinburgh of late weeks, and seems to be enjoying himself among old friends : — and finds it, no doubt, a pleasant and useful interruption of his Dumfries solitude, to which he will return with fresh appetite. He is much stronger and cheerier than I ; five years *younger*, and at least twice five lighter of heart. He has an excellent lodging at Dumfries yonder ; and is of much service to all the kindred ; every one of whom he is continually ready to help. Mary Aitken has been here with me above two years : — a bright little soul, writing for me, trying to be useful and cheerful to me. I have plenty of friends here ; but none of them do me much good, except by their evident goodwill ; company in general is at once wearisome and hurtful to me ; silence, and the company of my own sombre thoughts, sad probably, but also loving and beautiful, are wholesomer than talking ; these and a little serious reading are my chief resource. I have no bodily ailment, except what belongs to the gradual decay of a digestive faculty which was always weak ; except when sleepless nights afflict me too much, I have no reason to complain, but the contrary. This winter, now nearly done, has been a blustering, cold, inclement one as any I can latterly remember ; it grew at last to tell upon me as the unfriendliest of all its brethren : — but I think, after all, it may have done me little or no intrinsic damage. With the new Spring and its bright days I hope to awaken again and shake away this torpor of nerves and mind. I have long owed Alick a letter — that is to say, intended to write him one, though by count it is his turn. I often think of you all on that side the Sea as well as this ; if that could do you any good, alas ! I will end here, dear little Sister ; wishing all that is good to

you and yours, as at all times. I am and remain,

Ever your affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

Send a *newspaper* with 3 strokes when this comes: don't trouble yrself with any other announcement.

In November, 1872, Emerson made his last visit to England. Carlyle was now reduced to writing "in largish letters with blue pencil." After the next letter he never wrote again with his own hand to Mrs. Hanning or to any member of the family across the Atlantic.

XL. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, HAMILTON, C. W.

CHELSEA, 2 Jan<sup>y</sup> 1873.

DEAR SISTER JENNY, — I please myself with the thought that you will accept this little Newyear's Gift from me as a sign of my unalterable affection, wh<sup>h</sup> tho' it is obliged to be silent (unable to *write* as of old) cannot fade away until I myself do! Of that be always sure, my dear little sister, — and that if in anything I can be of help to you or yours, I right willingly will.

"Cliuthill's" Photograph is wonderful and deeply affecting to me. Not one feature in it can I recognise as his: such are the changes half-a-century works upon us! If you have any means, send him my affectionate remembrances and unchanged good-wishes.

No more from this lame hand, dear Sister Jenny, — except my heart's blessings for the year and forever.

Y<sup>r</sup> affect<sup>d</sup> Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

Carlyle's eightieth birthday — December 4, 1875 (year of Early Kings of Norway and Portraits of John Knox) — was celebrated with a memorial from his friends and "a whirlwind of gifts and congratulations." In February, 1876, John Forster died, and in April Carlyle's brother Alexander. Carlyle

wrote in his Journal: "Young Alick's account of his death is altogether interesting — a scene of sublime simplicity, great and solemn under the humblest forms. That question of his, when his eyes were already shut, and his mind wavering before the last finis of all: — 'Is Tom coming from Edinburgh the morn?' will never leave me should I live a hundred years. Poor Alick, my ever faithful brother! Come back across wide oceans and long decades of time to the scenes of brotherly companionship with me, and going out of the world as it were with his hand in mine. Many times he convoyed me to meet the Dumfries coach, or to bring me home from it, and full of bright and perfect affection always were those meetings and partings."

The last bit of Carlyle's writing printed during his life was a letter to the Times, in May, 1877, on the Russo-Turkish war. In the same year Boehm made a statue of Carlyle, and Millais a portrait.

John Carlyle died in 1879. Carlyle was now growing steadily weaker, and by October of 1880 was under the constant care of a physician.

Mary Aitken, by marriage with her cousin Alexander Carlyle, was now become "Mary Carlyle."

XLII. MRS. ALEXANDER CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, HAMILTON, C. W.

24 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,  
18 July, 1880.

MY DEAR AUNT, — I received my Cousin Mrs. Baird's letter about ten days ago, asking for tidings of my Uncle. I am extremely sorry that you have been made anxious about him through my not writing; but indeed there have been many sufficient apologies for my want of punctuality in that way, which, however, I need not trouble you with here. It will suffice to say that I use the very first chance I have had to answer your enquiries.



It is not very easy to explain to you exactly how Uncle is. He is exceedingly weak, hardly able to walk fifty yards without help, and yet until about ten days ago, when he had a very severe attack of Diarrhœa which has left him much below *par*, he was what one might call for him very well. He generally spends his mornings till about half past two o'clock between lying on the sofa, reading in his easy chair, and smoking an occasional pipe; at half past two he goes out to drive for two or two and a half hours, sleeps on the sofa till dinner time (half past six) then after dinner sleeps again, at nine has tea, reads or smokes or talks, or lies on the sofa till bed time, which is usually about midnight, and so ends the day. He looks very well in the face, has a fine, fresh ruddy complexion and an immense quantity of white hair, his voice is clear and strong, he sees and hears quite well; but for the rest, as I have said, he is not good at moving about. In general he is wonderfully good humored and contented; and on the whole carries his eighty-four years well. He desires me to send you his kind love, and his good wishes: as you know, he writes to nobody at all. I do not think he has written a single letter, even dictated one, for over a year.

We are very glad to hear that all is well with you and with all your family. I have not time for more just now, as I am interrupted. Good-bye, dear aunt.

I am, Your affectionate Niece,

MARY CARLYLE.

Carlyle died on the 5th of February, 1881. The Abbey was offered, but refused; and, as the world knows, Carlyle was buried in the kirkyard of his native Ecclefechan. The following narrative of the funeral is from the pen of Mr. John Carlyle Aitken, brother to Mary Aitken Carlyle. One likes his letters less than his sister's, which are perfect in their unaffected plainness.

XLIII. MR. JOHN CARLYLE AITKEN TO MRS. HANNING, HAMILTON, C. W.

THE HILL, DUMFRIES, N. B.,

11 Feb., 1881.

MY DEAR AUNT, — Today I mean only to write a note of the more needful details, reserving for a more fitting time the full statement. I need not worry you with the account of my tempestuous voyage from New York, in which I made acquaintance with a hurricane, and its full meaning — nor how glad I was at sight of the dear *bare* and rugged hills of my native land — Leaving America to the Americans — and welcome! I shall think for sometime ere I do the “herring-pond” again! Well, no more of that if you love me! no more o’ that! I am home, and well, and likely to remain there for the remainder of my days in one shape or other. Let that serve just now on that score.

You would observe the date of Uncle’s death and might hear of it the same day, as I thought. At all events The Scotsman would supply more details; and that I hope reached you all right. All has been in such hurry, bustle and confusion ever since that no one has had time to think of writing anything requiring time or calm consideration. Uncle had not been considered seriously ill more than about a fortnight or so before the end. The vital spark of life towards the last days kept flickering in a way so extraordinary that the Doctor declared he had never met such tenacity of life and vitality in the whole course of his varied London and other experience. Dear Uncle, the good, true and noble old man that he was, really suffered little in the way of pain for some weeks before his death, which was itself little more than a gentle flickering sleep, ending in a scarcely heard last sigh of sound. While lying in a comatose or unconscious state his mind seemed to wander back to old Annandale memories of his ever loved ones and their surroundings; his mother holding her su-

preme seat surrounded by a trooping throng of once familiar faces, not very greatly less dear to him. He died full of years, with all his weary task of world's work well and nobly done, and leaves no mortal behind him who does not love and reverence his life and memory.

By the newspapers I send today you may see how very quiet the funeral yesterday was. The vale of Annan was grim and wintry. You could catch a glimpse of Hoddam, the Brownmuir, Woodcockaire, and all the old places through the white roupy mist hanging over and round them. The most touching sight I saw was that of three gray haired, smooth crowned fathers of the village of Ecclefechan, who stood together by the way-side, bare-headed and with unfeigned sadness of face and manner silently and impressively bearing witness to their sorrow. It was really very touching to look upon. The Presbyterian Kirk bells tolled mournfully as they laid him gently in the bed of rest within a few yards of the place where he first drew the breath of life, and all was as unostentatious as he himself desired it might be. Ah, me! Ah, me! Uncle James was there, as the last male link of the ever shortening chain. Mother bids me send her love to you and your fellow mourners who here and over all the wide world are many. All would gladly unite in sympathy and love with you in your far away home.

Ever affectionately,

JOHN C. AITKEN.

I give here the conclusion of Mr. Reginald Blunt's account of the movement to preserve Carlyle's house: —

“The canvass was pushed vigorously

forward from the beginning of 1895. Circulars and letters were widely distributed, the assistance of libraries throughout the country was invoked, and, by the invitation of the Lord Mayor, a crowded meeting was held at the Mansion House at the end of February, and addressed by Lord Ripon, the United States Ambassador, Mr. Leonard Courtney, Mr. Leslie Stephen, and Mr. Crockett. Funds came in slowly, but steadily; auxiliary committees were formed in New York and in Glasgow, and over £400 was remitted from America. By the end of April about £2000 had been collected, sufficient to complete the purchase, pay the expenses of the fund, and carry out part of the essential repairs. The freehold of the house was accordingly bought in May, and, after a careful survey of its actual condition, the necessary works were put in hand at the end of the month, and completed in June. The end of the season in London, and the occurrence of a General Election in July, rendered the arrangement of any opening ceremony impossible, and the House was therefore opened informally at the end of July, and was visited by over a thousand persons, from all parts of the world, during the next six weeks.”

In December, 1897, at the age of eighty-four, died Janet Carlyle Hanning, the last surviving Carlyle of her generation. As the reader has seen, many of the foregoing letters were addressed to her. Those which had passed between other members of the family, and were afterward either carried by her beyond seas or sent to her in Canada, were kept by Mrs. Hanning as precious memorials of family affection.

*Charles Townsend Copeland.*



## CALIFORNIA AND THE CALIFORNIANS.

THE Californian loves his state because his state loves him, and he returns her love with a fierce affection that men of other regions are slow to understand. Hence he is impatient of outside criticism. Those who do not love California cannot understand her, and, to his mind, their shafts, however aimed, fly wide of the mark. Thus, to say that California is commercially asleep, that her industries are gambling ventures, that her local politics is in the hands of professional pickpockets, that her small towns are the shabbiest in Christendom, that her saloons control more constituents than her churches, that she is the slave of corporations, that she knows no such thing as public opinion, that she has not yet learned to distinguish enterprise from highway robbery nor reform from blackmail, — all these things and many more the Californian may admit in discussion or may say himself, but he does not find them acceptable from others. They may be more or less true, in certain times and places, but the conditions which have permitted them will likewise mend them. It is said in the Alps that "not all the vulgar people who come to Chamonix can ever make Chamonix vulgar." For similar reasons, not all the sordid people who drift overland can ever vulgarize California. Her fascination endures, whatever the accidents of population.

The charm of California has, in the main, three sources, — scenery, climate, and freedom of life.

To know the glory of California scenery, one must live close to it through the changing years. From Sisquiyu to San Diego, from Mendocino to Mariposa, from Tahoe to the Farallones, lake, crag, or chasm, forest, mountain, valley, or island, river, bay,

or jutting headland, every one bears the stamp of its own peculiar beauty, a singular blending of richness, wildness, and warmth. Coastwise everywhere sea and mountains meet, and the surf of the cold Japanese current breaks in turbulent beauty against tall "rincones" and jagged reefs of rock. Slumbering amid the hills of the Coast Range,

"A misty camp of mountains pitched tumultuously,"

lie golden valleys dotted with wide-limbed oaks, or smothered under over-weighted fruit trees. Here, too, crumble to ruins the old Franciscan missions, passing monuments of California's first page of written history.

Inland rises the great Sierra, with spreading ridge and foothill, like some huge, sprawling centipede, its granite back unbroken for a thousand miles. Frost-torn peaks, of every height and bearing, pierce the blue wastes above. Their slopes are dark with forests of noble pines and giant sequoias, the mightiest of trees, in whose silent aisles one may wander all day long and see no sign of man. Dropped here and there rest purple lakes which mark the craters of dead volcanoes, or swell the polished basins where vanished glaciers did their last work. Through mountain meadows run swift brooks over-peopled with trout, while from the crags leap full-throated streams, to be half blown away in mist before they touch the valley floor. Far down the fragrant cañons sing the green and troubled rivers, twisting their way lower and lower to the common plains. Even the hopeless stretches of alkali and sand, sinks of lost streams, in the southeastern counties, are redeemed by the delectable mountains that somewhere shut them in. Everywhere the landscape seems to swim in crystalline ether, while over all broods

the warm California sun. Here, if anywhere, life is worth living, full and rich and free.

As there is from end to end of California scarcely one commonplace mile, so from one end of the year to the other there is hardly a tedious day. Two seasons only has California, but two are enough if each in its way be perfect. Some have called the climate "monotonous," but so, no doubt, is good health. In terms of Eastern experience, the seasons may be defined as "late in the spring and early in the fall;"

"Half a year of clouds and flowers, half a year of dust and sky,"

according to Bret Harte. But with the dust and sky comes the unbroken succession of days of sunshine, the dry invigorating air, and the boundless overflow of vine and orchard. Each season in its turn brings its fill of satisfaction, and winter or summer we regret to look forward to change, because we would not give up what we have for the remembered delights of the season that is past. If one must choose, in all the fragrant California year the best month is June; for then the air is softest, and a touch of summer's gold overlies the green of winter. But October, when the first swift rains

"dash the whole long slope with color,"

and leave the clean-washed atmosphere so absolutely transparent that even distance is no longer blue, has a charm not less alluring.

So far as man is concerned, the one essential fact is that he is never the climate's slave; he is never beleaguered by the powers of the air. Winter and summer alike call him out of doors. In summer he is not languid, for the air is never sultry. In most regions he is seldom hot, for in the shade or after nightfall the dry air is always cool. When it rains, the air may be chilly, indoors or out, but it is never cold enough to make the remorseless base-burner a

welcome alternative. The habit of roasting one's self all winter long is unknown in California. The old Californian seldom built a fire for warmth's sake. When he was cold in the house he went out of doors to get warm. The house was a place for storing food and keeping one's belongings from the wet. To hide in it from the weather would be to lay a false stress on its function.

The climate of California is especially kind to childhood and old age. Men live longer there, and, if unwasted by dissipation, strength of body is better conserved. To children the conditions of life are particularly favorable. California could have no better advertisement at some world's fair than the visible demonstration of this fact. A series of measurements of the children of Oakland has recently been taken, in the interest of comparative child-study; and should the average of these for different ages be worked into a series of moulds or statues for comparison with similar models from Eastern cities, the result would cause surprise. The children in California, other things being equal, are larger, stronger, and better formed than their Eastern cousins of the same age. This advantage of development lasts, unless cigarettes, late hours, or grosser forms of dissipation come in to destroy it. A wholesome, sober, out-of-door life in California invariably means a vigorous maturity.

A third element of charm in California is that of personal freedom. The dominant note in the social development of the state is individualism, with all that this implies of good or evil. Man is man, in California: he exists for his own sake, not as part of a social organism. He is, in a sense, superior to society. In the first place, it is not his society; he came from some other region on his own business. Most likely, he did not intend to stay; but, having summered and wintered in California, he has become a Californian, and now he



is not contented anywhere else. Life on the coast has, for him, something of the joyous irresponsibility of a picnic. The feeling of children released from school remains with grown people.

"A Western man," says Dr. Amos G. Warner, "is an Eastern man who has had some additional experiences." The Californian is a man from somewhere or anywhere in America or Europe, typically from New England, perhaps, who has learned a thing or two he did not know in the East, and perhaps has forgotten some things it would have been as well to remember. The things he has learned relate chiefly to elbow-room, nature at first hand, and "the unearned increment." The thing he is most likely to forget is that escape from public opinion is not escape from the consequences of wrong action.

Of elbow-room California offers abundance. In an old civilization men grow like trees in a close-set forest. Individual growth and symmetry give way to the necessity of crowding. There is no room for spreading branches, and the characteristic qualities and fruitage develop only at the top. On the frontier men grow as the California live oak, which, in the open field, sends its branches far and wide.

With plenty of elbow-room, the Californian works out his own inborn character. If he is greedy, malicious, intemperate, by nature, his bad qualities rise to the second degree in California, and sometimes to the third. The whole responsibility rests on himself. Society has no part of it, and he does not pretend to be what he is not, out of deference to society. "Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue," but in California no such homage is demanded or accepted. In like manner, the virtues become intensified in freedom. Nowhere in the world can one find men and women more hospitable, more refined, more charming, than in the homes of prosperous California. And these

homes, whether in the pine forests of the Sierras, in the orange groves of the south, in the peach orchards of the Coast Range, or on the great stock ranches, are the delight of all visitors who enter their open doors. To be sure, the bewildering hospitality of the great financiers and greater gamblers of the sixties and seventies is a thing of the past. We shall never again see such prodigal entertainment as that which Ralston, bankrupt, cynical, but magnificent, once dispensed in Belmont Cañon. Nor do we find, nowadays, such lavish outgiving of fruit and wine, or such rushing of tallyhos, as once preceded the auction sale of town lots in paper cities. These gorgeous "spreads" were not hospitality, and disappeared when the traveler had learned his lesson. Their evident purpose was "the sale of worthless land to old duffers from the East." But real hospitality is characteristic of all parts of California where men and women have an income beyond the needs of the day.

To a very unusual degree, the Californian forms his own opinions on matters of politics, religion, and human life, and these views he expresses without reserve. His own head he "carries under his own hat," and whether this be silk or a sombrero is a matter of his own choosing. The dictates of church and party have no binding force on him. The Californian does not confine his views to abstractions. He has his own opinions of individual men and women. If need be, he will analyze the character, motives, and actions of his neighbor in a way which will horrify the traveler who has grown up in the shade of a libel law.

The typical Californian has largely outgrown provincialism. He has seen much of the world, and he knows the varied worth of varied lands. He travels more widely than the man of any other state, and he has the education which travel gives. As a rule, the well-

to-do Californian knows Europe better than the average Eastern man of equal financial resources, and the chances are that his range of experience includes a part of Asia as well. A knowledge of his own country is a matter of course. He has no sympathy with "the essential provinciality of the mind which knows the Eastern seaboard, and has some measure of acquaintance with countries and cities, and with men from Ireland to Italy, but which is densely ignorant of our own vast domain, and thinks that all that lies beyond Philadelphia belongs to the West." Not that provincialism is unknown in California, or that its occasional exhibition is any less absurd or offensive here than elsewhere. For example, one may note a tendency to set up local standards for literary work done in California. Another, more harmful idea would insist that methods outworn in the schools elsewhere are good because they are Californian. This is the usual provincialism of ignorance, and it is found the world over. Especially is it characteristic of centres of population. When men come into contact with men instead of with the forces of nature, they mistake their own conventionalities for the facts of existence. It is not what life is, but what "the singular mess we agree to call life" is, that interests them. In this fashion they lose their real understanding of affairs, become the toys of their local environment, and are marked as provincials or tenderfeet when they stray away from home.

California is emphatically one of "earth's male lands," to accept Brown-ing's classification. The first Saxon settlers were men, and in their rude civilization women had no part. For years women in California were objects of curiosity or of chivalry, disturbing rather than cementing influences in society. Even yet California is essentially a man's state. It is common to say that public opinion does not exist

there; but such a statement is not wholly correct. It does exist, but it is an out-of-door public opinion,—a man's view of men. There is, for example, a strong public opinion against hypocrisy, in California, as more than one clerical renegade has found, to his discomfiture. The pretense to virtue is the one vice that is not forgiven. If a man be not a liar, few questions are asked, least of all the delicate one as to the "name he went by in the states." What we commonly call public opinion—the cut-and-dried decision on social and civic questions—is made up in the house. It is essentially feminine in its origin, the opinion of householders as to how men should behave. In California there is little which corresponds to the social atmosphere pervading the snug, white-painted, green-blinded New England villages, and this little exists chiefly in communities of people transported thither in block,—traditions, conventionalities, prejudices, and all. There is, in general, no merit attached to conformity, and one may take a wide range of rope without necessarily arousing distrust. Speaking broadly, in California the virtues of life spring from within, and are not prescribed from without. The young man who is decent only because he thinks that some one is looking would do well to stay away. The stern law of individual responsibility turns the fool over to the fool-killer without a preliminary trial. No finer type of man can be found in the world than the sober Californian; and yet no coast is strewn with wrecks more pitiful.

There are some advantages in the absence of a compelling force of public opinion. One of them is found in the strong self-reliance of men and women who have made and enforced their own moral standards. With very many men life in California brings a decided strengthening of the moral fibre. They must reconsider, justify, and fight for their standards of action; and by so



doing they become masters of themselves. With men of weak nature the result is not so encouraging. The bad side of this life is shown in lax business methods, official carelessness and corruption, the widespread corrosions of vulgar vices, and the general lack of pride in their work shown by artisans and craftsmen.

In short, California is a man's land, with male standards of action, — a land where one must give and take, stand and fall, as a man. With the growth of woman's realm of homes and houses this will slowly change. It is changing now, year by year, for good and ill; and soon California will have a public opinion. Her sons will learn to fear "the rod behind the looking-glass," and to shun evil not only because it is vile, but because it is improper.

Contact with the facts of nature has taught the Californian something in itself. To have elbow-room is to touch nature at more angles; and whenever she is touched, she is an insistent teacher. Whatever is to be done, the typical Californian knows how to do it, and how to do it well. He is equal to every occasion. He can cinch his own saddle, harness his own team, bud his own grapevines, cook his own breakfast, paint his own house; and because he cannot go to the market for every little service, perforce he serves himself. In dealing with college students in California, one is impressed by their boundless ingenuity. If anything needs doing, some student can do it for you. Is it to sketch a waterfall, to engrave a portrait, to write a sonnet, to mend a saddle, to sing a song, to build an engine, or to "bust a bronco," there is some one at hand who can do it, and do it artistically. Varied ingenuity California demands of her pioneers. Their native originality has been intensified by circumstances, until it has become a matter of tradition and habit. The processes of natural selection have favored the survival of the ingenious,

and the quality of adequacy is become hereditary.

The possibility of the unearned increment is a great factor in the social evolution of California. Its influence has been widespread, persistent, and in most regards baneful. The Anglo-Saxon first came to California for gold to be had for the picking up. The hope of securing something for nothing, money or health without earning it, has been the motive for a large share of the subsequent immigration. From those who have grown rich through undeserved prosperity, and from those who have grown poor in the quest of it, California has suffered sorely. Even now, far and wide, people think of California as a region where wealth is not dependent on thrift, where one can somehow "strike it rich" without that tedious attention to details and expenses which wears out life in effete regions such as Europe and the Eastern States. In this feeling there is just enough of truth to keep the notion alive, but never enough to save from disaster those who make it a working hypothesis. The hope of great or sudden wealth has been the mainspring of enterprise in California, but it has also been the excuse for shiftlessness and recklessness, the cause of social disintegration and moral decay. The "Argonauts of '49" were a strong, self-reliant, generous body of men. They came for gold, and gold in abundance. Most of them found it, and some of them retained it. Following them came a miscellaneous array of parasites and plunderers; gamblers, dive-keepers and saloon-keepers, who fed fat on the spoils of the Argonauts. Every Roaring Camp had its Jack Hamlin as well as its Flynn of Virginia, and the wild, strong, generous, reckless aggregate cared little for thrift, and wasted more than they earned.

But it is not gold alone that in California has dazzled men with visions of sudden wealth. Orange groves, peach orchards, prune orchards, wheat-raising,

lumbering, horse-farms, chicken-ranches, bee-ranches, seal-poaching, codfishing, salmon-canning, — each of these has held out the same glittering possibility. Even the humblest ventures have caught the prevailing tone of speculation. Industry and trade have been followed, not for a living, but for sudden wealth, and often on a scale of personal expenses out of all proportion to the probable results. In the sixties, when the gold fever began to subside, it was found that the despised “cow counties” would bear marvelous crops of wheat. At once wheat-raising was undertaken on a grand scale. Farms of five thousand to fifty thousand acres were established on the old Spanish grants in the valleys of the Coast Range and in the interior.

The comparative exhaustion of the placer mines and the advent of quartz-crushing with elaborate machinery have changed gold-mining from speculation to regular business, to the great advantage of the state. In the same manner the development of irrigation is changing the character of farming in many parts of California. In the early days fruit-raising was of the nature of speculation, but the spread of irrigation has brought it into more wholesome relations. To irrigate a tract of land is to make its product certain; but at the same time, irrigation demands expenditure of money, and the building of a home necessarily follows. Irrigation thus tends to break up the vast farms into small holdings which become permanent homes.

On land well chosen, carefully planted, and thriftily managed, an orchard of prunes or of oranges should reward its possessor with a comfortable living, besides occasionally an unexpected profit thrown in. But too often men have not been content with the usual return, and have planted trees with a view only to the unearned profits. To make an honest living from the sale of oranges or prunes is quite another thing from acquiring sudden wealth. When a man

without experience in fruit-raising or in general economy comes to California, buys land on borrowed capital, plants it without discrimination, and spends his profits in advance, there can be but one result. The laws of economics are inexorable even in California. One of the curses of the state is the “fool fruit-grower,” with neither knowledge nor conscience in the management of his business. Thousands of trees have been planted on ground unsuitable for the purpose, and thousands of trees which ought to have done well have died through his neglect. Through his agency frozen oranges are sent to Eastern markets under his neighbor’s brands, and most needlessly his varied follies have spoiled the reputation of the best of fruit.

The great body of immigrants to California have been sound and earnest, fit citizens of the young state, but this is rarely true of seekers of the unearned increment. No one is more greedy for money than the man who can never get any. Rumors of golden chances have brought in a steady stream of incompetents from all places and all strata of social life. From the common tramp to the inventor of “perpetual motions” is a long step in the moral scale, but both are alike in their eagerness to escape from the “competitive social order” of the East, in which their abilities found no recognition. Whoever has deservedly failed in the older states is sure to think of redeeming his fortunes in California. Once on the Pacific slope the difficulties in the way of his return seem insurmountable. The dread of the winter’s cold alone is in most cases a deterrent factor. Thus San Francisco, by force of circumstances, has become the hopper into which fall incompetents from all the world, and from which few escape. The city contains about three hundred thousand people. Of these, a vast number, thirty thousand to fifty thousand, it may be, have no real business in San Francisco. They live from hand to mouth,



by odd jobs that might be better done by better people; and whatever their success in making a living, they swell the army of discontent, and confound all attempts to solve industrial problems. In this rough estimate I do not count San Francisco's own poor, of which there is a moderate proportion, but only those who have drifted in from the outside. I would include, however, not only those who are economically impotent, but also those who follow the weak for predatory ends. In this last category I place a certain number of saloon-keepers; a class of so-called lawyers; a long line of soothsayers, clairvoyants, lottery agents, and joint-keepers, beside gamblers, sweaters, promoters of "medical institutes," magnetic, psychical, and magic "healers," and other types of unchanged scoundrels that feed upon the life-blood of the weak and foolish. The other cities of California have had a similar experience. Each has its reputation for hospitality, and each has a considerable population which has come in from other regions because incapable of making its own way. It is not the poor and helpless alone who are the victims of imposition. There are fools in all walks in life. Many a well-dressed man or woman can be found in the rooms of the clairvoyant or the Chinese "doctor." In matters of health, especially, men grasp at the most unpromising straws. In one city I lately visited, I found scarcely a business block that did not contain at least one human leech under the trade name of "healer," metaphysical, electrical, astral, divine, or what not. And these will thrive so long as men seek health or fortune with closed eyes and open hands.

In no way has the unearned increment been more mischievous than in the booming of cities. With the growth of towns comes increase in the value of the holdings of those who hold and wait. If the city grows rapidly enough, these gains may be inordinately great. The mar-

velous beauty of Southern California and the charm of its climate have impressed thousands of people. Two or three times this impression has been epidemic. At one time almost every bluff along the coast, from Los Angeles to San Diego and beyond, was staked out in town lots. The wonderful climate was everywhere, and everywhere men had it for sale, not only along the coast, but throughout the orange-bearing region of the interior. Every resident bought lots, all the lots he could hold. The tourist took his hand in speculation. Corner lots in San Diego, Del Mar, Azusa, Redlands, Riverside, Pasadena, anywhere, brought fabulous prices. A village was laid out in the uninhabited bed of a mountain torrent, and men stood in the streets in Los Angeles, ranged in line, all night long, to await their turn in buying lots. Worthless land and inaccessible, barren cliffs, river-wash, sand hills, cactus deserts, sinks of alkali, everything met with ready sale. The belief that Southern California would be one great city was universal. The desire to buy became a mania. "Millionaires of a day," even the shrewdest lost their heads, and the boom ended, as such booms always end, in utter collapse.

Mr. T. S. Van Dyke, of San Diego, has written of this collapse: "The money-market tightened almost on the instant. From every quarter of the land the drain of money outward had been enormous, and had been balanced only by the immense amount constantly coming in. Almost from the day this inflow ceased money seemed scarce everywhere, for the outgo still continued. Not only were vast sums going out every day for water-pipe, railroad iron, cement, lumber, and other material for the great improvements going on in every direction, most of which material had already been ordered, but thousands more were still going out for diamonds and a host of other things already bought, — things that only increase the

general indebtedness of a community by making those who cannot afford them imitate those who can. And tens of thousands more were going out for butter, eggs, pork, and even potatoes and other vegetables, which the luxurious boomers thought it beneath the dignity of millionaires to raise."

But the normal growth of Los Angeles and her sister towns has gone on, in spite of these spasms of fever and their consequent chills. Their real advantages could not be obscured by the bursting of financial bubbles. By reason of situation and climate they have continued to attract men of wealth and enterprise, as well as those in search of homes and health.

The search for the unearned increment in bodily health brings many to California who might better have remained at home. The invalid finds health in California only if he is strong enough to grasp it. To one who can spend his life out of doors it is indeed true that "our pines are trees of healing," but to one confined to the house, there is little gain in the new conditions. To those accustomed to the close heat of Eastern rooms the California house in the winter seems depressingly chilly.

I know of few things more pitiful than the annual migration of hopeless consumptives to Los Angeles, Pasadena, and San Diego. The Pullman cars in the winter are full of sick people, banished from the East by physicians who do not know what else to do with their incurable patients. They go to the large hotels of Los Angeles or Pasadena, and pay a rate they cannot afford. They shiver in half-warmed rooms; take cold after cold; their symptoms grow alarming; their money wastes away; and finally, in utter despair, they are hurried back homeward, perhaps to die on board the train. Or it may be that they choose cheap lodging-houses, at prices more nearly within their reach. Here again, they suffer for want of home

food, home comforts, and home warmth, and the end is just the same. People hopelessly ill should remain with their friends; even California has no health to give to those who cannot earn it, in part at least, by their own exertions.

It is true that the "one-lunged people" form a considerable part of the population of Southern California. It is also true that no part of our Union has a better population, and that many of these men and women are now as robust and vigorous as one could desire. But this happy change is possible only to those in the first stages of the disease. Out-of-door life and physical activity enable the system to suppress the germs of disease, but climate without activity does not cure. So far as climate is concerned, many parts of the arid regions in Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado are more favorable than California, because they are protected from the chill of the sea. Another class of health-seekers receives less sympathy in California, and perhaps deserves less. It is made up of jaundiced hypochondriacs and neurotic wrecks. These people shiver in the California winter boarding-houses, torment themselves with ennui at the country ranches, poison themselves with "nerve foods," and perhaps finally survive to write the sad and squalid "truth about California." Doubtless it is all inexpressibly tedious to them: subjective woe is always hard to bear—but it is not California.

There are others, too, who are disaffected, but I shall not stop to discuss them or their points of view. It is true, in general, that few to whom anything else is anywhere possible find disappointment in California.

With all this, the social life is, in its essentials, that of the rest of the United States, for the same blood flows in the veins of those whose influence dominates it. Under all its deviations and variations lies the old Puritan conscience, which is still the backbone of the civili-



zation of the republic. Life there is a little fresher, a little freer, a good deal richer, in its physical aspects, but for these reasons, possibly, more intensely and characteristically American. With perhaps ninety-five per cent of identity there is five per cent of divergence, and this five per cent I have emphasized even to exaggeration. We know our friends by their slight differences in feature or expression, not by their common humanity. Much of this divergence is already fading away. Scenery and climate remain, but there is less elbow-room, and the unearned increment is disappearing. That which is solid will endure; the rest will vanish. The forces

that ally us to the East are growing stronger every year with the immigration of men with new ideas. The vigorous growth of the two universities in California insures the elevation as well as the retention of these ideas. In this way, perhaps, California may contribute something to the social development of the East, and be a giver as well as a receiver. But to the last certain traits will persist. It is the most cosmopolitan of all the states of the Union, and such it will remain. Whatever the fates may bring, the people will be tolerant, hopeful, and adequate, sure of themselves, masters of the present, fearless of the future.

*David Starr Jordan.*

---

#### THE WHOLESOME REVIVAL OF BYRON.

THE simultaneous appearance of two sumptuous editions of Byron, from the presses of Messrs. Murray and Macmillan, must have rather a puzzling effect on certain critics and readers of poetry. So much has been written of late years about Wordsworth and Shelley, while their quondam rival has been treated with such contumelious silence, that the disdainers of Byron had begun to feel that the ground was entirely their own; and the faithful few, who in secret handed down the old Byron cult, must have fallen into desperation, — for there are still a few faithful, like the well-known Greek scholar of whom it was remarked in my hearing that he never quoted any English save Byron and the Bible. But apart from these scoffers and idolaters, there are some who recognize fully all the imperfections of Byron's work, and yet regard the recent exaltation of Shelley and Wordsworth so high above him as indicative of an effeminate and oversubtilized taste. To such persons the appearance of these

new editions must be welcome as a promise of renewed interest in the poet, and of a return to sounder principles of criticism.

Much has been written about Byron; yet no author, perhaps, remains so much in need of calm and discriminating study. The elements of his genius are diverse, to a certain extent even contradictory; and to this fact are due in part the extraordinary unevenness of his own work and the curious divergence of opinion regarding him.

In a word, the two master traits of Byron's genius are the revolutionary spirit and classical art. By classical is meant a certain predominance of the intellect over the emotions, and a reliance on broad effects rather than on subtle impressions; these two characteristics working harmoniously together, and being subservient to human interest. And here at once we may seem to run counter to a well-established criticism of Byron. It will be remembered that Matthew Arnold has quoted and judiciously enlarged

upon Goethe's saying, "The moment he reflects, he is a child." The dictum is perfectly true. Byron as a philosopher and critic is sadly deficient, oftentimes puerile. But in fact he rarely reflects; he is more often a child because he fails to reflect at all. Predominance of intellect does not necessarily imply true wisdom; for in reality an impulsive, restless activity of mind seems often to militate against calm reflection. It implies in Byron rather keenness of wit, pungency of criticism, whether sound or false, precision and unity of conception. So, in the English Bards, the ruinous criticism of Wordsworth, "that mild apostate from poetic rule," is the expression of an irresistible mental impetus, but it is hardly reflection. When the poet came to reflect on his satire, he wisely added the comment, "unjust." When in *Childe Harold* he describes Gibbon as "sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer," he displays astonishing intellectual force in summing up the effect of a huge work in one keen memorable phrase, such as can scarcely be paralleled from the poetry of his age. And in this case he is by chance right; reflection could not modify or improve the judgment.

In its larger effect this predominance of intellect causes simplicity and tangibility of general design. Thus, on reading *Manfred*, we feel that a single and very definite idea has been grasped and held throughout; and we in turn receive a single and definite impression, which we readily carry away and reproduce in memory. But turn to Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, and mark the difference. However much the ordinary reader may admire this drama, it is doubtful whether he could give any satisfactory account of its central idea, for the reason that this idea has been diverted and refracted through the medium of a wayward imagination, and is after all but an illusion of the senses. Love, all-embracing, victorious love, is in a sense the motive of the poem; yet the most

superficial analysis will show this to be an emotion or vague state of feeling, rather than a distinct conception of the intellect. The inconsistencies bewilder the reader, although, on a rapid perusal, they may escape his critical detection. Love is the theme, yet the speeches are full of the gall of hatred: in words *Prometheus* may forgive his enemy, but the animus of the poem is unrelenting bitterness.

Yet the predominance of intellect, which forms so important a factor in what I have called classical art, is far from excluding all emotion. On the contrary, the simple elemental passions naturally provoke intense activity of mind. They almost inevitably, moreover, lead to an art which depends on broad effects instead of subtle and vague impressions. The passion of Byron is good evidence of this tendency. He himself somewhere remarks that his genius was eloquent rather than poetical, and in a sense this observation is true. His language has a marvelous sweep and force that carry the reader on through a sustained emotion, but in detail it is prosaic in comparison with the iridescent style of Shelley or of Keats. *Marino Faliero*, one of Byron's less important works, may be cited as a fair example of his eloquence and concentrated passion. The theme of the drama is perfectly simple, — the conflict in *Marino's* breast between aristocratic pride and the love of liberty (predominant characteristics, be it observed, of the poet himself); and about this conflict the whole action of the play revolves, without any minor issues to dissipate the effect. The mind is held gripped to one emotion and one thought; we seem to hear the mighty pleading of a *Demosthenes*. There is no poem of Shelley's (with the possible exception of *The Cenci*, where he resorts to monstrous and illegitimate means) which begins to leave on the mind so distinct and powerful an impression as this, yet the whole drama contains per-



haps not a single line of the illusive charm to be found in passages on every page of Shelley's works. We know from Byron's letters and prefaces that he made a conscious effort to be, as he himself calls it, classical in this respect. Had his genius possessed also the subtle grace of the more romantic writers, he would have been classical in a still higher and broader sense; for the greatest poets, the true classics, Homer as well as Shakespeare, have embraced both gifts. As it is, we are left to contrast the vigorous, though incomplete, art of Byron with the more wayward and effeminate style of his rivals. And in this we are justified by the known hostility of Byron to the tendencies of his age and by the utterances of the romantic writers themselves, from whom a volume of quotations might be culled showing that they deliberately look on poetry as a vehicle for the emotions and imaginations of the heart alone.

It was in no spirit of mere carping at the present that Byron condemned the romantic spirit, and waged continuous if often indiscreet warfare for Milton and Dryden and Pope. His indifference to Shakespeare proves the sincerity of his opinion, however it may expose the narrowness of his judgment. He perceived clearly a real kinship, on one side of his genius, with Dryden and Pope, and was sincere in his wish to follow them as models. He was saved from their aridity by the revolutionary spirit, which was equally strong within him, and which he acknowledged by partially condemning himself with his contemporaries.

Were the subject not too technical, the radical difference between these classes of poets might be shown by a study of their use of metaphor. Poetry hardly exists without metaphor. Besides the formal simile there is in verse the more pervasive use of metaphorical language, by which the whole world of animate and inanimate nature is brought into similarity and kinship with the human

soul, so that our inner life is enlarged and exalted by a feeling of universal dominion. The classical metaphor is simple and intellectual; through its means the vague is fixed and presented clearly to the mind by comparison with the more definite, the complex by comparison with the simple, the abstract with the concrete, the emotional with the sensuous. Its rival, the romantic metaphor, appeals to the fancy by the very opposite method. It would be easy to take the Prometheus Unbound and show how Shelley persistently relaxes the mind by vague and abstract similes. The moments are said to crawl like "*death-worms*;" spring is compared with the "*memory of a dream*," with "*genius*," or "*joy which riseth up as from the earth*;" the rushing avalanche is likened to "*thought by thought . . . piled up, till some great truth is loosened, and the nations echo round*." In the famous and exquisitely beautiful singing-metaphor of that poem we have in miniature a perfect picture of the romantic poet's art:—

"Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions  
In music's most serene dominions;  
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.  
And we sail on, away, afar  
Without a course, without a star,  
But by the instinct of sweet music driven."

Perhaps nowhere could a more perfect expression of this wayward and delicate spirit of romance be found, unless in that brief phrase of *A Winter's Tale*:—

"A wild dedication of yourselves  
To unpathed waters, undreamed shores."

Take away this subtle and baffling overgrowth of the emotions, and the sturdier metaphor of the classical poets remains. Individual comparisons of this vague character may no doubt be cited from Byron (they are not altogether wanting even in Homer), but they are in him distinctly exceptions. In general the poetic medium in which he works has an intellectual solidity akin to the older masters.

Poetry is the most perfect instrument

of expression granted us in our need of self-utterance, and it is something to have learned in what way this instrument is shaped to the hand of a strong poet. But this is not all. We desire to know further the material he chooses and how he treats it. How does he deal with the great themes of literature? How does he stand toward nature and man? And here too we shall find a real contrast between Byron and his contemporaries.

There is a scene in Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford* which to me has always seemed to set forth the aim of the romantic nature-poet in a charming light. It is the bewitching chapter where the ladies visit old Mr. Holbrook, the bachelor, and he, musing after dinner in the garden, quotes and comments on Tennyson:—

“‘The cedar spreads his dark-green layers of shade.’

‘Capital term — layers! Wonderful man! . . . Why, when I saw the review of his poems in *Blackwood*, I set off within an hour, and walked seven miles to Misselton (for the horses were not in the way) and ordered them. Now, what color are ash-buds in March?’

“Is the man going mad? thought I. He is very like Don Quixote.

“‘What color are they, I say?’ repeated he vehemently.

“‘I am sure I don’t know, sir,’ said I, with the meekness of ignorance.

“‘I knew you did n’t. No more did I — an old fool that I am! — till this young man comes and tells me. Black as ash-buds in March. And I’ve lived all my life in the country; more shame for me not to know. Black: they are jet-black, madam.’”

Excellent botany, no doubt, and very dainty verse; and yet I cannot think the fame of the great masters of song depends on such trivialities as this. *Black as ash-buds in March*, — one might read all the famous epics of the past without acquiring this curious bit

of information. Now it is perfectly sure that, practically, all the verse-makers of the present day look to natural description for their main theme, and would clap their poetical hands as in the joy of a vast inspiration over one such novel bit of observation that chanced to fall in their way. And in this they have but carried to its extreme tenuity the disposition of the romantic poets, their forbears. There is a good deal of this petty, prying nature-cult in Keats and Shelley, along with inspiration of a more solid or mystical quality. And it is Wordsworth who chants over the small celandine:—

“Since the day I found thee out,  
Little flower! — I’ll make a stir,  
Like a great astronomer.”

Some kinship of spirit, some haunting echo of the revolutionary cry, binds us very close to the singers of that age, and we are perforce influenced by their attitude toward the outer world. It would be a matter of curious inquiry to search out the advent of this nature-worship into poetry, and to trace it down through later writers. Its growth and culmination are in a way coincident with the revolutionary period to which Byron belongs, and, like most innovations of the kind, it denotes both an enlargement and a loss of idealism. The peculiar form of religious enthusiasm developed in the Middle Ages had wrought out its own idealism. The soul of the individual man seemed to the Christian of that day, as it were, the centre of the world, about which the divine drama of salvation revolved; and on the position taken by the individual in this drama depended his eternal life. A man’s personality became of vast importance in the universal scheme of things, and a new and justifiable egotism of intense activity was born. There was necessarily an element of anguish in this thought of personal importance and insecurity, but on the whole, while faith lasted, it was overbalanced by feelings of joy and peace; for, after all, salvation



was within reach. The idealism of such a period found its aim in the perfection of man's soul, and humanity in the life of its individual members was the one theme of surpassing interest. The new humanism which came in with the Renaissance modified, but did not entirely displace this ideal; the faith of the earlier ages remained for a long time intact. But by the closing years of the eighteenth century the long illusion of man's personal value in the universe had been rudely shattered; his anchor of faith had been rent away. Then came the readjustment which is still in progress, and is still the cause of so much unrest and tribulation. In place of the individual arose a new ideal of humanity as a whole, — a very pretty theory for philosophers, but in no wise comforting for the homeless soul of man, trained by centuries of introspection to deem himself the chosen vessel of grace. There was a season of revolt. The individual, still bearing his burden of self-importance, and seeing now no restrictive laws to bind him, gave himself to all the wild vagaries of the revolutionary period. Nor is it a matter of chance that Voltaire, the father of modern skepticism, and Rousseau, the first of romantic nature-worshipers, had worked together to this end. It was under this stimulus that those who were unable to silence the inner need amidst the turmoil of action turned to the outer world, seeking there the comfort of an idealism not attainable in the vague abstraction of humanity. The individual found a new solace in reverie, which seemed to make him one with the wide and beneficent realm of nature. The flattering trust in his own eternal personality was undermined, the unsubdued egotism born of the old faith left him solitary amid mankind; he turned for companionship to the new world whose kinship to himself was so newly discovered: —

“Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt  
In solitude, where we are *least* alone;

A truth, which through our being then doth  
melt  
And purifies from self: it is a tone,  
The soul and source of music, which makes  
known  
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,  
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,  
Binding all things with beauty; — 't would  
disarm  
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to  
harm.”

An eternal harmony did indeed spring from this new source of music; it was a substantial gain, a new-created idealism in poetry. But we should not shut our eyes to the concomitant danger and loss. In this flattering absorption into nature the poet was too apt to forget that, after all, the highest and noblest theme must forever be the struggle of the human soul; he was too ready to substitute vague reverie for honest thought, and to lose his higher sympathy with man in the eager pursuit of minute phenomena. We are all familiar with the travestied nature-cult to be seen especially in unattached women, who seek in this way an outlet for unemployed emotions such as formerly they found in religious enthusiasm. There is, alas, too much of this petty sentimentality in the verse of the day. We turn to the earlier bards of the century, the founders of this new religion, for guidance and inspiration, and too often we imitate their weakness instead of their strength. Wordsworth has made a stir over the small celandine, and Tennyson has discovered that ash-buds are black in March; the present generation must, for originality, examine the fields with a botanist's lens, while the poor reader, who retains any use of his mind, is too often reminded of the poet Gray's shrewd witticism, that he learnt botany to save himself the trouble of thinking. If for no other reason, we are justified in calling attention to Byron, who in his treatment of nature shows the same breadth and mental scope, the same human sympathy, which characterize his classical use of metaphor.

There is a curious passage in one of Franklin's letters, where the philosopher attempts to prove by experiment that the perception of form is remembered more clearly than the perception of color. I am not sure that his explanation of this phenomenon is strictly scientific, but the fact is indisputable. Form and motion of form are clearly defined, intelligible, so to speak; color is illusive and impressionistic. So, it will be remembered, the Greeks were preëminent in their imitation of form; the Renaissance artists excelled in color. Distinctions of this kind, to be sure, are a matter of degree only, but none the less significant for that. Now there are descriptions in Byron of gorgeous coloring, notably in certain stanzas of the *Haidée* episode; but even here the colors are sharply defined, and there is little of the blending, iridescent light of romance, —

"The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration and the poet's dream;"

and in general Byron dwells on form and action in his presentation of nature, whereas his contemporaries, and notably Shelley, revel in her variety of hues.

It is curious, in fact, that many who are prone to dignify emotional reverie as thought would ascribe such predominance of intellect to shallowness, just as they would deem the breadth of Byron's natural description due to narrowness of observation. You will indeed find in Byron no poems on the small celandine, or the daisy, or the cuckoo, or the nightingale, or the west wind; but you may find pictures of mountains reared like the palaces of nature, of the free bounding ocean, of tempest on sea and storm among the Alps, of the solitary pine woods, of placid Lake Lemman, — of all the greater, sublimer aspects of nature, such as can hardly be paralleled elsewhere in English literature.

Byron was too much a child of his age to escape the longing for mystic

fellowship with nature which came in with the century, and still, in milder form perhaps, troubles mankind. But even here there are in him a firmness and a directness of utterance which distinguish his work from the more flaccid rhapsodies of his romantic rivals. Let us by all means retain as a precious and late-won possession this sense of communion with the fair outlying world, but let us at the same time beware of loosening our grip on realities. I know no better palliative for the insidious relaxing sentimentality that lurks in such brooding contemplation than certain well-known passages of *Childe Harold*, such as —

"I live not in myself, but I become  
Portion of that around me;"

or,

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;"

or,

"Clear, placid Lemman! thy contrasted lake."

It is again the classic element in Byron's art which saves him from shadowy, meaningless words; and he is assisted also by his intense human passions and personality. I have indeed intimated that the preponderance of human interest is an essential feature of the classical spirit; it would have been easy to show that, along with predominance of intellect and breadth, this human interest is everywhere present in Byron's work; but the humanism — the egotism, if you choose — is so universally recognized in his character that any detailed exposition of its presence in his poetry seemed superfluous. Only in his treatment of nature, perhaps, ought special attention to be called to this trait, for here most of all he differs from certain of the romantic writers. It is well to remember that now and always "the proper study of mankind is man." We need still to reflect on the wise admonition of St. Augustine: "And men go abroad to gaze at the lofty mountains, and the great waves of the sea, and the



wide flowing of rivers, and the circle of ocean, and the revolutions of the stars, and pass themselves, the crowning wonder, by." This genuine human interest distinguished Byron from the pseudo-classical writers as well, who would etherealize predominance of intellect into inanimate abstractions, — from those thin-blooded poets of the last century whose art depended on a liberal distribution of capital letters.

At bottom Byron's sympathy is not with nature, but with man, and in the expression of this sympathy he displays the sturdy strength of classic art. Théophile Gautier, in his study of Villon, has a clever appeal for the minor bards. "The most highly vaunted passages of the poets," he says, "are ordinarily commonplaces. Ten verses of Byron on love, on the brevity of life, or on some other subject equally as new will find more admirers than the strangest vision of Jean Paul or of Hoffmann: this is because very many have been or are in love, and a still greater number are fearful of death, but very few, even in dreams, have beheld the fantastic images of the German story-tellers pass before them." Gautier himself, as one of the "fantastics," may be prejudiced in their favor, but his characterization of Byron is eminently right. It is a fact that the great poets, the classic poets, deal very much with commonplaces, but Gautier should know his Horace well enough to remember that nothing is more difficult than the art of giving these commonplaces an individual stamp.

Here again it may be wise to turn for a while from the romantic poets who search out the wayward, obscure emotions of the heart to one who treated almost exclusively those simple, fundamental passions which are most compatible with predominance of intellect and breadth of expression. I hardly know where in English literature, outside of Shakespeare, one is to find the great passions of men set forth so directly and powerfully as in Byron,

and on this must rest his final claim to serious consideration. It is said that Byron could never get outside of himself; and this, to a certain extent, is true. He lacked the dramatic art; but, on the other hand, his own human passions were so strong, his life was so vigorous, that from personal experience he was able to accomplish more than most others whose sympathies might be wider. His range is by no means universal, and yet what masterly pictures he has drawn of love and hate, of patriotism, honor, disdain, sarcasm, revenge, remorse, despair, awe, and mockery! If he had touched the passion of love alone, he would still be worthy of study. It is wholesome now and again to forget the ethereal heights where Cythna dwells, and linger by the sea with Haidée, the pure and innocent child of nature. Love in Byron is commonly the lust which enslaves and degrades, or it is the instinctive attraction of youth uncorrupted of the world, — that simple self-surrender, unquestioning and unpolluted, which to the aged sight of the wise Goethe and weary Renan seemed, after all, the best and truest thing in life. Other poets in search of love's mystic shadow have philosophized with Plato or scaled the empyrean with Dante: but rarely in these excursions have they avoided the perils of unreality or self-deception, of inanity or morbidness. It is at least safer to see in love the simple animal passion, pure or perverted as the case may be.

And this brings us to the vexed question of Byron's morality. I would not appear to excuse his shortcomings in this respect, and yet I think the evil of his work has been much exaggerated. His aggressive free-thinking, which so shocked his contemporaries, can scarcely do more than elicit a smile to-day; the grossly sensual passages in his poems are few, and these are more outspoken than seductive; his sneers are mostly for cant and hypocrisy, which, God knows, deserved such lashing then as they do

now. And withal his mind was right; he never deceived himself. Many times he refers to the ruin of his own life, and always he puts his finger on the real source of the evil, his lack of self-restraint and his revolt from conventions. There is something manly and pathetic at once, not without strange foreboding of what was to come, in these lines from *Childe Harold* : —

"If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,  
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion  
bar

My name from out the temple where the  
dead

Are honour'd by the nations — let it be —

And light the laurels on a loftier head !

And be the Spartan's epitaph on me —

'Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.'

Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need ;

The thorns which I have reap'd are of the  
tree

I planted, — they have torn me, — and I  
bleed :

I should have known what fruit would spring  
from such a seed."

In his *Epistle to Augusta*, perhaps the noblest of all his shorter poems, he more explicitly mentions the evil that brought about his ruin : —

"I have been cunning in mine overthrow,  
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

"Mine were my faults, and mine be their re-  
ward.

My whole life was a contest, since the day  
That gave me being, gave me that which  
marr'd

The gift, — a fate, or will, that walk'd  
astray."

I cannot refrain from quoting, by way of contrast, the words of Mrs. Shelley in regard to her wayward companion. "In all Shelley did," she says, "he, at the time of doing it, believed himself justified to his own conscience." This, surely, is the inner falsehood, more deadly, as Plato affirmed, than the spoken lie ; and I am sufficiently a Platonist to believe that in this glozing of evil lies the veritable danger to morals. There is no such insidious disease in Byron's mind.

The errors of Byron, both in conduct and in art, were in fact largely due to the revolutionary spirit which so easily passed into licentiousness. Classical art should result in self-restraint and perfection of form, but to this Byron never attained except spasmodically, almost by accident it would seem. So far he is classical that he almost universally displays predominance of intellect, breadth of treatment, and human interest ; but side by side with this principle of limitation runs the other spirit of revolt, producing at times that extraordinary incongruity of effect which has so baffled his later audience. The world, after manifold struggles, had begun to throw off the mediæval ideals ; faith in the infinite and eternal value of the human person, with all its earthly desires and ambitions, with its responsibility to a jealous God, had been rudely shaken ; nor had that deeper faith taken hold of the mind wherein this laboring, grasping, earthly self is seen to be but a shadow, an obscuration, of something vastly greater, hidden in secret places of the heart. Belief in the divine right of rulers had been burst as an insubstantial bubble, but in the late-born ideal of a humanity bound in brotherhood and striving upward together the individual was very slow to feel the drawing of the new ties ; he had revolted from the past, and still felt himself homeless and unattached in the shadowy ideals of the future. In such an age Byron was born, a man of superabundant physical vigor which at any time would have ill brooked restraint, and of mental impetuosity which had by nature something of the tiger in it. He was led at first by the very spirit of the age to glory in physical and mental license and to exaggerate his impatience at restraint, and only by the hard experience of life did he learn, or partly learn, the lesson of moderation. Naturally his poetry often reflected his temperament in its lack of discipline.

I have dwelt at length on the strength



of Byron's art, but I would not slur over his deficiencies. No one can be more conscious of these deficiencies than the present writer, whose recent task it has been to read through Byron's works with an editor's questioning eye. His language is often — very often — slipshod, made obscure by endless anacoluthons, disfigured by frequent lapses into bad grammar; the thought and style of certain poems — *The Prophecy of Dante*, for instance — are so cheap as to render the reading of them a labor of necessity; yet all this hardly affects his importance for us. We are not likely to learn bad grammar from him, and his dull poems are easily passed over. He wrote, to use his own words, as the tiger leaps; and if he missed his aim, there was no retrieving the failure. We call this lack of artistic conscience, and so it is; but in these days of pedantic æsthetes, it is refreshing now and again to surrender ourselves to the impulse of untrammelled genius. And then, if Byron often failed, he sometimes hit the mark. There are passages — more than that, there are whole poems — wherein his classical method has dominated the license of revolt sufficiently to achieve almost perfect harmony of form, while still retaining the full vigor of his imperious inspiration.

But the inner spirit of his poems was affected even more than his art by the new ferment. To do anything like justice to the psychology of Byron would require a separate study in itself; and if the subject is here passed lightly over, this is because it seems, on the whole, less important at the present moment than the analysis of his art, and because it has already been treated with considerable acumen. Every one recognizes at a glance the tormented personality and the revolutionary leaven in Byron's spirit; not every one, perhaps, would comprehend immediately the extraordinary result produced by the union of these with his classical method, — a re-

sult so extraordinary as alone to lend permanent interest to his work. And this interest is heightened by the rapid change and development in his character.

There are four pretty clearly defined periods in his life, although as always these overlap one another to a certain extent. First we see the youthful satirist lashing friend and foe with irresistible bitterness, as if his egregious egotism could find relief only in baying at the world; then follows a second phase of revolt, taking pleasure in melodramatic isolation from society, exulting in moody revenge and unutterable mysteries, stalking before the world in gorgeous Oriental disguise; out of this extravagance grows the Byron of the later *Childe Harold*, who would unburden his soul of its self-engendered torture in solitary communion with nature, and would find relief from the vulgar cant of the present in profound reflection on the grandeurs of the past; and last, when even these fail him, the self-mocking *Don Juan*, with his strange mixture of sweet and bitter, infinitely heavy-hearted at bottom, who cries out in the end: —

“Now . . . Imagination droops her pinion,  
And the sad truth that hovers o'er my desk  
Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.

“And if I laugh at any mortal thing,  
’T is that I may not weep; and if I weep,  
’T is that our nature cannot always bring  
Itself to apathy.”

He was saved, indeed, from the final silence of apathy by an early death. Yet it has always seemed to me that for one brief moment, — when, after escaping the vexations of his ruined domestic life, he wrote his *Epistle to Augusta* from the solitudes of Switzerland, — Byron caught, dim and distorted it may be, a glimpse of divine wisdom, which, if followed, might have rendered him great among the wisest. But some Nemesis of fate, some error of will, swept him back into the bondage of darkness, from which he never escaped.

*Paul Elmer More.*

## AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY BYRON.

THE library of Harvard University received in 1874, as part of the bequest of Charles Sumner, a copy of *The Poems of Ossian* in two volumes, which has been carefully guarded as one of the treasures of the university. The edition (London, 1806) is not a notable one; but that Sumner, in paying twenty guineas for it, drove a good bargain will be seen from a printed slip affixed above the Harvard book-plate, which describes the volumes as a "unique and most valuable copy, having extensive original annotations in the autograph of Lord Byron, and his signature on the fly-leaf of each volume. At the end of the first volume is an original unpublished poem in his autograph, being a rendering into verse of Ossian's Address to the Sun."

Byron's notes on Ossian and his version of a portion of Carthou make no addition to what, in the good old-fashioned sense, we used to call literature; for the notes are intrinsically of no value, and the value of the poem itself may fairly be a matter of dispute. But even the scraps from a great author's waste-basket, if discreetly adjusted, have a certain definite biographical interest; and Byron's notes furnish a pleasant little commentary on his critical ineptitude, and his poem gives additional evidence, if any were needed, of his astonishing facility. With two exceptions, the notes are of so general a nature that when brought together they give a fair, although disjointed idea of Byron's critical estimate of Ossian.

The first note is on the fly-leaf of the first volume: "The early and uncultivated periods of society, in which the age of Ossian must doubtless be ranked, were most favorable to the display of original poetical genius. Such a period will always be found to have the happiest influence on sentimental and descrip-

tive poetry, whether sublime or pathetic; though it must likewise be granted that civilized life will for the most part introduce a greater variety of incidents and character into poetical composition."

After the poem Carthou, with which Byron was apparently most strongly impressed, he wrote on a blank page: "That the poet possesses the talent of raising to a great degree both the tender and more violent passions of the mind by his sentiments as well as by his descriptions will not be questioned by those who are themselves possessed of the smallest share of sensibility, and have read his poems with any measure of attention. These indeed are almost constantly addressed to the affections and to the heart, over which he maintains an absolute and uncontrolled power."

On the blank page after the table of contents of the second volume, and sprawling across the false title of Fingal, Byron begins to grow more definite, and, if anything, more courageous: "The portrait which Ossian has drawn of himself is indeed a masterpiece. He not only appears in the light of a distinguished warrior, generous as well as brave, and possessed of exquisite sensibility, but of an aged, venerable bard, subjected to the most melancholy vicissitudes of fortune, — weak and blind, the sole survivor of his family, the last of the race of Fingal.

"The character of Fingal, the poet's own father, is a highly finished one. There is certainly no hero in the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey* who is at once so brave and amiable as this renowned king of Morven. It is well known that Hector, whose character is of all the Homeric heroes the most complete, greatly sullies the lustre of his glorious actions by the insult over the fallen Patroclus. On the other hand, the conduct of Fingal appears uniformly illustrious and great,



without one mean or inhuman action to tarnish the splendour of his fame. He is equally the object of our admiration, esteem, and love."

The next note is in the second volume, at the beginning of the second book of Fingal. The italics are, of course, Byron's.

"One of the most consummate characters which the poet has contributed is that of Connal. This hero is the Ulysses of Ossian, though he is a far more complete character than the Grecian chief. Like him, he is distinguished by his profound wisdom, by his cautious prudence, and by his calm, temperate valour. But he is free of that cunning and artifice which so much distinguish Ulysses, and which rather diminish than aggrandize the true hero.

"Ossian's *female* characters are less distinctly marked. It was unnecessary to draw their pictures at full length, not being engaged in the active scenes of life, except when they sometimes attend their lovers in disguise. The poet, however, has hit off some striking features even of these. How happily, for instance, has he characterized his own mistress, afterwards his wife, by a single epithet, expressive of that modesty, softness, and complacency which constitute the perfection of feminine excellence: '*the mildly blushing* Everallin.'"

Finally, we have Byron's summing up of the whole matter on the four blank pages at the end of the book. "I am of opinion," he somewhat magnificently concludes, "that though in sublimity of sentiment, in vivacity and strength of description, Ossian may claim a full equality of merit with Homer himself, yet in the invention both of incidents and characters he is greatly inferior to the Grecian bard. This inferiority, however, evidently proceeds from the different periods of society in which the poets lived. Though the age in which Homer wrote his Iliad was far from being polished, yet were the arts of civility much farther

advanced than they were in the age in which Ossian composed Fingal and Te-mora; and therefore it must have been easier for Homer to present us with a variety of characters, which he might partly have copied from life, partly created, and partly derived from tradition, — a source which in Greece could have supplied him with greater abundance both of incidents and characters for the conduct of an epic poem, than it could have done for Ossian, who had no materials for his imagination to work upon excepting what he collected from his own observation, and from the songs of preceding bards, either or both of which could afford little variety of characters or incidents in our unpolished age.

"It further deserves attention that Ossian never thought of trying the strength of his genius in the invention of the one or the other, which would by no means have corresponded with his design; and if he had, it is impossible he should ever have succeeded in it as Homer has done, unless he had lived in the age and country of Homer."

Even if we did not know that Byron's criticisms, when not of the splenetic and underbred "Johnny Keats" kind, were characteristically immature, we should attribute this to a youthful writer; for although the slight grandiloquence and the occasional excellent balance of the style give it an almost elderly, Johnsonian effect, the very cocksureness of tone and the superficiality of taste betray the youth of the critic. But at no time had Byron's prose a more pompous elderliness of tone than when he was between the ages of fifteen and twenty. Take this, almost at random, written to his sister in his sixteenth year: "Although, My ever Dear Augusta, I have hitherto appeared remiss in replying to your kind and affectionate letters; yet I hope you will not attribute my neglect to a want of affection, but rather to a shyness naturally inherent in my Disposi-

tion. I will now endeavour as amply as lies in my power to repay your kindness, and for the future I hope you will consider me not only as *a Brother*, but as your warmest and most affectionate *Friend*, and if ever Circumstances should require it, your *protector*." The superficiality of taste is obvious in the discussion of Homer, where Byron writes more like a schoolboy than like a man whose mature soul has been moved by the great Greek.

Even if we did not know that Byron's knowledge of books was limited ("Lord Byron's reading," Scott wrote of him in 1815, "did not seem to me to have been very extensive either in poetry or history"), we should attribute the notes on Ossian to a youthful writer; for no grown man of letters could be so magnificently ignorant of the contempt in which Macpherson's semi-forgeries were held by many. Thirty-one years before Byron's copy of Ossian was printed, Dr. Johnson challenged Macpherson's honesty, and on Macpherson's threatening him, after procuring a stout cudgel he wrote his famous reply, in which occurs the splendid phrase, "I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian." And on another occasion the doctor had exclaimed of the Ossianic "translations," "Sir, a man might write such stuff forever, if he would abandon his mind to it." As early, indeed, as 1760, Gray doubted whether Macpherson's *Fragments of Ancient Poetry* were "the invention of antiquity or of a modern Scotchman." But with Dr. Johnson alone in one pan of the critical scale, Lord Byron is bound to count for little in the other. Still, it is only fair to Byron to admit that in this instance Dr. Johnson's antipathy for the Scotch carried him farther than posterity is now willing to follow; and that greater men than Byron, and critics older and at least as well equipped, swallowed Macpherson as completely as Byron did. It

is, furthermore, but fair to Byron to add that his copy of Ossian is prefaced with nearly two hundred pages of what purports to be an impartial discussion of the Ossianic controversy, but is chiefly a reprint of Macpherson's preface and Dr. Blair's incredibly dull and one-sided critical dissertation supporting the so-called translator. It is much to be doubted, indeed, that Byron had the patience to read any of the preliminary matter. It was not until the following year, 1807, that Laing's critical edition put Macpherson in more nearly a proper light.

Here we have, I think, good evidence as to the date of Byron's notes. For in the same year that Laing's Ossian appeared Byron published his *Hours of Idleness*, in which he included an imitation of Ossian, *The Death of Calmar and Orla*. At the end of this he appends the following somewhat regretful note: "I fear Laing's late edition has completely overthrown every hope that Macpherson's Ossian might prove the translation of a series of Poems, complete in themselves; but while the imposture is discovered, the merit of the work remains undisputed, though not without faults, particularly, in some parts, turgid and bombastic diction. The present humble imitation will be pardoned by the admirers of the original, as an attempt, however inferior, which evinces an attachment to their favourite author." Clearly, then, by 1807 Byron had read Ossian carefully enough to imitate it with moderate success ("Sir, a man might write such stuff forever, if he would abandon his mind to it!"); and at least by the time *Hours of Idleness* was in press (1807) he had been informed of the spurious nature of most of his model. His own copy of Ossian, dated 1806, is filled with notes expressive of nothing but enthusiastic admiration, and showing no consciousness of "turgid and bombastic diction." Obviously, even if internal evidence were wanting, the notes were written either



in 1806 or in the early part of 1807, or, in other words, when Byron was about the age of eighteen.

If this date be accepted, one re-reads the notes with a heightened interest, for as the production of a youth of eighteen they are fairly notable in style; and when that youth is Byron, the indication they give of several traits of the writer which afterwards became more marked is very significant. Thackeray said of him, many years later, more sweepingly, perhaps, than fairly: "That man *never* wrote from his heart; he got up rapture and enthusiasm with an eye to the public." And even in these early notes, whether we accept in full or not Thackeray's savage dictum, Byron seems almost to set his manuscript in one eye and the public in the other. Again, his admiration of "that modesty, softness, and complacency which constitute the perfection of feminine excellence," shows that very early he cherished the somewhat gazelle-like ideal that, in one form or another, he was always faithful to. But to me the most interesting note is one written on the margin of page 194 of the first volume, which I have not previously given. The passage in Carthage which follows, Byron has underscored: "Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield." Whereat Byron exclaims, "This striking and beautiful sentiment is the natural dictate of that contemplative disposition, united with that melancholy which distinguishes every great genius, and which seems remarkably to have distinguished the character of Ossian." Here, finally, we have Byron *ipsissimus*.

For fidelity to the text, for compactness of expression (with the exception of a single passage), for rhythmic fluency, Byron's metrical version of Ossian's Address to the Sun, which follows, is supe-

rior to any performance of a like nature, by a youth of eighteen, with which I am familiar. The manuscript of the poem covers the four blank pages at the end of the first volume. It is apparently rapidly written, with but a single erasure; and I have followed the text accurately, with the exception of the punctuation. Throughout notes and poem Byron's punctuation consists almost exclusively of dashes, — a system which commends itself to the reader but little more than that of another noble author, Lord Timothy Dexter.

A VERSION OF OSSIAN'S ADDRESS  
TO THE SUN.

O thou! who rollest in yon azure field,  
Round as the orb of my forefather's shield,  
Whence are thy beams? From what eternal  
store  
Dost thou, O Sun! thy vast effulgence pour?  
In awful grandeur, when thou movest on high,  
The stars start back and hide them in the  
sky;  
The pale moon sickens in thy brightening  
blaze,  
And in the western wave avoids thy gaze.  
Alone thou shinest forth — for who can rise  
Companion of thy splendour in the skies!  
The mountain oaks are seen to fall away;  
Mountains themselves by length of years decay;  
With ebbs and flows is the rough Ocean tost;  
In heaven the moon is for a season lost;  
But thou, amidst the fullness of thy joy,  
The same art ever, blazing in the sky!  
When tempests wrap the world from pole to  
pole,  
When vivid lightnings flash and thunders roll,  
Thou, far above their utmost fury borne,  
Look'st forth in beauty, laughing them to  
scorn.  
But vainly now on me thy beauties blaze;  
Ossian no longer can enraptured gaze!  
Whether at morn, in lucid lustre gay,  
On eastern clouds thy yellow tresses play,  
Or else at eve, in radiant glory drest,  
Thou tremblest at the portals of the west,  
I see no more! But thou mayest fail at  
length;  
Like Ossian lose thy beauty and thy strength;  
Like him, but for a season, in thy sphere  
To shine with splendour, then to disappear!  
Thy years shall have an end, and thou no  
more

Bright through the world enlivening radiance  
 pour,  
 But sleep within thy clouds, and fail to rise,  
 Heedless when morning calls thee to the skies!  
 Then now exult, O Sun! and gaily shine,  
 While youth and strength and beauty all are  
 thine.  
 For age is dark, unlovely, as the light  
 Shed by the moon when clouds deform the  
 night,  
 Glimmering uncertain as they hurry past.  
 Loud o'er the plain is heard the northern blast,  
 Mists shroud the hills, and, 'neath the growing  
 gloom,  
 The weary traveller shrinks and sighs for home!

In Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge's edition of Byron now appearing (Murray), among the early poems the reader will find a wholly different version of Ossian's Address to the Sun, dated 1805, and transcribed, as Mr. Coleridge explains in a note, "from an autograph manuscript at Newstead, now for the first time printed." The critical reader

will find it interesting to compare the Newstead version with that of the later Harvard manuscript, to which is now given, it seems to me, an additional value. The Newstead version, because the earlier, is the more florid; and after finishing Ossian's song, Byron adds to it eighteen lines, the gist of which is not to be found in Macpherson. The Harvard version is incontestably superior, because, on the whole, more direct, and more faithful to the original both in text and in poetic feeling. Oddly enough, the two "translations" have not a single line in common. To one interested in Byron's personality and in his literary technique it is very pleasant to have Mr. Coleridge's new evidence of his temporary enthusiasm for Ossian, and to be able, from the two versions of Carthorpe, to trace in a unique way a single phase of his development.

*Pierre la Rose.*

## LITTLE HENRY AND HIS BEARER.

### I.

WHEN I was a child I wept over a story — if I remember right, by Mrs. Sherwood — which bore this title. Years after I came to man's estate, I felt inclined to weep over an incident in real life which this title seemed to fit.

Looking back on those first tears, I judge them uncalled for, by what my maturer age condemns as false sentiment. Perhaps my later emotion is equally at fault. The reader had better judge for himself.

"Speak on, oh Bisram bearer! Wherefore dost not obey? Speak on about Mai Kâli and the noose, — the noose that is so soft, that never slips. Wherefore dost not speak, son of an owl?"

The voice was childish, fretful. So was the listless little figure in a flannel dressing-gown, which lay, half upon the reed mat spread on the veranda floor, half against the red and yellow livery coat of Bisram bearer. The latter remained silent, his dark eyes fixed deprecatingly on a taller figure within ear-shot. It was the child's mother, standing for a glance at her darling.

"Speak! Why dost not speak, base-born child of pigs? Lo! I will smite thee! Speak of Mai Kâli and the noose! Lo! Bisram bearer, be not unkind. Remember I am sick. Show me the noose. Ai! Bisra! Show it to Sonny Baha."

The liquid sounds fell from the child's lips with quaint precision, and ended in the coaxing wail of one who knows his power.

That was unmistakable. The man's



high-bred, sensitive face, which had not quivered under the parentage assigned to him by the thin, domineering voice, melted at the appeal, and the red and yellow arms seemed to close round their charge at the very suggestion of sickness.

Bisram gave another deprecating glance at the tall white figure at the door, and then from the folds of his waistcloth took out a silk handkerchief crumpled into a ball; but a dexterous flutter left it in uncreased folds across the child's knees.

"Lo! Protector of the Poor! such is the noose of Kâli," said Bisram deferentially.

Seen thus, the handkerchief looked larger than one would have expected; or perhaps it is more correct to say longer, for the texture being loose like canvas, even the slight drag across the child's knees stretched the stuff lengthwise. It was of that curious Indian color called *oodah*, which is not purple or crimson, but which looks as if it had been the latter and might become the former; the color, briefly, of recently spilt blood. It looked well, however, in the soft, lustrous folds lying upon the child's white dressing-gown. He smiled down at it joyfully, yet not content, since there was more to come.

"Twist it for Mai Kâli, — twist it, Bisram bearer! Ai! base-born, twist it, or I will smite."

"It is time for the Shelter of the World to take his medicine," began Bisram, interrupting the imperious little voice. "Lo! does his honor not see the *mem* waiting for him?"

Sonny gave a quick glance at his mother. He knew his power there, also. "Ise not goin' to take it, mum," he called decisively, "till he's twisted a noose — I won't — I want a stwangle somefin' first. Tell him, mum — pleath. Then I'll 'waller it like a good boy."

"Do what he wants, Bisram, and then bring him here," said Sonny's mother, her eyes soft. For the child had but lately chosen the path of Life instead of

the Valley of the Shadow, so even wayward footsteps along it were welcome.

"Now is it government orders," boasted Sonny, reverting to the precisions and peremptoriness of Hindustani with a wave of his small hand. "So twist and stwangle; and if thou dost it not, my father will cause hanging to come to thee."

"Huzoor!" assented Bisram cheerfully, as he shifted his burden slightly so as to free his left hand. The next instant a purple-crimson rope of a thing circled on itself settled down upon the neck of a big painted mud tiger, bright yellow with black stripes and fiery red eyes, which one of the native visitors had brought that morning for the magistrate's little son.

"Now the Protector of the Poor can pull," said Bisram bearer; "it will not slip."

But Sonny's wan little face had perplexity and doubt in it. "But, Bisra, Mai Kâli rides a tiger. She would n't stwangle it; would she, mum? I would n't stwangle my pony. I'd wather stwangle the gwoom, would n't you, mum? I would. I'd wather like to stwangle Gamoo."

"My dear Sonny!" exclaimed his mother, looking with amused horror at the still helpless little figure which Bisram had brought to her. "You would n't murder poor Gamoo, surely!"

Sonny made faces over his quinine, as if that were a matter of much more importance.

"Ees I would," he said, with his mouth full of sweet biscuits. "I'd stwangle him, and then Mai Kâli would be pleathed for a fousand years; and then I'd stwangle Dittoo an' Reroo too; so she'd be pleathed for a fousand, fousand years, would n't she, Bisra?"

"Huzoor!" assented Bisram bearer.

"My dear," said Sonny's mother, going back with a somewhat disturbed look to the room where the magistrate, Sonny's father, was busy over crabbed Sanskrit texts and bright-colored tale pic-

tures; (for in his leisure hours he was compiling a Hindoo Pantheon for the use of students), "I almost wish Bisram would not tell Sonny so many stories about the gods and goddesses. They do such horrid things."

The scholar, who in his heart nourished a hope that his son might in due time follow in his footsteps, and perhaps gain reputation where his father only found amusement, looked up from his books mildly.

"Gods and goddesses always do, my dear. Their morality seldom conforms to that which obtains among their worshippers. I intend to draw special attention to this anomaly. Besides, Sonny will have to learn these things anyhow when he begins Greek and Latin; he will in fact find this previous knowledge of great use. Kâli, for instance, is the terrific form of Durga, who of course corresponds to the Juno of the Greeks and Romans, and the Isis of Egypt. She is also the crescent-crowned Diana and the Rarbutto Earth Mother Ceres. Under the name of Atma again she is 'goddess of souls governing the three worlds,' and so equivalent to Hecate Triformis."

"Yes, my dear," interrupted his wife meekly. "But for all that, I don't want Sonny to talk of strangling the grooms; it really does n't sound nice. However, as Bisram is eager, now Sonny is really recovering, to get away at once for his usual leave, I won't say anything to the child. He will forget while Bisram is away, and I will give orders that the latter is not to mention the subject on his return."

Bisram himself, receiving his pay and his orders ere starting on the yearly visit to his own country, which was the only portion of his life by day or night not absolutely — without any reservation whatever — at the disposal of his employers, fully acquiesced in the mem sahib's dictum. The noose of Kâli was scarcely a nice game for the little master; indeed, his slave would never have

introduced it under ordinary circumstances. But the mem must remember that dreadful day, when the Heart's Eye lay so still, caring for nothing, and the doctor sahib had said there was nothing to be done save to coax him into looking into the restless Face of Life instead of into the restful Face of Death. That was when he, Bisram, who knew, had spoken of the noose; and at least it had done the little Shelter of the World no harm.

"Harm?" echoed Sonny's mother gently. "You have never done him harm, Bisra. Why, the doctor sahib himself said your hand was fortunate with the child. If you had not been with him, I think — I think, Bisram — he might have died. And now I am even wondering if I am wise to let you go."

Bisram looked up eagerly. "I must go, Huzoor. I must go without fail to-night, — the year is over." He paused abruptly, then added quietly, "The Huzoor need have no fear. The little master will do well. The Mighty One, who cares for children, will protect this one."

He spoke with such faith in voice and face that Sonny's mother, going back to the study, and finding her husband busy as usual over his Pantheon, lingered to look doubtfully at the tale pictures, and finally remarked that, after all, the people really had a good deal of religious feeling, and really seemed to believe in a God. Bisram, for instance, had said that Sonny was in the guardianship of One who suffered the little children — Here her eyes filled with tears and her voice sank.

"He meant Mata deai, I suppose, my dear," replied the scholar without looking up. "She is another form of Kâli or Durga, and corresponds to Cybele or the Mater Montana."

"He was very eager to get away, however," went on Sonny's mother, almost aggrievedly. "I really think he might have stayed a few days longer, till the boy was quite himself. But, de-



voted as he is, he is just like the rest of them, — selfishly set on what they are accustomed to.”

“He put off going nearly a month, though, and you know, my dear, that when he took service as Sonny’s bearer he stipulated for a fortnight’s leave every spring about a certain time, in order to perform some religious ceremonial,” protested justice.

“Well, and he has had it, — every year for five years; so he might have given it up for once. But he would n’t — I don’t believe he would, not even to save Sonny’s life. However, I think the child is all right; and even if I had kept Bisram he would n’t have been much good, for he has been frightfully restless and hurried the last few days.”

He did not seem so, however, as he stood quietly in the growing dusk at the gateless gate of the compound, to look back at the house where he had left the little Shelter of the World asleep. His scarlet and yellow coat was gone, replaced by the faint coral-colored garment of the pilgrim; he carried a network-covered pot for holy water slung on his left wrist, and the yellow trident of Siva showed like a frown on his forehead. The thickets of flowering shrubs, the tangle of white petunias bordering the path, sent their perfume into the air; but above it rose the heavy dead-sweet scent from the wild *dhatūra* plant which, taking advantage of an unweeded nook by the gate, thrust its long white flowers across the plaster; one of them indeed reaching past it, and so seen, fine pointed against the dusk beyond, looking like a slim white hand pointing the way thither.

Bisram stooped deliberately to pick it, tore it into its five segments, and placed the pieces in his bosom, muttering softly, “With heart, and brain, and feet, and hands, and eyes, Deni, I am thy servant.” Then for a second he raised himself to his full height, and stretched both his thin, fine hands — such delicately sup-

ple, strong hands — toward the house. “Sleep sound, Life of my Life,” he murmured again. “Sleep sound, and have no fear. The offering will be complete, though the time is short indeed.”

So, turning on his heel, he passed into the dusk beyond the gate whither the flower had pointed. A fortnight later he came out of it again, passed into his hut in the gloaming dressed as a pilgrim, and emerged therefrom, ten minutes afterward, in the red and yellow coat, with a huge white turban with a bend, as the heralds call it, across it bearing his master’s crest. So attired he slipped back into his place, as if he had never left it, and setting aside the reed screen at the door of Sonny’s nursery stood within. Sonny, in his white flannel dressing-gown, was convalescent enough to be saying his prayers kneeling on his mother’s knee.

“Go on, dear,” she said gently. “You can speak to Bisram afterwards.”

Sonny, whose feet were less wayward now, shut his eyes again, and assumed a prayerful expression.

“— an’ all kine friends, an’ make me a velly good boy — yamen — Oh, Bisram! where’s the noose?”

The mother might smile, unable to pretend ignorance. Not so Bisram bearer, who had his orders. “What noose, Shelter of the World?” he asked gravely. “The servant remembers none; but he hath brought the Protector of the Poor a toy.”

It was only one of the many which you can buy in any Indian town for the fraction of a farthing, made of mud, straw, and cane. A bit of tinsel, perhaps, or tuft of cotton, their sole value over and above the ingenuity and time spent in making them; but Sonny had never seen this kind before, and laughed as the snakes made out of curled shavings leaped and twisted, — leaped so like life that his mother drew back hastily, telling herself that the bearer had certainly a fine taste in horrors. And no doubt there would be some tale to match

these. Sonny, however, seemed to know it vaguely, for a puzzled look replaced the laugh. "Yes, Bisra," he said, in imperious argument, "Mai Kāli had snakes and skulls too, but I like the noose best. Why didst thou not bring it back, son of an owl?"

The man never moved a muscle. "The little master mistakes," he replied calmly. "It was some other who tied the noose; not this dust-like one. He is but the Protector of the Poor's bearer Bisram."

## II.

A year is an eternity to the memory of a child. Indeed, before one twelfth of one was over, Sonny had ceased from suddenly asking irrelevantly, "Oh, Bisra, where is the noose? Why didst not bring it back, son of an owl?" The thought seemed to have passed from his life altogether. From Bisram's also, as he tended the child night and day, day and night, unremittingly, contentedly.

So the spring of the year returned, and with it, by one of those mysterious coincidences beyond classification, came the old desire. It came suddenly — irrelevantly it seemed to Sonny's parents — during a brief attack of fever which the changing season brought to the boy. But Bisram bearer, hearing the little fretful wail, "Oh, Bisra, where is the noose? I want the noose," stood silent for a moment with a scared look in his eyes, then turned them in quick appeal to his mistress, as if to ask leave for something. But she was silent, also, so the old formula came gently, "What noose, Shelter of the World?"

That evening, however, when Harry — as his mother vainly strove to call him, now that, as she used to tell her boy fondly, he was a man, and had had his curls cut — had fallen into the heavy sleep which brings so little relief, the bearer came into the study and asked for his usual yearly leave. A week might do,

but leave he must have at once. True, the year was not up, but the master would doubtless remember that his slave had deferred going at the proper season last time, because of Harry sahib's illness. (Bisram, punctilious to the least order, never forgot the child's new dignity.) He did not want to lose the right season again, so if he went now at once, even for a week, he would be back in time, even if Harry sahib were to be ill, as he was last year, which Heaven forefend!

He was quite calm, but there was an almost pathetic entreaty in his dark eyes, — so soft, so dark, that, looking into them, one seemed to see nothing save soft darkness.

"Go!" commented Sonny's mother, when, moved by a vague feeling that Bisram meant well, his master handed on his request to the real authority. "Certainly not. I wonder he has the face to ask for leave when Sonny — I mean Harry — is down with fever. Not that it is anything, the doctor says, but a passing attack. Still, I am not going to run any risks with a strange servant. Go! Indeed, it shows what his pretended devotion is worth."

"Surely, my dear, he is devoted" —

"Oh, very, in his way. But really you spoil Bisra, Edward, — just because he can tell you things about those horrid gods and goddesses. Do you know, I really think of getting an English nurse for the child, until I have — until I have to take him home," interrupted his wife, her initial sharpness of tone softening over the inevitable certainty of separation which clouds Indian motherhood. "It cannot be right to let him live in such an atmosphere of superstition and ignorance."

The magistrate, who was leaving the room, had paused at her remark about the nurse, as he might have paused before a painful scene. "By Jove!" he murmured, as if to himself, "I believe it would break the man's heart. I often



wonder what on earth he'll do when the child has — to go home."

The inevitable lent a tremor to the father's voice, also. But Bisram, despite the former's belief, spoke of the same separation quite calmly, when, the very next morning, the doctor, coming early, found his little patient on the veranda in Bisra's arms getting the advantage of the fresh, bright air; when he asked calmly, but with that slow, pathetic anxiety in his eyes, was Harry sahib going across the black waters?

"You think he ought to go," said the doctor. "Why?"

"This slave does not think; he knows the little master must go, — go at once," replied the man, still calmly, though he held the child to him with a visibly closer strain. "The Huzoor himself knows how bad Hindustan is for the little ones. He must go, Huzoor, before he gets worse."

"But he is not going to get worse," said the doctor kindly. "He is better already, and if he has another bout of fever his mother has promised to take him to the hills; so don't distress yourself."

Bisram's dark eyes looked unrestfully into the doctor's. "The hills? That would be worse. That would be nearer the evil. He must go far from Hindustan at once, Huzoor; and if you tell the mem this she will go, — she will not mind."

"And you, Bisra?" asked the doctor curiously.

The man's eyes flinched, but he never stirred a muscle under the blow.

"I am only the little master's bearer, Huzoor. He will not need one much longer; he grows big."

"It is only because he is in a hurry to get away himself, I verily believe," said Sonny's mother, when the doctor, also vaguely impressed with something in the man's appeal, told her of it. "You can't fathom these people. Ah! I know he would n't abate one atom of his care, and it is simply wonderful. All the same, I

believe that just now he would be glad to be rid of the necessity for it, since it clashes with some of his religious notions. That's it, depend upon it. And I mean to let him go, as soon as Sonny — I mean Harry — is better; and he really is better to-day, is n't he?"

"Much better; and you may be right, only it's always impossible to lay down the law for men like Bisra. Those high-caste hill Brahmins are a law unto themselves. However, I expect to find the boy quite cool to-morrow."

He was not, however, and more than once, as he lay in Bisra's arms, the little fretful wail rose between sleeping and waking. "Where's the noose, Bisra? I want the noose." And Bisra would pause as if waiting for a promise of wayward life in threat or abuse, and when neither came would turn a wistful appeal to authority, and when it was silent say, "What noose, Shelter of the World?"

But in the dead of the night, a day or two later, when even maternal authority slept for a brief spell, Bisra's answer to the request which came almost incoherently from the child's dry lips was different. Then he stood bent over the boy's cot in the attitude of a suppliant, and his joined petitioning hands trembled.

"Why dost ask it, Kâli Ma?" he whispered rapidly. "Lo! have I not served thee? Would I not serve thee now if I could? But I have promised this, and they will not let me go for the other. Lo! Kâli Ma! be merciful, and ask no more, and when the child has gone away I will serve thee all the years, — yea, every day of all the years."

There was no passion, no excitement, in his face or voice; only that pathetic appeal which passed into a murmured lullaby as the restless little sleeper turned on his pillow with a sigh of greater content.

"Better again this morning," was the doctor's verdict, with the rider that Bisram himself stood in need of a little rest. The man smiled faintly when his mis-

tress replied that it would be her turn that night, though, to say sooth, Harry certainly did seem to improve when she slept.

"Perhaps Bisram works charms," remarked the doctor thoughtlessly; whereat she frowned.

Charms or no charms, the boy was evidently worse next morning, and that despite the fact that Bisram, who had steadily refused to go further than the veranda, had spent the night huddled up outside the threshold, within which his mistress refused to allow him to come. He needed rest, she said, and though she could not compel him to take it, he should at least not work.

"You had better let him have his own way to-night," said the doctor at his evening visit. "The child gets on better, and you are fresher for the day's nursing. Those thin, delicate-looking natives are very wiry, and if the man won't rest he won't, and that's an end of it."

He spoke cheerfully, but as he was getting into his dogcart he saw Bisram at his elbow. "The doctor sahib thinks the little master very ill to-night?" he asked quietly.

"So ill that you must do your very best for him to-night. If any one can pull him through, you can, — remember that."

"Huzoor," said Bisram submissively.

It was a dark night, so dark that the rushlight in Sonny's room seemed almost brilliant from the veranda. Looking thence you could see the child's cot, one of its side rails removed, and in its place as it were the protection of Bisram's crouching figure. He did not touch the cot; he crouched beside it, with clasped hands hanging over his knees and dark eyes staring hard into the darkness, as if waiting and listening.

So he sat, his clasped hands loosening, his eyes growing softer, as the hours passed, bringing nothing but half-conscious sleep, half-conscious wakening, to the child; until suddenly, irrelevantly,

just on the borderland of night and day, the fretful wail rose upon the silence loudly, insistently.

"Where is the noose, Bisra? I want it. Oh, Bisra bearer, bring the noose and strangle something."

The slackness, the dreaminess, left the man's hands and eyes. He stood up blindly, desperately, to face these last words, the words for which he had been listening. Yet there was still the same pathetic self-control as he stretched his hands and out over the sleeping child.

"Lo! Kāli Ma!" he muttered. "Have I not served thee as ever despite the child? Have I set him before Thee? Nay! thou knowest I have risked life itself to have Thy tale of offering complete when I was hindered. Thou didst not suffer. Wilt not wait for once? Wilt not wait one little while?"

His voice sinking in its entreaty ended in silence; but only for a second. Then the fretful wail began again. "The noose, Bisra! Be not unkind; remember I am ill. Oh, Bisra, I want you to strangle something for me" —

Bisra gave a faint sob, then joined his outstretched hands. "Huzoor! so be it! the noose shall find a victim. Yea, Shelter of the World, Bisra will strangle something. Sleep in peace!"

There was no sound in the room after that save the little contented sigh in which restlessness finds rest.

Outside the shiver of the cicalas seemed to count the seconds, but inside the darkness hours seemed to pass unnoticed as Bisra sat beside the cot, his hands listless, his eyes dreamy. There was nothing to wait for now, nothing to fear. That which had to come had come.

So with the first glint of light a stealthy step glided in and an anxious voice whispered, "How is it with the child, Bisra?"

"It is well," he whispered back, rising rather stiffly. "He hath slept since the darkest hour. He will sleep on." The mother, peering carefully for a glimpse



of the child's face, smiled at what she saw.

"He sleeps indeed. Thou hast done well, Bisra." He made no answer. But ere he left the room, his night-watch being over, he paused to touch the foot-rail of the cot with both hands and so salaam as those do who leave the presence.

Sonny was still sleeping when his father, entering his study with a lighter heart, found a stranger, as he thought, awaiting him there. It was a man naked save for a waistcloth, lean, sinewy, lithe; the head was clean-shaven save for the Brahminical tuft, and the face was disfigured by the weird caste marks of extreme fanaticism.

"Who" — he began, shrinking involuntarily from one who might well be dangerous.

"It is Bisra, Huzoor," said the familiar voice gently. "Bisra the child's bearer, Bisra the servant of Kâli also. Lo! here is her noose." As he spoke he held out the crimson-scarlet handkerchief twisted to a rope and coiled in his curved palms like a snake. "The master, being learned, will know the noose and its meaning. It hath brought Her many a blood offering, Huzoor, — many and many every year without fail, and it will not fail this year, either. It will bring Her the blood of Her servant, the blood of Bisram the Strangler."

"Bisram the Strangler?" echoed the magistrate stupidly, as the even, monotonous voice ceased. Then he sat down helplessly in his chair. In truth he knew too much of the mystery of India to be quite incredulous.

Yet two hours after, when with the help of the police officer he had been cross-questioning Bisra upon his confession, he told himself as helplessly that it was incredible, — the man must be mad. He had been born to strangle, he said, and had strangled to keep Kâli Ma content. That was necessary when you were born Her servant, especially when you had children. Perhaps he had let the little

Shelter of the World creep too close to his heart, though he had striven to be just. At any rate, Kâli Ma had become jealous. He had not known this at first, or he would never have given the mistress that promise about the noose; for if it had been in Harry sahib's hands Dovi would never have sought his life. She always protected those with the noose — they never came to harm — unless — He had paused there, and then asked quickly if he had not said enough. Did they want him to tell any more? He could not give them the names of the victims, of course, not knowing them, but they were many, very many.

"There is nothing against him but his own story," said the magistrate, fighting against his growing conviction that the man spoke truth. "I can't commit him to the sessions on that."

"There is something more, I think," replied the police officer reluctantly. "Don't you remember that man who was found dead in a railway carriage, about this time last year? He had an up-country ticket on him, and as this was out of the beat of Stranglers no inquiry was made here. It was just about this time, and — and Bisram says he was in a hurry because the year was nearly up. He had been nursing the boy."

The boy's father, leaning with his head on his hands, groaned.

But Bisra was quite cheerful. He looked a little anxious, however, when two days after he was brought up formally to be committed for trial. There was still nothing definite against him save his own confession and the coincidence of the strangled man in the railway carriage. But opinion was dead against him amongst his countrymen. Of course he was one of Kâli's Stranglers. Did he not look one? Was he not now one? So how could he help being one? The argument brought no consolation to Sonny's father. But Bisram again was charged. He stood patiently between two yellow-legged policemen and told

his tale at length, as if anxious to incriminate himself as much as possible, anxious that there should be no mistake. And when all the mysterious intricacies of charges and papers were over, and the two policemen nudged him to make place for other criminals with a friendly "Come along, brother," he paused a moment with handcuffed, petitioning hands to ask how soon he was to be hanged.

The magistrate made no answer; he knew what the question meant, and could not. The thought of his little son came between him and the truth; namely, that Bisra's sacrifice must await the law's pleasure.

The doctor in charge of the jail where Bisra awaited trial had not the heart to tell the truth. Every day when on his rounds he looked into the cell, like a wild beast's cage, where Bisra, being a Strangler and therefore dangerous to life, was confined alone, he answered the question which the tall naked figure stood up at his entrance to ask in the same words. Harry sahib was better; and as for the hanging, that would come soon enough, never fear. Yet every day the pathetic self-controlled eagerness on the man's face struck him with a sense of physical pain, and left him helpless before his own pity.

Until a day came — after not many days — when, with a face red from the sight of bitter grief that he could un-

derstand, the sense of his absolute helplessness before the mystery of this man's nature made the doctor feel inclined to throw pity to the winds and fall back on sheer common sense. After all, the man was a murderer; and if he had been fond of the child, what then? Such criminals were often men of strong affections.

Yet once again the sight of the submissive salaaming figure, the sound of the wistful yet calm voice, made his answer as usual. The child was better. The hanging would doubtless come ere-long.

For once, however, Bisram did not accept the reply as final.

"The Huzoor means that it will not come to-day?" he asked quietly.

The doctor raised his eyebrows. "To-day? What made you think of to-day? Certainly not. There's no chance of it."

But he was wrong. Two hours afterward the jail overseer sent for him in a hurry, because Bisram had completed his sacrifice by strangling himself in his cell with his waistcloth. What else could he do, seeing that it was the last day of the year during which the propitiation of a sacrifice kept Kâli Ma from revenge?

"Poor devil!" said the doctor as he stood up after his examination. "I'm glad now I did n't tell him the child was dead."

*Flora Annie Steel.*

---

## TEN BEAUTIFUL YEARS.

"TEN beautiful years." He dropped his head on her desk and whispered the words over and over. There could never be any more years with her, and the light and joy were gone from his life.

"We have been so happy! There's nothing to regret. We have had ten beautiful years."

That was her last message. He could see her now, and hear her faintly whisper the tender words. Something of the comfort she meant to give stole into his heart as he remembered them. At least, he could be glad for the past, — glad beyond all that she had nothing to regret.



Thank God, she never dreamed how his jealousy of her success had once nearly ruined their lives. The blood burned hot in his cheeks as the memory of that wretched time came back to him. How could he have been so contemptibly weak? The thought carried him from the desolate horrors of the present back to the beginning of their married life. Slowly their years together passed before his inner sight.

The picture of their first two years was full of the light of perfect happiness. No two, he felt, had ever been more truly wedded. It was then, too, that her paintings gained their first decided recognition. Though the same years brought him nothing but failure, he had felt only pride and delight in her success. He would have lingered tenderly over this part of their life, but something hurried him on to the next year. He dropped his illustrative work entirely that year, and devoted all his time to painting. It was a wise change, too, he had felt, for by spring his work clearly showed a great gain in strength and charm. Secretly, he had almost agreed with Margaret that one of his pictures must take the Society prize. But it was the same old story. At the end of the season they all came back to him, unsold, unprized. But all of Margaret's pictures had sold, and one received honorable mention. And he had realized that the next year's expenses must be paid by her.

The memory of that hour swept over him with a horrible vividness. The only comfort that came to him now was the knowledge that he had kept his feelings from her. She never knew why he was so glad just then to make a visit to their old uncle. In the quiet of the country he struggled with himself till he was able to come back, sane. The following months were crowded with work and happiness. He was sure she had never remembered that she was the breadwinner that year. Those days were

full of light and rosy color; but his thoughts soon drew him away from them to the next spring.

All his pictures that season had been well received and fairly well hung; not nearly so well, however, as Margaret's. It seemed as if hanging committees, for once, had suddenly developed unexpected discrimination. They gave her steadily lighted places, neither too high nor too low, her perspectives taken into account in a most miraculous way. And Margaret had sold; more than all, Margaret had taken a first prize, and once again a third prize.

Here his mental picture became grim and distorted. Could he ever forget how, for one dreadful hour, he had forgotten to make jubilee with her?

He had been awarded no prize, and not one of his glowing canvases had been sold. Then, bitter chagrin and a terrible doubt of his own ability so racked him that he grew afraid to let her see his face. With a fishing-trip for excuse, he had again left her till he could regain his self-command. Three days later, he was so sore and smarting that even now he did not care to speculate upon what might have been the end. It was in the midst of his despair that a blessed letter came. In it the trustees of a well-known art museum offered him a thousand dollars for his picture exhibited that year.

When he took Margaret into his arms again, she did not suspect that his first thought was one of thankfulness for an escape from possible shipwreck. She was only wildly happy over his success.

"You're known now!" she cried gleefully. "You won't have stupid men and stupider pictures climbing over you any more. You've begun to win, and you'll keep right on."

What a glorious year that next was! — a year of noble work flooded with the sunshine of happy love. Sitting before her desk, where she would sit no more, he felt more deeply than ever all the

joy of those months. What a busy pair, too, they had been! And when spring came, how well their pictures appeared! What did she say about his Easter Morning just before it was boxed? He seemed to hear the very tones of the dear voice.

"Rob, I think you have found your forte. But it is n't in such dream-subjects as this. It's down there in the left-hand corner. If you can't paint better sheep and cows and brooks and skies than any man we have, I'll sell my Mother and Child for a dollar. Rob, you're an animal-landscapist, and we never knew it before!"

Then she danced a Highland fling before him, till he caught her in his arms, and promised, to please her, that his next composition should have nothing in it but sheep and cows and brooks and skies.

Once more his big frames started on their wandering way, with her little ones beside them. He remembered he had hoped much that time, and when the season's last exhibit was nearly over, with all his pictures still unsold, the old wretched thoughts again pressed upon him. It had taken more effort than he cared to remember to show Margaret only joy at her successes; but she had not seen his trouble, he was certain; and the very last day of the last exhibit, his big Easter Morning was bought by their own art museum.

After that he began his "animal-scrapes," as Margaret called them; and she was right, as she always was. He had taken prizes and sold, till now every canvas he sent out was sure to find a purchaser. At last he had been able to do all for her that he had longed to do. Best of all, she had never suspected his sore bitterness before his success came. Thank God, she could say truly, "Ten beautiful years." Forever these words would comfort and console him. That he had been true to his trust, that he had not even in his despair tortured her, was exceeding sweet to him now.

Yes, he was glad, unspeakably glad, he said to himself, as he once more began to look over her letters and papers. Yet, just for a minute, he felt himself insanely longing that she might have guessed his trouble.

For the next hour he tried to forget everything but the papers that he must arrange. Her scrappy memoranda, hasty marginal notes on bills and receipts, her curious collection of useless odds and ends, kept choking him and sending sharp stings into his heart; but he worked on, till all was in order except the last drawer. That held a fat leather book which he saw was a sort of journal. One day she made only brief jottings of subjects for pictures; the next she told in comical sentences of a row with a grocer. Further on she went into a little rhapsody over a beautiful day in the country that they had taken together. One night she wrote of a religious discussion with a certain minister who was troubled about her soul. Robert laughed and almost cried at the way she tripped the worthy parson, and then contritely showed him how far she really was from the heretic he thought her. Once she described a man's face, — a face that, though idealized beyond his belief, he did not need her concluding words, "the man I love," to know was his own. A little further on came the following entries: —

"May 20. Rob's pictures have come back, unsold. What are people thinking of? And why did that stupid jury give me an honorable mention, and ignore him? This is the third year that he has n't sold a canvas. It breaks my heart. I know he will succeed sooner or later, but it is n't the easiest thing for one who seems to be making only failures to keep his own courage up. If only he had the little money I have! Or else, if he could sell instead of me!

"May 21. Rob is going to uncle Ben's for a few days' rest. I know what is the real matter. He's discouraged;



and he's thinking of the remarks that certain of our relatives will make about his failures. They never shall have the chance to make them. I'll get a new gown to-morrow, and tell them that Rob's last picture bought it. I wish I could comfort him.

"June 1. Rob is back, and all right again, thank Heaven, and he's the bravest man I know. He has gone to work without any fuss, and is as cheery as a bobolink. If I could only make him understand how big and splendid and fine he is to me, I don't believe he'd worry about art committees or stupid people who don't know good pictures."

So she *had* guessed! The little book dropped from his hand. And she had no reproaches for him; she even thought him brave and splendid. Somehow this knowledge comforted him unspeakably, and he turned to the next pages with a warm glow. There was very little written for nearly a year; then, under date of March 20, he read:—

"All the canvases are out of the house. Rob's Earth and Heaven is stunning. But it is n't the kind of picture that appeals to the public, nor, I'm afraid, to prize committees either. I wonder if it is a part of nineteenth-century decadence,—this *fashion* in art? Where do we end, when painters themselves fail to appreciate good work unless when it is their 'kind'?"

"If Rob should n't get any recognition this year, I don't know what I shall do. He must! No one can go on forever without encouragement. If he only could once get a prize or be bought by a prominent somebody, he'd be all right. The herd always follows a leader.

"April 5. We are all hung. Rob's Earth and Heaven is n't in a very good light, while my Moonshine is fairly foisted into conspicuous notice by the extraordinary care in placing. Why I should be so favored, and the real genius of Rob so little appreciated, I can't comprehend. I only wish I could be hang-

ing committee and prize committee and general public, all in one, for just one day!

"April 30. Two of my daubs have sold, and one has taken a prize. It breaks my heart; I wish I had n't sent any at all. There is one more chance for Rob. If he is n't mentioned then, I shall want to go away and hide. And he is as brave as ever. Would n't I rave if I were he! It is so abominably unfair.

"May 25. Everything is over. Rob did n't sell, did n't get a prize, did n't get anything. I never shall forget his face when he first knew it. If I could only have comforted him! But I am sure he would rather have me never suspect his soreness. He is going off fishing for a day or two. Fishing! My brave boy! He thinks he will get over the hurt before he comes back to me. What's a wife good for if she can't help at such times as this? But I seem so powerless.

"May 30. It's done! I'm glad now that Rob insisted I should keep entire control of the little money I have. It was easy, once thought of, to sell a bond, and have the broker himself send the amount to the museum with the understanding that it should buy Rob's picture. No one except that unimportant broker knows a thing about it. As for giving up the bond, it does n't make any difference. I'll scrimp in house-keeping. Besides, once Rob is recognized so publicly, he'll be gaining shekels for himself."

Once more the book slipped from the man's hands, and his head dropped into them, while big sobs shook his whole body.

"My wife!" he whispered brokenly, "my wife!"

After a while, with the tears still on his cheeks, he again opened the little volume at a date a year later.

"May 25. Only one more day, and Rob has won nothing, while I, wretched

catchpenny, have sold and got prizes in abundance. How could they praise my trash, and slight such work as Rob's? He shall not be so disappointed. I'll sell another bond and present it to the museum. The broker can manage it for me, and nobody will ever know. I only wish I dared take more of the money. But there is so little, and house-keeping does cost so much. If our respected relatives knew how we *do* manage, they would have a high opinion of our domestic economy. This thousand dollars must be spent for a better studio for Rob. He will need the room if he goes in for animals. Guess we'll build a double one right behind the house."

A year after this came the following:

"*June 15.* Hurrah! Hurrah! Rob's triumph has come! He got prizes, and has sold everything and has orders ahead. Is n't that glorious! I always knew he would finally win, but the waiting seemed so long.

"I've been almost wishing I might

tell him about the last two years. But he is a man, and I'm afraid it might hurt his pride, even if he has at last succeeded. I never realized till those years of apparent failure how strong he is, or how I — worship him! And I felt so ashamed of the stupid people who praised me instead of him that I could n't bear to take their money. I had no business with it. Besides, I knew if he once got his name before the public the rest would follow. I'm so happy and thankful! I should like to tell him all about it, and how I love — love him — love him."

The fire burned low in the grate; the shadows crept out of the corners, and slipped across the floor, and huddled about the man who sat, with bowed head, clapping the little book. Out of the stillness came the message that would abide with him so long as he must live: "There's nothing to regret. We have had ten beautiful years."

*Mary Knight Potter.*

---

#### M. EDMOND ROSTAND.

THE world is seeking a poet. There was a time the poet came uncalled, but that is past. Now men search diligently lest the light be hid forever beneath its bushel, and leave the earth in darkness. Slender volumes of verse, tentatively put forth by publishers, are zealously examined. To stand sponsor to a poet is the secret hope of the reviewer. Academies offer prizes for poetry with signs of permanence. The laurel wreath is plaited and trimmed. The feast of welcome is spread. Out in the high-ways and hedges the critics search to find a poet, and compel him to come in.

The wisdom of this course is a vexed question. Should a poet, to borrow a phrase of Burke's, be "coaxed and dan-

dled into eminence," or do the winds of adversity provoke a sturdier growth? There is little use in citing witnesses. What Johnson would swear to, Mat Prior must deny; while Goldsmith would shake his head sadly over Gay. The truth lies between the poles. Much depends on temperament, the rest on circumstances. It is safer to run no risk. Let us be generous, not lavish. The poet should be of his own making; but when he has made and proved himself a poet, then let not our praise halt reluctantly behind.

And our welcome should be catholic as it is generous. The realm of poetry is wide, but it is one. Neither race, nor language, nor class divides it. The



poetic dramatist, the pastoral poet, the writer of sonnets, the singer of songs, are all members one of another. Homer, Horace, Victor Hugo, Heine, Tennyson, are the common heritage of all who love them. It is the same with lesser men who have delighted generations. And now we are glad that another name may worthily be added to the list of poets, — the name of the young French dramatist, M. Edmond Rostand.

The success of a young man carries with it an exhilarating sense of possibility that can never come from the work of a veteran. M. Rostand has not yet passed his thirtieth year. The fullness of his power lies, we hope, in the future, although it is hard to believe that he can outdo the merit of his last achievement.

M. Rostand was born at Marseilles in the autumn of 1868. The passion of his boyhood was for the stage. Plays and acting soon became his favorite study. Given romance, ambition, poetry, and a boy, and who shall tell the reams of paper used? His proficiency in verse increased amazingly, and at eighteen he was the author of a metrical comedy — in manuscript. For some time the play was laid away. We believe it must have been revised, but, however this may be, the author plucked up courage, dispatched his work to the *Comédie Française*, and waited for an answer. Like editors, the managers of theatres are but poor correspondents. If we may trust report, the reply was postmarked one year later. Even then the managers were not to be hurried to a rash conclusion. They required the author to appear before them. He obeyed, and read his work in the presence of his assembled judges. The ingenuity, the drollery, the nimble verse of *Les Romanesques* delighted the audience. The play was accepted and promptly filed. The author returned to the provinces. Soon afterward he joined a theatrical company, and ap-

peared before the footlights in a drama called *Le Gant Rouge*. It was not, however, until the 21st of May, 1894, that, together with two other brief pieces, both the work of young playwrights, *Les Romanesques* was actually performed upon the stage.

The plot of this three-act play is an inversion of a traditional farce. Two fathers, in reality the nearest of friends, wish their children to marry each other. But the youth and maiden, living in dreams of romance, would never hear of a smooth road to love. Wise parents know their children. The fathers feign the hate of Capulets and Montagues, and to their delight the enraptured children play *Romeo and Juliet* in earnest. And so the theme runs on through a succession of absurd misadventures to a happy ending.

It is all mere farce. In the love scenes the verse is heightened to playful burlesque. At times the humor broadens, and we fear buffoonery. But buffoonery never really comes, and all the while we laugh as at the high spirits of a child. We cannot criticise the work seriously; we do not care to. We think of the author as some charming boy who has within him the traditions of a noble school. His verses show the elegance of his breeding. We need have little fear for his future. Let him frolic as he will.

In his second piece, played at the *Théâtre de la Renaissance* the following year, M. Rostand has grown older. *La Princesse Lointaine* is romance in very truth. Jeffroy Rudel, prince and troubadour, sails eastward in search of the princess of his waking dreams. When the boat reaches Tripoli, the crew are fainting from starvation, and the minstrel himself is very close to death. Calling his brother-in-arms, Bertrand, he bids him land and implore the princess to come to the ship that he may behold her once before he dies. Bertrand plights his word. He goes ashore, and finds

Messalinde beautiful beyond dreams, and surrounded by the splendor of the East. The messenger pleads his cause too well. Struck by his grace, his bearing, and the passion of his words, the princess determines to make him hers. Gradually she seduces him from his loyalty. Her own love swells with her success. She exclaims to her maid:—

“Qu'on doit l'aimer celui que l'on rendit infâme  
Et qu'il faut consoler de ce qu'il fit pour nous.”

Bertrand struggles in vain against the gilded meshes of her net. He yields, and renounces honor, loyalty, everything, for her.

Suddenly black sails, the token of death, are seen in the harbor. The horror of their crime comes over the lovers. The signal is a mistake, but their awakening has come. In an agony of repentance, they hasten to the galley. The nobleness of Jeffroy Rudel, as he lies dying, strikes to the soul of Messalinde. The minstrel dies in her arms, and thenceforth she consecrates her life to God.

The play is pitched upon a note of deep intensity, and supports it well. The author attempts to relieve the stress by the introduction of a semi-comic villain, Squarciarfico, who serves the turn with indifferent success. A better expedient is the grace of the lighter verse, while a charming little love song adds a touch of archness that is all too slight. In the love scenes, the verse is rich and passionate, though unequal. Like a born playwright, the author shapes his situations to fine powers of acting. Indeed, one feels instinctively that the key of the play is in its dedication “à Madame Sarah Bernhardt;” for as if to suit the part the great actress loves best to play, the character of Messalinde finds its prototype in the Serpent of Old Nile.

La Princesse Lointaine is a remarkable literary accomplishment. Its romantic passion and dramatic power deserve

high praise, yet we cannot but regret that the author's gayety and sprightly humor find no outlet here. We recognize his ripening power, but we would not have him lose his earlier charm. We would counsel him:—

“Enjoy your dear wit and gay rhetoric  
That hath so well been taught her dazzling  
fence.”

It is a custom of the Parisian stage to produce each year, during Passion Week, plays based upon some religious topic. And so it seemed little out of the common, when the bill for Holy Wednesday night in 1897, at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, was announced as *La Samaritaine*, *Evangile en vers* par M. Rostand.

In substance, the play is an elaborate paraphrase of the pathetic story in the fourth chapter of St. John. After the conversation at the well, the woman of Samaria, mocked and despised by the people of her city, confesses her sins before them, and describes with passionate adoration the Saviour sitting at their gates. The crowd listens with incredulity; then, suddenly taking fire at her words, streams from out the city. Jesus talks with them, sometimes according to the Gospel of St. John, sometimes according to that of M. Rostand; and when the emotional fervor has reached its height the play ends in prayer.

It is hard for an Anglo-Saxon to attempt an impartial judgment of the literary worth of this astonishing performance, so opposed is it to every ingrained principle and prejudice of our inheritance. The Passion Play at Oberammergau is a religious rite. This is an emotional pastime. The simplicity of the Gospels remains in our minds as the noblest type of dignity. It has even been hard for many of us to accept the New Version of the Testament, and now this Frenchman mutilates, amplifies, alters at will, to suit the nice requirements of his verse, and gain the plaudits of a holiday crowd. The words of Jesus, so



familiar in their English rendering, are in our ears : " But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst ; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." And then we read : —

" Quiconque

Boira l'eau de ce puits aura soif de nouveau ;  
Mais il n'aura plus soif, celui qui boira l'eau  
Que je lui donnerai ; car en lui naîtra d'elle  
Le bondissement frais d'une eau perpétuelle,  
De sorte qu'il sera sans fin désaltéré  
Celui qui boira l'eau que je lui donnerai."

The dilution sounds weak and mawkish. If worse were wanting, we might find it in the parable of the Good Samaritan in verse of complicated metre. Nor is this all. Ill satisfied with the words which sixty generations of men have learned as the perfect expression of a simple faith, this metrical evangelist turns the Lord's Prayer into rhyme, and uses it for a stage climax.

But it would be folly to deny that there is merit in the play. There is skill and there is poetry. Take, for instance, these verses in which Photine (such it seems is the name of the woman at the well) speaks of her jar of water :

" Tu vois cette eau, cette eau limpide, si limpide  
Que lorsqu'il en est plein, le vase semble vide ;  
Si fraîche que l'on voit en larmes de lueur,  
En perles de clarté ruisseler la sueur,  
La sueur de fraîcheur que l'amphore pansue  
Par tous les pores fins de son argile sue !"

One must seek far for a description more delicate than this.

It is a fair generalization to say that whenever M. Rostand is able to shake off the shackles of his paraphrase his verse gains in strength and dignity. Sometimes, however, he ventures upon sentiment dangerously at variance with our conception of the Gospel. As Photine first comes upon the stage she sings some lover's verses, which, were not their original familiar to us in the Song of Songs, we should think charming. A little later, when, marveling at the gra-

cious words of Christ, she seeks to give voice to her love and adoration, she breaks forth involuntarily in the same strain, — a strain that had been but too often addressed to earthly lovers. In a moment she checks herself, with a sense of sacrilege ; but Jesus comforts her, saying : —

" Je suis toujours un peu dans tous les mots d'amour."

Surely we Anglo-Saxons may rejoice that a wise Providence withheld from the French the original writing of the four Gospels !

It was not until last winter that M. Rostand's reputation crossed the Channel, upon the burst of applause that followed the production of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Here for the first time the playwright's talents found their proper measure. His wit, his mastery of verse, his spirit, his young enthusiasm combined in a romantic masterpiece. Not since *She Stoops to Conquer* and *A School for Scandal* has so brilliant a play been written for the stage. Success was immediate and overwhelming. Critic and audience were swept away in a torrent of delighted approbation. Even M. Jules Le Maître, striving hard to maintain his judicial composure, exclaimed that his thirteen years of critical experience had never witnessed any such performance ; while M. Émile Faguet and an army of connoisseurs fairly shouted themselves hoarse in a tumult of unreasoning admiration.

The story of the play is well known. *Cyrano de Bergerac*, prince among wits, king among his comrades, poet, gascon, and swashbuckler, blessed with a thousand graces, but penniless and cursed with a fatal nose, adores his cousin, Roxane. She, unsuspecting of his secret, likes his companionship, but her own affections lean toward Christian, a soldier with a generous heart, a dull wit, and a pretty face. As for Christian, he worships Roxane, but, distrusting his own eloquence, he dares not plead his cause.

With romantic unselfishness, Cyrano teaches him the nice art of gallantry, and even writes for him his love letters, pouring into them all his own passion. Roxane is touched by the fascinating impurity of the lover. While she leans one night from her balcony, Christian woos her with words whispered in his ear by Cyrano under cover of the darkness. She is conquered, and Cyrano raises his rival to receive the kiss that he himself has won.

But the chivalrous hero does not pause till the victory is complete. By his contrivance the lovers are married. Then Christian and Cyrano are compelled to depart for the wars, and the next act opens upon the siege of Arras. Roxane's love for her husband has been fanned by every letter Cyrano has written in his name. Fearful of his safety she comes to the camp. She tells him that hers is no common love: she loves him for his soul; she would deem it an insult were her passion for his beauty alone. Poor simple-hearted Christian is overwhelmed. He seeks out Cyrano, and tells him that all dissimulation must cease. Roxane must choose between them. Cyrano feels that it is he who is loved beneath the mask of another; but his constancy does not falter. He implores Christian, for the sake of her whom they both adore, to keep the secret, and hastens to Roxane. All that he has heard is true. Her love is more than skin-deep. Were her husband ugly, hideous, — nay, were he disfigured, — she swears that she should love him still. Nothing could make him grotesque in her sight. Cyrano scarcely trusts himself to speak. Just then a comrade whispers something in his ear. Christian has been mortally wounded by the enemy. His friends hurry to his side, and as he lies dying in his mistress's arms Cyrano whispers a noble falsehood in his ear: — "J'ai tout dit. C'est toi qu'elle aime encore."

The last act takes place fifteen years later. Roxane, who ever since the tra-

gedy has been living in retirement, is cheered every Saturday by a visit from Cyrano, who tells her of the doings of the great world of Paris. One day he is wounded by a billet of wood hurled at his head by a skulking valet. Unwilling to renounce his audience, he goes to see Roxane without telling of his hurt. They talk of old times, and she shows Cyrano her last letter from Christian, which through all these years she has worn near her heart. As Cyrano reads aloud the familiar words, the daylight fades. Unconsciously he goes on. Roxane watches him in amazement. All at once she understands. But Cyrano's wound is mortal. "I have loved but a single being, and I have lost him twice!" she exclaims. And presently he dies.

Upon Paris, crammed to repletion with plays of an outworn and degenerate type, Cyrano de Bergerac came with a quickening spirit. The school of the classics had long been neglected. The reign of Dumas fils had scarcely been challenged. The problems of conscience which he loved dearly to exploit under most untoward circumstances were favorite texts for polite conversation. *Le Demi-Monde* and *Monsieur Alphonse* afforded ample opportunity for debate. Denise went further, and united the two absorbing questions: Should a young woman who has sinned confess her fault to an honest man who has asked her hand in marriage? Should a man who has betrayed a woman tell the truth to his best friend, if he wishes to marry her, but is suspicious of her past? In the name of all that is reasonable, here were subtleties enough to enliven a dozen soirées. But other decadent types were not wanting. The *ménage à trois* had been acted in all its variations from light comedy to suicide and murder. Social problems, treated in their most brutal forms in *Les Mauvais Bergers* and a host of lesser pieces, had played upon the passions of the people. The question of woman's



position in every rank of society had been a favorite theme to juggle with. Only recently, the crowd had applauded as a masterpiece a play which discusses in its nakedness the problem which confronts the wife of a debauchee, and suggests as a solution that marriage vows once broken by the husband are no longer binding upon the wife. After all this, the noble touch of idealism that makes *Cyrano de Bergerac* the play it is was hailed with intense relief. It was the same relief that in a petty scale comes to the reader of some sparkling romance after he has toiled through shelves of bald and arid realism. People love extremes, and M. Rostand came in the nick of time.

Yet all this detracts not one whit from the merits of the play. M. Rostand's venture commanded success, but it deserved it. At the moment, Parisians thought the play a creation of a new type. In reality it is the lineal descendant of the best traditions of French literature. The author has schooled himself in his Molière, his Corneille, his Hugo, and he knows them as well as ever Stevenson did his Scott or Keats his Shakespeare. Read *Cyrano de Bergerac* carefully, and you will find reverence for the masters at every turn. The note of high romance, which Corneille caught from Ronsard and from the literature of Spain, is struck again by M. Rostand. In *Cyrano's* disdain for the world there is something that reminds us of *Le Misanthrope* himself. Perhaps it is not fanciful to imagine that, in part at least, our hero inherits his adventurous spirit and merry humor straight from *Le Sage's Knight of Santillane*. Certain it is that the blood of *Ruy Blas* flows in his veins, and who would deny his kinship to the Three Musketeers and *d'Artagnan* to boot? But M. Rostand has been the master, not the servant, of tradition. In the best sense his play is original, for it is instinct with his own genius.

The keynote of the plot is the hero's self-sacrifice. His unselfishness is complete, but it is not without compensation. In the intensity of his pain, he is conscious of a subtle delight in knowing that he himself is loved in the person of Christian. This is far from pure altruism. It is more sensuous, more complex, more human, more interesting.

Yet were it not for *Cyrano* himself, we should care little for his ideals. Bar but his nose, and he fits snugly in the choicest niche left vacant in our fancy. Again, he is just as once he was when all Paris was his stage. In a pleasant volume that has long lain undusted on library shelves, Gautier recalls the *Cyrano* of history, and numbers him among *Les Grotesques*, the odd fish of literature.

Born in the province of Périgord in 1620, *Cyrano* early grew impatient of a quiet home and a parochial school. At eighteen he hurried to Paris, and speedily became the gayest and most brilliant of a gay and brilliant throng. His caustic wit made a new jest at every enemy, and a new enemy at every jest. Soon, too, all good Churchmen swelled the number of his foes; when he wrote the tragedy of *Agrippine*, he was promptly accused of atheism, because, as was pointedly remarked, neither *Agrippine* nor *Sejanus* played a truly Christian part. Indeed, it could not be denied that *Sejanus* spoke like a downright heathen when he said:—

"These gods whom men have made, and who have not made men."

The scandal was patent, and the author was duly held responsible. His rapier, however, proved a ready defense, and beyond a duel or two a day he ran little danger. But the hero was not invulnerable. His nose was a tender spot. The vaguest reference to this inimitable feature threw him into a paroxysm of rage. If a stranger stared, it was an insult; if he pointed, it was a signal for instant execution.

At the siege of Arras, in 1640, *Cy-*

rano's prodigies might have put Froisart's heroes to the blush. When a hundred enemies hurl an insult at his friend, he charges them single-handed: kills two, wounds a score, and chases the remnant breathless from the field. But valor without a patron is worth little. Cyrano's services went unrewarded, and soon he left the service in disgust.

Again at Paris, he turned his attention to literature. His *Voyage à la Lune* was famous in its day, and his *Pédant Joué* contained a brilliant scene worthy of a place among the master strokes of comedy. It was laid aboard a pirate's galley, and Molière, then just rising into fame, felt little compunction in preying upon it, stealing the dialogue almost verbatim, and adorning the *Fourberies de Scapin* with the borrowed refrain: —

"Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère."

As an inventor, too, Cyrano was born to make his mark, and the principle of the balloon can clearly be traced to his ingenious mind. But wit, skill, and courage served the poor fellow ill. His reputation was stolen, his money left him, and in 1655 he died miserably at the hand of an assassin. As he lay on his death-bed, like many a worse sinner, he renounced forever the glittering folly of the world. His soul would rest in heaven, were it not reincarnate in M. Coquelin to-day.

M. Rostand's hero is the very Cyrano of real life, though his brilliancy is now beyond poor human limits. The scenes about him lend him fitting scope. A dozen butts stand ready for his ridicule, and every shaft he wings strikes home. An unrepresented viscount, angered at his bearing, stalks up to him.

"Rascal, knave, jackass, idiot!" he exclaims.

With perfect gravity Cyrano removes his cap, and, as though his lordship had just introduced himself, replies: "Ah? And I am Cyrano Savinien Hercule de Bergerac."

If Cyrano can shine as a wit, he can

burn as a lover. Though spokesman for another's heart, his words pour forth straight from his own. In the tumult of his feelings, he forgets everything but his own love. But all the while a quaint affectation that might rival Lovelace clings to his speech in a charming extravagance of simile and conceit: —

"Un baiser, — qu'est ce ?

Un point rose qu'on met sur l'i du verbe  
aimer;

C'est un secret qui prend la bouche pour  
oreille,

Un instant d'infini qui fait un bruit d'abeille."

A Sidney would, we fear, have numbered this lover

"Of them who in their lips love's standard wear."

When Cyrano grows old, as is the way of life, his charm declines. He comes on the stage feeble and wounded. It is not in nature nor in art that his attraction should be strong as once it was. And yet though the play must needs be rounded out, we half regret that we have read the closing act. The hero's name shall not be spoken when we do not think of him as he was in the heyday of his romance.

Roxane is a perfect type of the *précieuse*. A past mistress of affectation, she never wants for wit or spirit. About these central figures cluster a score of minor characters. The play itself sweeps forward with a rush of splendid spirit. Jest follows jest; retort, retort; and there is action in every line. The verse, where it is not broken up in conversation too greatly to allow it, is fluent and melodious, and shows the stamp of careful workmanship. The songs are full of fire, and go dashing along in an infectious metre that will not leave the mind at rest. We defy anybody to listen to "Ce sont les cadets de Gascogne," and then to go home and forget its gay refrain. A man might as well stuff his fingers in his ears, and swear he should not know the Marseillaise when next he heard it. In the fourth act the fight is



worthy of a place in the bastion of the Three Musketeers before La Rochelle. The duel in the first outrivals Bob Acres's bout with Sir Lucius. We scarcely know how we had rather spend an evening than in watching M. Coquelin play *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

For M. Rostand himself our hopes are high. His is a lucky star, and since his birth it has been in the ascendant. He has never played at buffets with the

world. Fortunately for him, his ancestors have spent their days upon high stools, and he is free to court the muses in a drawing-room. Thus far, comfort has not spoiled him, and success has but served to sharpen his ambition. His education is of the best, he is young, and he has ideals. Let us trust that he will follow them.

"In uns selbst liegen die Sterne unseres Glücks."

*Ellery Sedgwick.*

## REMINISCENCES OF JULIA WARD HOWE.

### I. EARLIEST YEARS.

I HAVE been urgently asked to put together my reminiscences. I could wish that I had begun to do so at an earlier period of my life, because now, well on in my seventy-eighth year, the lines of the past are somewhat confused in my memory. Yet, with God's help, I shall endeavor to do justice to the individuals whom I have known, and to the events of which I have had some personal knowledge.

Let me say at the very beginning that I esteem this century, now near its close, to have eminently deserved a record among those which have been great landmarks in human history. It has seen the culmination of prophecies, the birth of new hopes, and a marvelous multiplication both of the ideas which promote human happiness and of the resources which enable man to make himself master of the world. Napoleon is said to have forbidden his subordinates to tell him that any order of his was impossible of fulfillment. One might think that the genius of this age must have uttered a like injunction. To attain instantaneous communication with our friends across oceans and through every continent; to command locomotion whose swiftness

changes the relations of space and time; to steal from Nature her deepest secrets, and to make disease itself the minister of cure; to compel the sun to keep for us the record of scenes and faces, of the great shows and pageants of time, of the perishable forms whose charm and beauty deserve to remain in the world's possession, — these are some of the achievements of our nineteenth century. Even more wonderful than these may we esteem the moral progress of the race; the decline of political and religious enmities, the growth of good will and mutual understanding between nations, the waning of popular superstition, the spread of civic ideas, the recognition of the mutual obligations of classes, the advancement of woman to dignity in the household and efficiency in the state. All this our century has seen and approved. To the ages following it will hand on an inestimable legacy, an imperishable record.

While my heart exults at these grandeurs of which I have seen and known something, my contribution to their history can be of only fragmentary and fitful interest. On the world's great scene, each of us can only play his little part, often with poor comprehension of

the mighty drama which is going on around him. If any one of us undertakes to set this down, he should do it with the utmost truth and simplicity; not as if Seneca or Tacitus or St. Paul were speaking, but as he himself, plain Hodge or Dominie or Mrs. Grundy, is moved to speak. He should not borrow from others the sentiments which he ought to have entertained, but relate truthfully how matters appeared to him, as they and he went on. Thus much I can promise to do in these pages, and no more.

The attention bestowed upon impressions of childhood to-day will, I hope, justify me in recording some of the earliest points in consciousness which I still recall.

I remember when a thimble was first given to me, some simple bit of work being at the same time placed in my hand. Some one said, "Take the needle in this hand." I did so, and, placing the thimble on a finger of the other hand, I began to sew without its aid, to the amusement of my teacher. This trifle appears to me an early indication of a want of perception as to the use of tools which has accompanied me through life. I remember also that, being told that I must ask pardon for some childish fault, I said to my mother, with perfect contentment, "Oh yes, I pardon you," and was surprised to hear that in this way I had not made the *amende honorable*.

I encountered great difficulty in acquiring the *th* sound, when my mother tried to teach me to call her by that name. "Muzzer, muzzer," was all that I could manage to say. But the dear parent presently said, "If you cannot do better than that, you will have to go back and call me mamma." The shame of going back moved me to one last effort, and, summoning my utmost strength of tongue, I succeeded in saying "mother," an achievement from which I was never obliged to recede.

A journey up the Hudson River was undertaken, when I was very young, for the bettering of my mother's health. An older sister of hers went with us, as well as a favorite waiting-woman, and a young physician whose care had saved my father's life a year or more before my own birth. After reaching Albany, we traveled in my father's carriage; the grown persons occupying the seats, and I sitting in my little chair at their feet. A book of short tales and poems was often resorted to for my amusement, and I still remember how the young doctor read to me, "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man," and how my tears came, and could not be hidden.

The sight of Niagara caused me much surprise. Playing on the piazza of the hotel, one day, with only the doctor for my companion, I ventured to ask him, "Who made that great hole where the water comes down?" He replied, "The great Maker of all." "Who is that?" I innocently inquired; and he said, "Do you not know? Our Father who art in heaven." I felt that I ought to have known, and went away somewhat abashed.

Another day, my mother told me that we were going to visit Red Jacket, a great Indian chief, and that I must be very polite to him. She gave me a twist of tobacco tied with a blue ribbon, which I was to present to him, and bade me observe the silver medal which I should see hung on his neck, and which, she said, had been given to him by General Washington. We drove to the Indian encampment, of which I dimly remember the extent and the wigwams. A tall figure advanced to the carriage. As its door was opened, I sprang forward, clasped my arms around the neck of the noble savage, and was astonished at his cool reception of such a greeting. I was surprised and grieved afterwards to learn that I had not done exactly the right thing. The Indians, in those days and long after, occupied numerous settlements



in the western part of the state of New York, where one often saw the boys with their bows and arrows, and the squaws carrying their papooses on their backs.

The journey here mentioned must have taken place when I was little more than four years old. Another year and a half brought me the burden of a great sorrow. I recall months of sweet companionship with the first and dearest of friends, my mother. The last summer of her life was passed at a fine country-seat in Bloomingdale, which was then a picturesque country place, about six miles from New York, but is now incorporated in the city.

I remember this summer as a particularly happy period. My younger brother and I had our lessons in a lovely green bower. Our French teacher came out at intervals in the Bloomingdale stage. My mother often took me with her for a walk in the beautiful garden, from which she plucked flowers that she arranged with great taste. There was much mysterious embroidering of small caps and gowns, the purpose of which I little guessed. The autumn came, and with it our return to town. And then, one bitter morning, I awoke to hear the words, "Little Julia, your mother is dead." Before this my father had announced to us that a little sister had arrived. "And she can open and shut her eyes," he said, smiling.

His grief at the loss of my mother was so intense as to lay him prostrate with illness. He told me, years after this time, that he had welcomed the physical agony which perforce diverted his thoughts from the cause of his mental suffering. The little sister of whose coming he had told us so joyfully was for a long time kept from his sight. The rest of us were gathered around him, but this feeble little creature was not asked for. At last my dear old grandfather came to visit us, and learned the state of my father's feelings. The old gentleman went into the nursery, took the tiny infant from

its nurse, and laid it in my father's arms. The little one thenceforth became the object of his most tender affection.

He regarded all his children with great solicitude, feeling, as he afterward said to one of us, that he must now be mother as well as father. My mother's last request had been that her unmarried sister, the same one who had accompanied us on the journey to Niagara, should be sent for to have charge of us, and this arrangement was speedily effected.

This aunt of ours had long been a caretaker in her mother's household, where she had had much to do with bringing up her younger sisters and brothers. My mother had been accustomed to borrow her from time to time, and my aunt had threatened to hang out a sign over the door with the inscription, "Cheering done here by the job, by E. Cutler." She was a person of rare honesty, entirely conscientious in character, possessed of few accomplishments, but endowed with the keenest sense of humor. She watched over our early years with incessant care. We little ones were kept much in our warm nursery. We were taken out for a drive in fine weather, but rarely went out on foot. As a consequence of this overcherishing, we were constantly liable to suffer from colds and sore throats. The young physician of whom I have already spoken became an inmate of our house soon after my mother's death. He was afterward well known in New York society as an excellent practitioner, and as a man of a certain genius. Those were the days of mighty doses, and the slightest indisposition was sure to call down upon us the administration of the drugs then in favor with the faculty, but now rarely used.

My father's affliction was such that a change of scene became necessary for him. The beautiful house at the Bowling Green was sold, with the new furniture which had been ordered expressly for my mother's pleasure, and which we never saw uncovered. We removed to

Bond Street, which was then at the upper extremity of New York city. My father's friends said to him, "Mr. Ward, you are going out of town." And so indeed it seemed at that time. We occupied one of three white freestone houses, and saw from our windows the gradual building up of the street, which is now in the central part of New York. My father had purchased a large lot of land at the corner of our street and Broadway. On a part of this he subsequently erected a house which was considered one of the finest in the city.

My father was disposed to be extremely careful in the choice of our associates, and intended, no doubt, that we should receive our education at home. At a later day his plans were changed somewhat, and after some experience of governesses and masters I was at last sent to a school in the near neighborhood of our house. I was nine years old at this time, somewhat precocious for my age, and endowed with a good memory. This fact may have led to my being at once placed in a class of girls much older than myself, especially occupied with the study of Paley's Moral Philosophy. I managed to commit many pages of this book to memory, in a rather listless and perfunctory manner. I was much more interested in the study of chemistry, although it was not illustrated by any experiments. The system of education followed at that time consisted largely in memorizing from the textbooks then in use. Removing to another school, I had excellent instruction in penmanship, and enjoyed a course of lectures on history, aided by the best set of charts that I have ever seen, the work of Professor Bostwick. In geometry I made quite a brilliant beginning, but soon fell off from my first efforts. The study of languages was very congenial to me; I had been accustomed to speak French from my earliest years. To this I was enabled to add some knowledge of Latin, and afterward of Italian and German.

The routine of my school life was varied now and then by a concert and by Handel's oratorios, which were given at long intervals by an association whose title I cannot now recall. I eagerly anticipated, and yet dreaded, these occasions, for my enjoyment of the music was succeeded by a reaction of intense melancholy.

The musical "stars" of those days are probably quite out of memory in these later times, but I remember some of them with pleasure. It is worth noticing that, while the earliest efforts in music in Boston produced the Handel and Haydn Society, and led to the occasional performance of a symphony of Beethoven or of Mozart, the musical taste of New York inclined more to operatic music. The brief visit of Garcia and his troupe had brought the best works of Rossini before the public. These performances were followed, at long intervals, by seasons of English opera, in which Mrs. Austin was the favorite prima donna. This lady sang also in oratorio, and I recall her rendering of the soprano solos in Handel's Messiah as somewhat mannered, but on the whole quite impressive.

A higher grade of talent came to us in the person of Mrs. Wood, famous before her marriage as Miss Paton. I heard great things of her performance in La Sonnambula, which I was not allowed to see. I did hear her, however, at concerts and in oratorios, and I particularly remember her rendering of the famous soprano song, "To mighty kings he gave his acts." Her voice was beautiful in quality and of considerable extent. It possessed a liquid and fluent flexibility, quite unlike the curious staccato and tremolo effects so much in favor to-day.

My father's views of religious duty became much more stringent after my mother's death. I had been twice taken to the opera during the Garcia performances, when I was scarcely more than



seven years of age, and had seen and heard the Diva Malibran, then known as Signorina Garcia, in the rôles of Cenerentola (Cinderella) and Rosina in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*. Soon after this time the doors were shut, and I knew of theatrical matters only by hearsay. The religious people of that period had set their faces against the drama in every form. I remember the destruction by fire of the first Bowery Theatre, and how this was spoken of as a "judgment" upon the wickedness of the stage and of its patrons. A well-known theatre in Richmond, Virginia, took fire while a performance was going on, and the result was a deplorable loss of life. The pulpits of the time "improved" this event by sermons which reflected severely upon the frequenters of such places of amusement, and the "judgment" was long spoken of with holy horror.

My musical education, in spite of the limitations of opportunity just mentioned, was the best that the time could afford. I had my first lessons in musical notation from a very irritable French artist, of whom I stood in such fear that I could remember nothing that he taught me. A second teacher, Mr. Boocock, had more patience, and soon brought me forward in my studies. He had been a pupil of Cramer, and his taste had been formed by hearing the best music in London, which then, as now, commanded all the great musical talent of Europe. He gave me lessons for many years, and I learned from him to appreciate the works of the great composers, Beethoven, Handel, and Mozart. When I grew old enough for the training of my voice, Mr. Boocock recommended to my father Signor Cardini, an aged Italian, who had been an inmate of the Garcia family, and was well acquainted with Garcia's admirable method. Under his care my voice improved in character and in compass, and the daily exercises in holding long notes gave strength to my lungs. I think that I

have felt all my life through the benefit of those early lessons. Signor Cardini remembered Italy before the invasion of Napoleon I., and sometimes entertained me with stories of the escapades of his student life. He had resided long in London, and had known the Duke of Wellington. He related to me that once, when he was visiting the great soldier at his country-seat near the sea, the duke invited him to look through his telescope, saying, "*Signor Cardini, venez voir comme on travaille les Français.*" This must have had reference to some manœuvre of the English fleet, I suppose. Mr. Boocock thought that it would be desirable for me to take part in concerted pieces, with other instruments. This exercise brought me great delight in the performance of certain trios and quartettes. The reaction from this pleasure, however, was very painful, and induced at times a visitation of morbid melancholy which threatened to affect my health.

While I greatly disapprove of the scope and suggestions presented by Count Tolstoi in his *Kreutzer Sonata*, I yet think that, in the training of young persons, some regard should be had to the sensitiveness of youthful nerves, and to the overpowering response which they often make to the appeals of music. The dry practice of a single instrument and the simple drill of choral exercises will not be apt to overstimulate the currents of nerve force. On the other hand, the power and sweep of great orchestral performances, or even the suggestive charm of some beautiful voice, will sometimes so disturb the mental equilibrium of the hearer as to induce in him a listless melancholy, or, worse still, an unreasoning and unreasonable discontent.

The early years of my youth were passed in the seclusion not only of a home life, but of a home most carefully and jealously guarded from all that might be represented in the orthodox trinity of evil, the world, the flesh, and

the devil. My father had become deeply imbued with the religious ideas of the time. He dreaded for his children the dissipations of fashionable society, and even the risks of general intercourse with the unsanctified many. He early embraced the cause of temperance, and became president of the first temperance society formed in this country. As a result, wine was excluded from his table. This privation gave me no trouble, but my brothers felt it, especially the eldest, who had passed some years in Europe, where the use of wine was, as it still is, universal. I was walking with my father one evening when we met my two younger brothers, each with a cigar in his mouth. My father was much troubled, and said, "Boys, you must give this up, and I will give it up, too. From this time I forbid you to smoke, and I will join you in relinquishing the habit." I am afraid that this sacrifice on my father's part did not have the desired effect, but am quite certain that he never witnessed the infringement of his command.

At the time of which I speak, my father's family all lived in our immediate neighborhood. He had considerably distanced his brothers in fortune, and had built for himself the beautiful house of which I have already spoken. In the same street with us lived my music-loving uncle, Henry, somewhat given to good cheer, and of a genial disposition. In a house nearer to us resided my grandfather, Samuel Ward, with an unmarried daughter and three bachelor sons, John, Richard, and William. The outings of my young-girlhood were confined to this family circle. I went to school, indeed, but never to dancing-school, a sober little dancing-master giving us lessons at home. I used to hear,

with some envy, of Monsieur Chariot's classes and of his "publics," where my schoolfellows disported themselves in their best clothes. My grandfather was a stately old gentleman, a good deal more than six feet in height, very mild in manner, and fond of a game of whist. With us children he used to play a very simple game called "Tom, come tickle me." Cards were not allowed in my father's house, and my brothers used to resort to the grand-paternal mansion when they desired this diversion.

The eldest of my father's brothers was my uncle John, a man more tolerant than my father, and full of kindly forethought for his nieces and nephews. In his youth he had sustained an injury which deprived him of speech for more than a year. His friends feared that he would never speak again, but his mother, trying one day to render him some small assistance, did not succeed to her mind, and said, "I am a poor, awkward old woman." "No, you are not!" he exclaimed, and at once recovered his power of speech. He was anxious that his nieces should be well instructed in practical matters, and perhaps he grudged a little the extra time which we were accustomed to devote to books and music. He was fond of sending materials for dresses to me and my sisters, but insisted that we should make them up for ourselves. This we managed to do, with a good deal of help from the family seamstress. When I had published my first literary venture, uncle John showed me in a newspaper a favorable notice of my work, saying, "This is my little girl who knows about books, and writes an article and has it printed, but I wish that she knew more about housekeeping," — a sentiment which in after years I had occasion to echo with fervor.

*Julia Ward Howe.*



## THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

## XL.

DÉTRICAND, Prince of Vaufontaine, was no longer in the Vendée. The whole of Brittany was in the hands of the victorious Hoche, the peasants were disbanded, and his work for a time, at least, was done.

On the same day of that momentous scene in the Cohue Royale when Guida was vindicated, Détricand had carried to Granville the Comtesse Chantavoine, who presently was passed over to the loving care of her kinsman, General Grandjon-Larisse. This done, he proceeded to England.

From London he communicated with Grandjon-Larisse, who applied himself to secure from the Directory leave for the Chouan chieftain to return to France, with amnesty for his past "rebellion." This was got at last through the influence of young Bonaparte himself. Détricand was free now to proceed against Philip.

He straightway devoted himself to a thing conceived on the day when Guida was restored to her rightful status as a wife. His purpose was to wrest from Philip the duchy of Bercy. Philip was heir by adoption only, and the inheritance had been secured at the last by help of a lie. Surely his was a righteous cause!

His motives had not their origin in hatred of Philip alone, nor in desire for honors and estates for himself, nor in racial antagonism; for had he not been allied with England in this war against the government? He hated Philip the man, but he hated still more Philip the usurper who had brought shame to the escutcheon of Bercy. There was also at work another and a deeper design, to be shown in good time.

Philip had retired from the English

navy, and gone back to his duchy of Bercy. Here he threw himself into the struggle with the Austrians against the French. Received with enthusiasm by the people, who as yet knew little or nothing of the doings in the Cohue Royale, he now took over command of the army, and proved himself almost as able in the field as he had been at sea.

Of these things Détricand knew, and knew also that the lines were closing in round the duchy; that one day soon Bonaparte would send a force which would strangle the little army and its Austrian allies. The game then would be another step nearer the end.

Free to move at will, he visited the courts of Prussia, Russia, Spain, Italy, and Austria, and laid before them his claims to the duchy; urging an insistence on its neutrality, and a trial of his cause against Philip. Ceaselessly, adroitly, with persistence and power, he toiled toward his end, the way made easier by tales told of his prowess in the Vendée. He had offers without number to take service in foreign armies, but he was not to be tempted. Gossip of the courts said that there was some strange romance behind this tireless pursuit of an inheritance, but he paid no heed. If at last there crept over Europe wonderful tales of Détricand's past life in Jersey, of the real Duchesse de Bercy and of the new Prince of Vaufontaine, Détricand did not, or feigned not to hear them; and the Comtesse Chantavoine had disappeared from public knowledge. The few who guessed his romance were puzzled to understand his course; for if he dispossessed Philip, Guida must also be dispossessed. This, certainly, was not lover-like or friendly.

But Détricand was not at all puzzled; his mind and purpose were clear. Guida should come to no injury through him,

— Guida, who, as they left the Cohue Royale that day of days, had turned on him a look of heavenly trust and gratitude; who, in the midst of her own great happenings, found time to tell him by a word how well she knew he had kept his promise to her, even beyond belief. Justice for her was now the supreme and immediate object of his life. There were others ready to care for France, to fight for her, to die for her, to struggle toward the hour when the King should come to his own; but there was only one man in the world who could achieve Guida's full justification, and that was himself, Detricand of Vaufontaine.

He was glad to turn to the chevalier's letters from Jersey. It was from the chevalier's lips he had learned the whole course of Guida's life during the four years of his absence from the island. It was the chevalier who drew for him pictures of Guida in her new home, — none other than the house of Elie Mattingley, which the Royal Court having confiscated now handed over to her as an act of homage. The little world of Jersey no longer pointed the finger of scorn at Guida Landresse de Landresse, but bent the knee to Princess Guida d'Avranche.

Detricand wrote many letters to the chevalier, and they, with their cheerful and humorous allusions, were read aloud to Guida, — all save one. Writing of himself to the chevalier on one occasion, he laid bare with a merciless honesty his nature and his career. Concerning neither had he any illusions.

"I do not mistake myself, chevalier," he wrote, "nor these late doings of mine. What credit shall I take to myself for coming to place and some little fame? Everything has been with me: the chance of inheritance; the glory of a cause as hopeless as splendid, and more splendid because hopeless; and the luck of him who loads the dice, — for all my old comrades, the better men, are dead, and I, the least of them all, remain, having even outlived the cause. What praise

shall I take for this? None, — from all decent fellows of the earth, none at all. It is merely laughable that I should be left, the monument of a sacred loyalty the greatest that the world has ever known.

"I have no claims — But let me draw the picture, dear chevalier. Here was a discredited, dissolute fellow whose life was worth a pin to nobody. Tired of the husks and the swine, and all his follies grown stale by overuse, he takes the advice of a good gentleman and joins the standard of work and sacrifice. What greater luxury shall man ask? If this be not running the full scale of life's enjoyment, pray you what is! The world loves contrasts. The deep-dyed sinner raising the standard of piety is picturesque. If, charmed by his own new virtues, he is constant in his enthusiasm, behold a St. Augustine! Everything is with the returned prodigal, — the more so if he be of the notorious Vaufontaines, who were ever saints turned sinners, or sinners turned saints.

"Tell me, my good friend, where is room for pride in me? I am getting far more out of life than I deserve; it is not well that you and others should think better of me than I do of myself. I do not pretend that I dislike it; it is as balm to me. But it would seem that the world is monstrously unjust. One day, when I'm grown old, — I cannot imagine what else Fate has spared me for, — I shall write the Diary of a Sinner, the whole truth. I shall tell how, when my peasant fighters were kneeling round me praying for success, even thanking God for me, I was smiling in my glove, — in scorn of myself, not of them, chevalier; no, no, not of them! The peasant's is the true greatness. Everything is with the aristocrat; he has to kick the great chances from his path, but the peasant must go hunting them in peril. Hardly snatching sustenance from Fate, the peasant fights into greatness; the aristocrat may only win



to it by rejecting Fate's luxuries. The peasant never escapes the austere teaching of hard experience; the aristocrat, the languor of good fortune. There is the peasant, and there am I. Voilà! enough of Détricand of Vaufontaine. The Princess Guida and the child, are they" —

So the letter ran, and the chevalier read it aloud to Guida up to the point where her name was writ. Afterward Guida would sit and think of what Détricand had said, and of the honesty of nature that never allowed him to deceive himself. It pleased her, also, to think she had in some small way helped a man to the rehabilitation of his life. He had said that she had helped him, and she believed him; he had proved the soundness of his aims and ambitions; his career was in the world's mouth.

The one letter the chevalier did not read to Guida referred to Philip. In it Détricand begged the chevalier to hold himself in readiness to proceed at a day's notice to Paris.

So it was that when, after months of waiting, the chevalier suddenly left St. Helier's to join Détricand, Guida did not know the object of his journey. All she knew was that he had leave from the Directory to visit Paris. Imagining this to mean some good fortune for him, with a light heart she sent him off in charge of Jean Touzel, who took him to St. Malo in the *Hardi Biaou*, and saw him safely into the hands of an escort from Détricand.

Three days later there was opened in one of the chambers of the Emperor's palace at Vienna a congress of four nations, Prussia, Russia, Austria, and Sardinia. Détricand's labors had achieved this result at last. Grandjon-Larisse, his old enemy in battle, now his personal friend and colleague in this business, had influenced Napoleon, and the Directory through him, to respect the neutrality of the duchy of Bercy, for which the four nations of this congress declared.

Philip himself little knew whose hand had secured the neutrality, until summoned to appear at the congress to defend his rights to the title and the duchy against those of Détricand, Prince of Vaufontaine. Had he known that Détricand was behind it all, he would have fought on to the last gasp of power and died on the battlefield. He realized now that such a fate was not for him; that he must fight, not on the field of battle like a prince, but in a court of nations like a doubtful claimant of sovereign honors.

His whole story had become known in the duchy; and though it begot no feeling against him in war-time, now that Bercy was in a neutral zone of peace there was much talk of the wrongs of Guida and the Countess Chantavoine. He became moody and saturnine, and saw few of his subjects save the old governor-general and his whilom enemy, now his friend, Count Carignan Damour. That at last he should choose to accompany him to Vienna the man who had been his foe during the lifetime of the old duke seemed incomprehensible. Yet, to all appearance, Damour was now Philip's zealous adherent. He came frankly repenting his old enmity; and though Philip did not quite believe him, some perverse temper, some obliquity of vision which overtakes the ablest minds at times, made him almost eagerly accept his new partisan. One thing Philip knew: Damour had no love for Détricand, who indeed had lately sent him word that for his work in sending Fouché's men to attempt his capture in Bercy he would have him shot, if the court of nations upheld Détricand's rights to the duchy. Damour was able, even if Damour was not honest. Damour, the able, the implacable and malignant, should accompany him to Vienna.

The opening ceremony of the congress was simple, but it was made notable by the presence of the Emperor of Austria, who addressed a few words of

welcome to the envoys, to Philip, and, very pointedly, to the representative of the French nation, the aged Duc de Mauban, who, while taking no active part in the congress, was present by request of the Directory. The duke's long residence in Vienna and freedom from share in the civil war in France had been factors in the choice of him when his name was submitted to the Directory by General Grandjon-Larisse, upon whom in turn it had been urged by Détricand.

The Duc de Mauban was the most marked figure of the court, the Emperor not excepted. Clean-shaven, with snowy linen and lace, his own natural hair, silver white, tied in a queue behind, he had large, eloquent, wondering eyes that seemed always looking, looking beyond the thing he saw. At first sight of him at his court, the Emperor had said, "The stars have frightened him." No fanciful supposition, for the Duc de Mauban was equally well known as astronomer and as student of history and philanthropist.

When the Emperor mentioned de Mauban's name, Philip wondered where he had heard it before. Something in the sound of it was associated with his past, — he knew not how. He had a curious feeling, too, that those deliberate, searching dark eyes saw the end of this fight, this battle of the strong. The face fascinated him, though it awed him. He admired it, even as he detested the ardent strength of Détricand's face, where the wrinkles of dissipation had given way to the bronzed carven look of the war-beaten soldier.

It was fair battle between these two, and there was enough hatred in the heart of each to make the fight deadly. Philip knew — and he had known since that day, years ago, in the Place du Vier Prison — that Détricand loved the girl whom he himself had married and dishonored. He felt, also, that Détricand was making this claim to the duchy more out of vengeance than from desire

to secure the title for himself. He read the whole deep scheme: how Détricand had laid his mine at every court in Europe to bring him to this pass.

For hours Philip's witnesses were examined, among them the officers of his duchy and Count Carignan Damour. The physician of the old Duke of Bercy was examined, and the evidence was with Philip. The testimony of Dalbarade, the French ex-minister of marine, was read and considered. Philip's story, up to the point of the formal signature by the old duke, was straightforward and clear. So far the court was in his favor.

Détricand, as natural heir of the duchy, combated each step in the proceedings from the standpoint of legality, of the duke's fatuity concerning Philip and his personal hatred of the house of Vaufontaine. On the third day, when the congress would give its decision, Détricand brought the chevalier to the palace. At the opening of the sitting he requested that Damour be examined again. The count was asked what question had been put to Philip immediately before the deeds of inheritance were signed. It was useless for Damour to evade the point, for there were other officers of the duchy present who could have told the truth. Yet this truth, of itself, need not ruin Philip. It was no phenomenon for a prince to have one wife unknown, and, coming to the throne, to take to himself another more exalted.

Détricand was hoping that the nice legal sense of mine and thine would be suddenly weighted in his favor by a prepared *tour de force*. The sympathies of the congress were largely with himself, for he was of the order of the nobility, and Philip's descent must be traced through centuries of yeoman blood; yet there was the deliberate adoption by the duke to face, with the formal assent of the states of Bercy, but little lessened in value by the fact that the French government had sent its emissaries to Bercy to pro-



test against it. The court had come to a point where decision upon the exact legal merits of the case was difficult.

After Damour had testified to the question the duke asked Philip when signing the deeds at Bercy, Détricand begged leave to introduce another witness, and brought in the chevalier. Now he made his great appeal. Simply, powerfully, he told the story of Philip's secret marriage with Guida, and of all that came after, up to the scene in the Cohue Royale when the marriage was proved and the child given back to Guida; when the Countess Chantavoine, turning from Philip, acknowledged to Guida the justice of her claim. He drove home the truth with bare, unvarnished power, — the wrong to Guida, the wrong to the countess, the wrong to the dukedom of Bercy, to that honor which should belong to those in high estate. Then at the last he told them who Guida was: no peasant girl, but the granddaughter of the *Sieur Larchant de Mauprat*, of the *de Mauprats* of *Chambéry*, — the granddaughter of an exile, indeed, but of the noblest blood of France.

The old Duc de Mauban fixed his look on him intently, and as the story proceeded his hand grasped the table before him in strong emotion. When at the close Détricand turned to the chevalier and asked him to bear witness to the truth of what he had said, the duke, in agitation, whispered to the president.

All that Détricand had said had moved the court profoundly; but when the withered little flower of a man, the chevalier, told in quaint, brief sentences the story of the *Sieur de Mauprat*, his sufferings, his exile, and the nobility of his family, which had indeed, far back, come of royal stock, and then finally of Guida and the child, more than one member of the court turned his head away with misty eyes.

It remained for the Duc de Mauban to speak the word which hastened and compelled the end. Rising in his place,

he addressed to the court a few words of apology, inasmuch as he was without real authority there, and then he turned to the chevalier.

"*Monsieur le Chevalier*," said he, "I had the honor to know you in somewhat better days for both of us. You will allow me to greet you here with my profound respect. The *Sieur Larchant de Mauprat*," — he turned to the president, his voice became louder, — "the *Sieur de Mauprat* was my friend. He was with me upon the day I married the *Duchess Guidabaldine*. Trouble, exile, came to him. Years passed, and at last in *Jersey* I saw him again. It was the very day his grandchild was born. The name given to her was *Guidabaldine*, — the name of the *Duchesse de Mauban*. She was *Guidabaldine Landresse de Landresse*; she is my godchild. There is no better blood in France than that of the *de Mauprats* of *Chambéry*, and the grandchild of my friend — her father being also of good Norman blood — was worthy to be the wife of any prince in Europe. I speak in the name of our order, I speak for Frenchmen, I speak for France. If *Détricand*, Prince of *Vaufontaine*, be not secured in his right of succession to the dukedom of Bercy, France will not cease to protest till protest hath done its work. From France the duchy of Bercy came. It was the gift of a French king to a Frenchman, and she hath some claims upon the courtesy of the nations."

For a moment after he took his seat there was absolute silence. Then the president wrote upon a paper before him, and it was passed to each member of the court sitting with him. For a moment longer there was nothing heard save the scratching of a quill. Philip recalled that day at Bercy when the duke stooped and signed his name upon the deed of adoption and succession three times, — three fateful times.

Then the president, rising in his place, read the pronouncement of the court:

that Détricand, Prince of Vaufontaine, be declared true inheritor of the duchy of Berey, the nations represented here confirming him in his title.

The president having spoken, Philip rose, and, bowing to the congress with dignity and composure, left the chamber with Count Carignan Damour.

As he passed from the portico into the grounds of the palace, a figure came suddenly from behind a pillar and touched him on the arm. He turned quickly, and received upon the face a blow from a glove.

The owner of the glove was General Grandjon-Larisse.

### XLI.

"You understand, monsieur?" said Grandjon-Larisse.

"Perfectly, — and without the glove, Monsieur le Général," answered Philip quietly. "Where shall my seconds wait upon you?" As he spoke he turned with a slight gesture toward Damour.

"In Paris, monsieur, if it please you."

"I should have preferred it here, Monsieur le Général; but Paris, if it is your choice."

"At 22, Rue de Mazarin, monsieur." Then, with an elaborate bow to Philip, "I bid you good-day, monsieur."

"*Monseigneur*, not *monsieur*," Philip corrected. "They may deprive me of my duchy, but I am still Prince Philip d'Avranche. I may not be robbed of my adoption."

There was something so steady, so infrangible, in Philip's composure now that Grandjon-Larisse, who had come to challenge a great adventurer, a marauder of honor, found his furious contempt checked by some integral power resisting disdain. He intended to kill Philip, — he was one of the most expert swordsmen in France, — yet he was constrained to respect a composure not sanguine, and a firmness in misfortune not

bravado. Philip was still the man who had valiantly commanded men, who had held of the high places of the earth. In whatever adventurous blood his purposes had been conceived or his doubtful plans accomplished, he was still, stripped of power, a man to be reckoned with, — resolute in his course once set upon, and impulsive toward good as toward evil. He was never so much worth respect as when, a dispossessed sovereign with an empty title, discountenanced by his order, disbarred his profession, he held himself ready to take whatever penalty came.

In the presence of General Grandjon-Larisse, with whom was the might of righteous vengeance, he was the more distinguished figure. To Philip now there came the cold quiet of the sinner great enough to rise above physical fear, proud enough to say to the world, "Come, I pay the debt I owe. We are quits. You have no favors to give, and I none to take. You have no pardon to grant, and I none to ask."

At parting Grandjon-Larisse bowed to Philip with great politeness, and said, "In Paris, then, Monsieur le Prince."

Philip bowed his head in assent.

When they met again, it was at the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne near the Maillot gate.

It was a damp, gray morning, immediately before sunrise, and at first there was scarce light enough for the combatants to see each other perfectly; but both were eager and would not delay.

As they came on guard the sun rose. Philip, where he stood, was full in its light. He took no heed, and they engaged at once. After a few passes Grandjon-Larisse said, "You are in the light, monseigneur; the sun shines full upon you," and he pointed to the shade of a wall nearby. "It is darker there."

"One of us must certainly be in the dark — soon," answered Philip grimly, but he removed to the wall.



From the first Philip took the offensive. He was more active, and he was quicker and lighter of fence, than his antagonist. But Grandjon-Larisse had the surer eye, and was invincibly certain of hand and strong of wrist. Presently Philip wounded his opponent slightly in the left breast, and the seconds came forward to declare that honor was satisfied. But neither would listen or heed; their purpose was fixed to fight to the death. They engaged again, and almost at once the Frenchman was slightly wounded in the wrist. Suddenly taking the offensive and lunging freely, Grandjon-Larisse drove Philip, now heated and less wary, backwards upon the wall. At last, by a dexterous feint, he beat aside Philip's guard, and drove the sword through his right breast at one fierce lunge.

With a moan Philip swayed and fell forward into the arms of Damour.

Grandjon-Larisse stooped to the injured man. Unloosing his fingers from the sword, Philip stretched up a hand to his enemy.

"I am hurt to death," he said. "Permit my compliments to the best swordsman I have ever known." Then, with a touch of sorry humor, he added, "You cannot doubt their sincerity!"

Grandjon-Larisse was turning away, when Philip called him back. "Will you carry my profound regret to the Comtesse Chantavoine?" he whispered. "Say that it lies with her whether Heaven pardon me."

Grandjon-Larisse hesitated an instant; then answered, "Those who are in heaven, monseigneur, know best what Heaven may do."

Philip's pale face took on a look of agony. "She is dead — she is dead!" he gasped.

Grandjon-Larisse inclined his head; then, after a moment, gravely said, "What did you think was left for a woman, for a Chantavoine? It is not the broken heart that kills, but broken pride, monseigneur."

So saying, he bowed again to Philip and turned upon his heel.

Philip lay on a bed in the unostentatious lodging in the Rue de Vaugirard where Damour had brought him. The surgeon had pronounced the wound mortal, giving him but a few hours to live. For long after he was gone Philip was silent, but at last he said, "You heard what Grandjon-Larisse said, — it is broken pride that kills, Damour." Then he asked for pen, ink, and paper. They were brought to him. He tried the pen upon the paper, but faintness suddenly seized him, and he fell back unconscious.

When he came to himself he was alone in the room. It was cold and cheerless, — no fire on the hearth, no light save that flaring from a lamp in the street outside his window. He rang the bell at his hand. No one answered. He called aloud, "Damour! Damour!"

Damour was far beyond earshot. He had bethought him that now his place was in Bercy, where he might gather up what fragments of good fortune remained, what of Philip's valuables might be secured. Ere he had fallen back insensible, Philip, in trying the pen, had written his own name on a piece of paper. Above this Damour wrote for himself an order upon the chamberlain of Bercy to enter Philip's private apartments in the castle; and thither he was fleeing as Philip lay dying in the dark room of the house in the Rue de Vaugirard.

The woman of the house, to whose care Philip had been passed over by Damour, had tired of watching, and had gone to spend one of his goldpieces for supper with her friends.

Meanwhile, in the dark, comfortless room, the light from without flickering upon his blanched face, Philip was alone with himself, with memory, and with death. As he lay gasping, a voice seemed to ring through the silent room, repeating the same words again and again;

and the voice was his own voice. It was himself — some other outside self of him — saying, in tireless repetition: "*May I die a black, dishonorable death, abandoned and alone, if ever I deceive you. I should deserve that, if I deceived you, Guida! A black, dishonorable death, abandoned and alone.*" It was like some horrible dirge chanting in his ear.

Pictures flashed before his eyes, strange imaginings. Now he was passing through dark corridors, and the stone floor beneath was cold, — so cold! He was going to some gruesome death, and monks with voices like his own voice were intoning: "*Abandoned and alone. Alone — alone — abandoned and alone.*" . . . And now he was fighting, fighting on board the *Araminta*. There was the roar of the great guns, the screaming of the carronade slides, the rattle of musketry, the groans of the dying, the shouts of his victorious sailors, the crash of the mainmast as it fell upon the bulwarks; then the swift *sissing* ripple of water, the thud of the *Araminta* as she struck, and the cold chill of the seas as she went down. How cold was the sea, — ah, how it chilled every nerve and tissue of his body!

He roused to consciousness again. Here was still the blank, cheerless room; the empty house; the lamplight flaring through the window upon his stricken face, upon the dark walls, upon the white paper lying on the table beside him.

Paper, — ah, that was it. He must write, — he must write while he had strength. With the last courageous effort of life, his strenuous will forcing the declining powers into obedience for a final combat, he drew the paper near and began to write. The light flickered, wavered; he could just see the letters that he formed, — no more.

"Guida," he began, "on the *Ecréhos* I said to you, '*If I deceive you, may I die a black, dishonorable death, abandoned and alone!*' It has all come true. You were right, always right, and

I was always wrong. I never started fair with myself or with the world. I was always in too great a hurry; I was too ambitious, Guida. Ambition has killed me, and it has killed her, — the comtesse. She is gone. What was it he said — if I could but remember what Grandjon-Larisse said — ah yes, yes! — after he had given me my death-wound, he said, 'It is not the broken heart that kills, but broken pride.' There is the truth. She is in her grave, and I am going out into the dark."

He lay back exhausted for a moment, in desperate estate. The body was fighting hard that the spirit might confess itself before the vital spark died down forever. Seizing a glass of cordial near, he drank of it. The broken figure in its mortal defeat roused itself again, leaned over the paper, and a shaking hand traced on the brief, piteous record of a life: —

"I climbed too fast. Things dazzled me. I thought too much of myself, — myself, myself was everything always; and myself has killed me. In wanton haste I came to be admiral and sovereign duke, and it has all come to nothing, — nothing. I wronged you, I denied you: there was the cause of all. There is no one to watch with me now to the one moment of life that counts. In this hour the clock of time fills all the space between earth and heaven. It will strike soon, — the awful clock. It will soon strike twelve: and then it will be twelve of the clock for me always, — always.

"I know you never wanted revenge on me, Guida, but still you have it here. My life is no more now than *vraie* upon a rock. I cling, I cling, but that is all, and the waves break over me. I am no longer an admiral, I am no more a duke, — I am nothing. It is all done. Of no account with men, I am going to my judgment with God. But you remain, and you are Princess Philip d'Avranche, and your son — your son — will be Prince Guilbert d'Avranche. But I



can leave him naught, neither estates nor power. There is little honor in the title now, so it may be you will not use it. But you will have a new life: with my death happiness may begin again for you. That thought makes death easier. I was never worthy of you, — never. I understand myself now, and I know that you have read me all these years, read me through and through. The letter you wrote me, never a day or night has passed but, one way or another, it has come home to me."

There was a footfall outside his window. A roisterer went by in the light of the flaring lamp. He was singing a ribald song. A dog ran barking at his heels. The reveler turned, drew his sword, and ran the dog through, then staggered on with his song. Philip shuddered, but, with a supreme effort, bent to the table again, and wrote on: —

"You were right: you were my star, and I was so blind with selfishness and vanity I could not see. I am speaking the truth to you now, Guida. I believe I might have been a great man, if I had thought less of myself and more of others, — more of you. Greatness, — I was mad for that, and my madness has brought me to this desolate end, alone. Go tell Maitresse Aimable that she too was a good prophet. Tell her that, as she foresaw, I called your name in death, and you did not come! One thing before all: teach your boy never to try to be great, but always to live well and to be just. Teach him, too, that the world means better by him than he thinks, and that he must never treat it as his foe; he must not try to force its benefits and rewards; he must not approach it like the highwayman. Tell him never to flatter. That is the worst fault in a gentleman; for flattery makes false friends, and makes the flatterer himself false. Tell him that good address is for ease and courtesy of life; but it must not be used to one's secret advantage, as I have used mine to mortal undoing.

If ever Guilbert be in great temptation, tell him his father's story, and read him these words to you, written, as you see, with the cramped fingers of death."

He could scarcely hold the pen now, and his eyes were growing dim.

"... I am come to the end of my strength. I thought I loved you, Guida, but I know now that it was not love, — not real love. Yet it was all a twisted manhood had to give. There are some things of mine that you will keep for your son, if you forgive me dead whom you despised living. Détricand, Duke of Bercy, will deal honorably by you. All that is mine at the castle of Bercy he will secure to you. Tell him I have written it so; though he will do it of himself, I know. He is a great man. As I have gone downward, he has come upward. There has been a star in his sky, too. I know it, I know it, Guida, and he — he is not blind." He trembled violently. "The light is going. I cannot see. I can only" —

He struggled fiercely for breath, but suddenly collapsed upon the table, and his head fell forward upon the paper: one cheek lying on the wet ink of his last-written words; the other, cold and stark, turned to the window. The light from the lamp without flickered on it in gruesome sportiveness. The eyes stared and stared from the little dark room out into the world; but they did not see.

The night wore on. At last came a knocking, knocking at the door, — tap! tap! tap! But he did not hear. A moment of silence, and again came a knocking — knocking — knocking!

## XLII.

The white and red flag of Jersey was flying half-mast from the Colne Royale, and the bell of the parish church was tolling. It was Saturday, but little business was being done in the Vier Marchi. At familiar points chattering

people were gathered, and at the foot of La Pyramide a large group surrounded two sailormen just come from Gaspé, bringing news of adventuring Jersiais, — Elie Mattingley, Carterette, and Ranulph Delagarde. This audience quickly grew, for word was being passed on from one little group to another. So keen was interest in the story told by the home-coming sailors that the great event which had brought them to the Vier Marchi was, for the moment, almost neglected.

Presently, however, a cannon-shot, then another, and another, roused the people to remembrance. The funeral cortège of Admiral Prince Philip d'Avranche was about to leave the Cohue Royale, and every eye was turned to the marines and sailors lining the road from the court-house to the church.

The Isle of Jersey, ever stubbornly loyal to its own, — even those whom the outside world condemned or cast aside, — jealous of its dignity even with the dead, had come to bury Philip d'Avranche with all good ceremony. There had been abatements to his honor, but he had been a strong man and he had done strong things, and he was a Jerseyman born, a Norman of the Normans. The Royal Court had judged between him and Guida, doing tardy justice to her, but of him they had ever been proud; and where conscience condemned here, vanity commended there. In any event, they reserved the right, independent of all non-Jersiais, to do what they chose with their dead.

For what Philip had been as an admiral they would do his body reverence now; for what he had done as a man, that belonged to another tribunal. It had been proposed by the admiral of the station to bury him from his old ship, the Imperturbable; but the Royal Court had made its claim, and so his body had lain in state in the Cohue Royale. The admiral joined hands with the island authorities. In both cases it was

a dogged loyalty. The sailors of England knew Philip d'Avranche as a fighter, even as the Royal Court knew him as a famous and dominant Jerseyman. A battleship is a world of its own, and Jersey is a world of its own. They neither knew nor cared for the comment of the world without; or, knowing, refused to consider it.

When the body of Philip was carried from the Cohue Royale, signals were made to the Imperturbable in the tide-way. From all her ships in company forty guns were fired funeral-wise, and the flags were struck half-mast.

Slowly the cortège uncoiled itself to one long, unbroken line from the steps of the Cohue Royale to the porch of the church. The jurats in their red robes, the officers, sailors, and marines added color to the pageant. The coffin was covered by the flag of Jersey with the arms of William the Conqueror in the canton.

Of the crowd, some were curious, some stoical; some wept, some essayed philosophy.

"Et ben," said one, "he was a brave admiral!"

"Bravery was his trade," answered another: "act like a sheep and you'll be eaten by the wolf."

"It was a bad business about her that was Guida Landresse," remarked a third.

"Every man knows himself; God knows all men," snuffled the fanatical barber who had once delivered a sermon from the Pompe des Brigands.

"He made things lively while he lived, *bà sù!*" droned the jailer of the Vier Prison. "But he has folded sails now, *pergui!*"

"*Ma fé*, yes, he sleeps like a porpoise now; and white as a wax he looked up there in the Cohue Royale," put in a centenier standing by.

A voice came shrilly over the head of the centenier: "As white as you'll look yellow one day, *bat' d'la goule!* Yellow and green, *oui-gia!* — yellow like a bad apple, and cowardly green as a



leek." This was Manon Moignard, the witch.

"Mon doux d'la vie, where's the master of burials?" babbled the jailer. "The apprentice does the obsequies to-day."

"The master's sick of a squinzy," grunted the centenier. "So hatchet-face and bundle-o'-nails there brings dust to dust, amen."

All turned now to the undertaker's apprentice, a grim, saturnine figure with his gray face, protuberant eyes, and obsequious solemnity, in which lurked a callous smile. The burial of the great, the execution of the wicked, were alike to him. In him Fate seemed to personify life's revenges, its futilities, its calculating ironies.

The flag-draped coffin was just about to pass, and the fanatical barber harked back to Philip. "They say it was all empty honors with him afore he died abroad."

"A full belly's a full belly, if it's only full of straw!" snapped Manon Moignard.

"Who was it brought him home?" asked the jailer.

"None that was born on Jersey, but two that lived here," remarked Maître Damian, the schoolmaster from St. Aubin's.

"That Chevalier of Champsavoys and the other Duc de Bercy," interposed the centenier.

Maitre Damian tapped his stick upon the ground, and said oracularly, "It is not for me to say, but which is the rightful duke, and which is not, — there is the political question!"

"Pardi, that's it!" answered the centenier. "Why did Détricand Duke turn Philip Duke out of duchy, see him killed, then fetch him home to Jersey like a brother? Ah, man pête bénin, that's beyond me!"

"Those great folks does things their own ways, oui-gia!" remarked the jailer.

"Why did Détricand Duke go back

to France?" asked Maître Damian, cocking his head wisely. "Why did he not stay for obsequies — he?"

"That's what I say," answered the jailer: "those great folks does things their own ways."

"Ma fistre, I believe you!" ejaculated the centenier. "But for the chevalier there, for a Frenchman, that is a man after God's own heart, and mine."

"Ah, then, look at that!" said Manon Moignard, with a sneer; "when one pleases you and God, it is a ticket to heaven, diantre!"

But in truth what Détricand and the chevalier had done was but of human pity. The day after the duel Détricand had arrived in Paris, to proceed thence to Bercy. There he heard of Philip's death and of Damour's desertion. Sending officers to Bercy to frustrate any possible designs of Damour, he, with the chevalier, took Philip's body back to Jersey, delivering it to those who would do it honor.

Détricand did not see Guida. For all that might be said to her now the chevalier should be his mouthpiece. In truth, there could be no better mouthpiece for him. It was Détricand, Détricand, Détricand, like a child, in admiration and in affection. If Guida did not understand all now, there should come a time when she would understand. Détricand would wait. She should find that he was just; that her honor and the honor of her child were safe with him.

As for Guida, it was not grief she felt in the presence of this tragedy. No spark of love sprang up, even when remembrance was now brought to its last vital moment. But a fathomless pity stirred her heart, that Philip's life had been so futile, and that all he had done was come to naught. His letter, blotched and blotted by his own dead cheek, she read quietly. Yet her heart ached bitterly, — so bitterly that her face became pinched with pain; for here in this letter was despair, here was the final agony

of a broken life, here were the last words of the father of her child to herself. She saw, with a sudden pang, that in writing of Guilbert he only said *your* child, not *ours*. What a measureless distance there was between them in the hour of his death, and how clearly the letter showed that he understood at last!

The evening before the burial she went with the chevalier to the Cohue Royale. As she looked at Philip's dead face, bitterness and aching compassion were quieted within her. The face was peaceful, strong. There was on it no record of fret or despair. Its impassive dignity seemed to say that all accounts had been settled, and in this finality there was quiet; as though he had paid the price; as though the long account against him in the markets of life was closed and canceled, and the debtor freed from obligation forever. Poignant impulses in her stilled, pity lost its wounding acuteness. She shed no tears, but at last she stretched out her hand and let it rest upon his forehead for a moment.

"Poor Philip!" she said.

Then she turned and slowly left the room, followed by the chevalier, and by the noiseless Dormy Jamais, who had crept in behind them. As Dormy Jamais closed the door he looked back to where the coffin lay, and in the compassion of fools repeated Guida's words.

"Poor Philip!" he said.

Now, during Philip's burial Dormy Jamais sat upon the roof of the Cohue Royale, as he had done on the day of the battle of Jersey, looking down on the funeral cortège and the crowd. He watched it all until the ruffle of drums at the grave told that the body was being lowered, — four ruffles for an admiral.

As the people began to disperse and the church bell ceased tolling, Dormy turned to another bell at his elbow, and set it ringing to call the Royal Court together. Sharp, mirthless, and acrid it rang: *Chicane-chicane! Chicane-chicane! Chicane-chicane!*

#### XLIII.

"What is that for?" asked the child, pointing.

Détricand put the watch to the child's ear. "It's to keep time. Listen. Do you hear it, — *tic-tic, tic-tic*?"

The child nodded his head gleefully, and his big eyes blinked with understanding. "Does n't it ever stop?" he asked.

"This watch never stops," replied Détricand, "but there are plenty of watches that do."

"I like watches," said the child sentimentously.

"Would you like this one?" asked Détricand.

The child drew in a gurgling breath of pleasure. "I like it. Why does n't mother have a watch?"

The man did not answer the last question. "You like it?" he said again, and he nodded his head toward the little fellow. "H'm! it keeps good time, excellent time it keeps," and he rose to meet the child's mother, who, having just entered the room, stood looking at them. It was Guida. She had heard the last words, and she glanced toward the watch curiously.

Détricand smiled in greeting, and said to her, "Do you remember it?" He held up the watch.

She came forward eagerly. "Is it — is it that, indeed, the watch that the dear grandpère?" —

He nodded and smiled. "Yes; it has never once stopped since the moment he gave it me in the Vier Marchi, seven years ago. It has had a charmed existence amid many rough doings and accidents. I was always afraid of losing it, always afraid of an accident to it. It has seemed to me that if I could keep it things would go right with me, and would come out right in the end. Superstition, of course, but I lived a long time in Jersey. I feel more a Jersey-



man than a Frenchman sometimes." Although his look seemed to rest but casually on her face, it was evident he was anxious to feel the effect of every word upon her, and he added, "When the Sieur de Mauprat gave me the watch he said, 'May no time be ill spent that it records for you.'"

"Perhaps he knows his wish was fulfilled," answered Guida.

"You think, then, that I've kept my promise?"

"I am sure he would say so," she replied warmly.

"It isn't the promise I made to him that I mean, but the promise I made to you."

She smiled brightly. "Ah, you know what I think of that. I told you long ago." She turned her head away, for a bright color had come to her cheek. "You have done great things, prince," she said in a low tone.

He flashed a look of inquiry at her. To his ear there was in her voice a little touch, not of bitterness, but of something, as it were, muffled or reserved. Was she thinking how he had robbed her child of the chance of heritage at Bercy? He did not reply, but, stooping, put the watch again to the child's ear. "There you are, monseigneur!"

"Why do you call him *monseigneur*?" she asked. "Guilbert has no title to your compliment."

A look half amused, half perplexed, crossed Détricand's face. "Do you think so?" he said musingly. Stooping once more, he said to the child, "Would you like the watch?" and added quickly, "You shall have it when you're grown up."

"Do you really mean it?" asked Guida, delighted. "Do you really mean to give him the grandpère's watch one day?"

"Oh yes, at least that, — one day. But I have something more, something more for you," and he drew from his pocket a miniature set in rubies and dia-

monds. "I have brought you this from the Duc de Mauban, — and this," he went on, taking a letter from his pocket, and handing it with the gift. "The duke thought you might care to have it. It is the face of your godmother, the Duchess Guidabaldine."

Guida looked at the miniature earnestly, and then said a little wistfully, "How beautiful a face! — but the jewels are much too fine for me. What should one do here with rubies and diamonds? How can I thank the duke!"

"Not so. He will thank you for accepting it. He begged me to say — as you will find by his letter to you — that if you will but go to him upon a visit with this great man here," pointing to the child with a smile, "he will count it one of the greatest pleasures of his life. He is too old to come to you, but he begs you to go to him, — the chevalier, and you, and Guilbert. He is much alone now, and he longs for a little of that friendship which can be given by but few in this world. He counts upon your coming, for I said I thought you would."

"It would seem so strange," she answered, "to go from this cottage of my childhood, to which I have come back in peace at last, — from this kitchen to the château of the Duc de Mauban."

"But it was sure to come," he returned. "This kitchen, to which I come also to redeem my pledge after seven years, it belongs to one part of your life. But there is another part to fulfill," — he passed his hands over the curls of the child, — "and for your child here you should do it."

"I do not find your meaning," she said, after a moment's deliberation. "I do not know what you would have me understand."

"In some ways you and I would be happier in simple surroundings," he replied gravely, "but it would seem that, to play duly our part in the world, we must needs move in wider circles. To my mind this kitchen is the most de-

lightful spot in the world. Here I took a fresh commission of life. I went out, a sort of battered remnant, to a forlorn hope; and now I come back to headquarters once again, — not to be praised," he added in an ironical tone, and with a quick gesture of almost boyish shyness, — "not to be praised; only to show that from a grain of decency left in a man may grow up some sheaves of honest work and plain duty."

"Oh, it is much more than that, — it is much, much more than that!" she broke in.

"No, I am afraid it is not; but that is not what I wished to say. I wished to say that for monseigneur here" —

A little flash of anger came into her eyes. "He is no *monseigneur*; he is Guilbert d'Avranche," she said bitterly. "It is not like you to mock my child, prince. Oh, I know you mean it playfully," she hurriedly added, "but — but it does not sound right to me."

"For the sake of monseigneur the heir to the duchy of Bercy," he said, laying his hand upon the child's head, "these things your devoted friends suggest you should do, princess."

Her clear, unwavering eye looked steadfastly at him, but her face turned pale. "Why do you call him monseigneur the heir to the duchy of Bercy?" she said almost coldly, and with a little fear in her look, too.

"Because I have come here to tell you the truth, and to place in your hands the record of an act of justice."

Drawing from his pocket a parchment gorgeous with seals, he stooped, and taking the hands of the child he placed it in them. "Hold it tight, hold it tight, my little friend, for it is your very own," he said, with cheerful kindness. Then stepping back a little, and looking earnestly at Guida, he continued, with a motion of the hand toward Guilbert, "You must learn the truth from him."

"Oh, what can you mean, — what can you mean!" she exclaimed. Dropping

upon her knees, and running an arm round the child, she opened the parchment and read.

"What — what right has he to this?" she cried in a voice of dismay. "A year ago you dispossessed his father from the duchy. Ah, I do not understand it! You — only you are the Duc de Bercy."

Her eyes were shining with a happy excitement and tenderness. No such look had been in them for many a day. Something that had long slept was waking in her, something long voiceless was speaking. This man brought back to her heart a glow she had thought never to feel again, — the glow of the wonder of life and of a girlish faith.

"I am only Detricand of Vaufontaine," he answered. "What! did you — could you think that I would dispossess your child? His father was the adopted son of the Duc de Bercy; nothing could wipe that out, neither law nor nations. You are always Princess Guida, and your child is always Prince Guilbert d'Avranche, — and more than that."

His voice became lower; his war-beaten face lighted with that fire and force which had made him, during years past, a figure in the war records of Europe.

"I unseated Philip d'Avranche," he continued, "because he acquired the duchy through — a misapprehension; because the claims of the house of Vaufontaine were greater. We belonged; he was an alien. He had a right to his adoption; he had no right to his duchy, — no real right in the equity of nations. But all the time I never forgot that the wife of Philip d'Avranche and her child had rights infinitely beyond his own. All that he achieved was theirs by every principle of justice. My plain duty was to win for your child the succession belonging to him by all moral right. When Philip d'Avranche was killed, I set to work to do for your child what had been done by another for Philip d'Avranche. I have made



him my heir. When he is of age, I shall abdicate from the duchy in his favor. This deed, countersigned by the Powers that dispossessed his father, secures to him the duchy, when he is old enough to govern."

Guida had listened like one in a dream. A hundred feelings possessed her, and one more than all. She suddenly saw all Détricand's goodness to her stretch out in a long line of devoted friendship, from this day to that far-off hour, seven years before, when he had made a vow to her, — kept how nobly! Devoted friendship, — was it devoted friendship alone, even with herself? In a tumult of emotions she exclaimed, "No, no, no, no! I cannot accept it. This is not justice; this is a gift for which there is no example in the world's history!"

"I thought it best," he went on quietly, "to govern Bercy myself during these troubled years. So far its neutrality has been honored, but who can tell what may come? As a Vaufontaine, it is my duty to see that Bercy's interests are duly protected amidst the troubles of Europe."

Guida got to her feet now, and stood looking dazedly at the parchment in her hand. The child, feeling himself neglected, ran out into the garden.

There was moisture in Guida's eyes as she presently said, "I had not thought that any man could be so noble, — no, not even you."

"You should not doubt yourself so," he answered meaningly. "I am the work of your hands. If I have fought my way back to reputable life again" — He paused, and took from his pocket a handkerchief. "This was the gage," he said, holding it up. "Do you remember the day I came to return it to you, and carried it off again?"

"It was foolish of you to keep it," she said softly, — "as foolish of you as to think that I shall accept for my child these great honors."

"But suppose the child in after years

should blame you?" he returned slowly and with emphasis. "Suppose that Guilbert should say, What right had you, my mother, to refuse what was my due?"

This was the question she had asked herself long, long ago. It smote her heart now. What right had she to reject this gift of Fate to her child?

Scarcely above a whisper she replied, "Of course he might say that; but how, oh, how should we simple folk, he and I, be fitted for these high places — yet? Now that what I have desired for him has come, I have not the courage."

"You have friends to help you in all you do," he remarked meaningly.

"But friends cannot always be with one," she said.

"That depends upon the friends. There is one friend of yours who has known you for eighteen years. Eighteen years' growth should make a strong friendship, — there was always friendship on his part, at least. He can be a still stronger and better friend. He comes now to offer you the remainder of a life for which your own goodness is the guarantee. He comes to offer you a love of which your own soul must be the only judge, for you have eyes that see and a spirit that knows. The chevalier needs you and the Duc de Mauban needs you, but Détricand of Vaufontaine needs you a thousand times more."

"Oh, hush — but no, you must not," she broke in, her face all crimson, her lips trembling.

"But yes, I must," he answered quickly. "You find peace here, but it is the peace of inaction. It dulls the brain, and life winds in upon itself wearily at the last. But out there are light and fire and action, and the quick-beating pulse, and the joy of power wisely used, even to the end. You come of a great people, you were born to great things; your child has rights accorded now by every court of Europe. You must act for him. For your child's sake, for my sake, come out into the

great field of life with me — as my wife, Guida.”

She turned to him frankly, she looked at him steadfastly; the color in her face came and went, but her eyes glowed with feeling.

“After all that has happened?” she asked in a low tone.

“It could only be because of all that has happened.”

“No, no, you do not understand,” she said quickly, a great pain in her voice. “I have suffered so, these many, many years. I shall never be light-hearted again. And I am not fitted for such high estate. Do you not see what you ask of me, — to go from this cottage to a palace?”

“I love you too well to ask you to do what you could not. You must trust me,” he answered, “you must give your life its chance, you must” —

“But listen to me,” she interjected, with breaking tones. “I know as surely as I know — as I know the face of my child, that the youth in me is dead. My summer came — and went — long ago. No, no, you do not understand, — I would not make you unhappy. I must live only to make my child happy. *That* love has not been marred!”

“And I must be judge of what is for my own happiness. And for yours, — if I thought my love would make you unhappy for even one day, I should not offer it. I am your lover, but I am also your friend. Had it not been for you, I might have slept in a drunkard’s grave in Jersey. Were it not for you, my bones would now be lying in the Vendée. I left my peasants, I denied myself death with them, to serve you. The old cause is gone. You and your child are now my only cause” —

“You make it so hard for me!” she broke in. “Think of the shadows from the past always in my eyes, always in my heart. You cannot wear the con-

vict’s chain without the lagging footstep afterward.”

“Shadows! Friend of my soul, how should I dare come to you if there had never been shadows in your life! It is because you — you have suffered, because you *know*, that I come. Out of your miseries, the convict’s lagging step, you say? Think what I was. There was never any wrong in you, but I was sunk in evil depths of folly” —

“I will not have you say so,” she interrupted; “you never in your life did a dishonorable thing.”

“Then again I say, trust me; for, on the honor of a Vaufontaine, I believe that happiness will be yours as my wife. The boy, — you see how he and I” —

“Ah, you are so good to him!”

“You must give me chance and right to serve him. What else have you or I to look forward to? The honors of this world concern us little. The brightest joys are not for us. We have work before us, no rainbow ambitions. But the boy — think for him” — He paused.

After a little she held out her hand toward him. “Good-by,” she said softly.

“Good-by — you say good-by to me!” he exclaimed in dismay.

“Till — till to-morrow,” she answered, and she smiled. The smile had a little touch of the old archness which was hers as a child, yet, too, a little of the sadness belonging to the woman. But her hand-clasp was firm and strong, and her touch thrilled him. Power was there, — power with infinite gentleness. And he understood her, which was more than all.

He turned at the door. She was standing very still, the parchment with the great seals in her hand. Without speaking she held it out to him, as though uncertain what to do with it.

As he passed through the doorway he smiled, and said, “To-morrow, — to-morrow!”

*Gilbert Parker.*

(*The end.*)



OLD HOMES.

OLD homes among the hills! I love their gardens;  
Their old rock-fences that our day inherits;  
Their doors, round which the great trees stand like wardens;  
Their paths, down which the shadows march like spirits;  
Broad doors and paths that reach bird-haunted gardens.

I see them gray among their ancient acres,  
Severe of front, their gables lichen-sprinkled, —  
Like gentle-hearted, solitary Quakers,  
Grave and religious, with kind faces wrinkled, —  
Serene among their memory-hallowed acres.

Their gardens, banked with roses and with lilies, —  
Those sweet aristocrats of all the flowers, —  
Where Springtime mints her gold in daffodillies,  
And Autumn ingots marigolds in showers,  
And all the hours are toilless as the lilies.

I love their orchards, where the gay woodpecker  
Flits, flashing o'er you, like a wingèd jewel;  
Their woods, whose floors of moss the squirrels checker  
With half-hulled nuts; and where, in cool renewal,  
The wild brooks laugh, and raps the red woodpecker.

Old homes! old hearts! Upon my soul forever  
Their peace and gladness lie like tears and laughter;  
Like love, they touch me, through the years that sever,  
With simple faith; like friendship, draw me after  
The dreamy patience that is theirs forever.

*Madison Cawein.*

---

HAPPINESS.

It was before the sunset that I turned  
From where the late day burned,  
And climbed the wide brown pasturelands that run  
Along the hillside. There the warm weeds purr  
For comfort of the sun.  
Some secret in their look  
Led me, until, struck through with love and awe,  
I saw —  
My Brook.  
Glad hastener!

Though the high tide of clover was astir,  
 And blue-eyed flowers leaned across the grass  
 To see it pass,  
 And the long, rippled tresses  
 Of watercresses  
 Were misted with thin crystal, under stream, —  
 For more content  
 To small suspected presences, agleam,  
 And then away! — yet, ever diligent,  
 Untamed, soft fluttering,  
 The little creature went on rapturous wing,  
 Loyal and changeeful, feathered, yet at rest,  
 On its own quest,  
 Subtle as light and simple as a nest.  
 It mused among the shaggy weeds and bubbled  
 In broken paths, untroubled;  
 With such a tongue to comfort and beseech,  
 It won the stones to speech!  
 Long time I listened, pondered, with love-looks,  
 The ways of brooks;  
 When, feeling, half aware,  
 The benediction-touch upon my hair,  
 Of something fair,  
 I turned from that wise water happy-voiced;  
 And there,  
 Against the flush of waning afternoon,  
 Early, a dim moth-silver, poised  
 The Moon.

*Josephine Preston Peabody.*

### THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

**The Last Chapter.** It is maliciously said that the feminine reader is accustomed to treat the last chapter of a novel as a preface. She believes that here the flavor of the story is concentrated. If it be to her taste, she will straightway read the book, regardless of dinner-bells or callers. If not, ten minutes are her only loss. Fearful of being inveigled into unnecessary reading, she wishes to make sure that the game is worth the candle. The recommendation of friends is unreliable. Book notices are sometimes wrong. The last chapter is a certain key.

The advantages of this method are indisputable. Given an innocent young woman, of moderate sense and immoderate sensibility: why should she be condemned to three hundred pages at hard labor to find in the end that the hero's life is as prosaic as her own father's? Or if the woman be older, with rather more sense and decidedly less sensibility, — the type known among us as "a very worthy person," — why, if justice still be justice, should she toil through thirty chapters to learn that the hero's passion for romance is incorrigible, after all? These are pertinent questions, and this



system, which we will make bold to call the feminine, as opposed to the stolid masculine practice of beginning at the beginning and ending at the end, is one of the great economic inventions of this ingenious age.

But, unfortunately, the value of the system is negative. It prevents a shocking waste of time upon uncongenial books; yet if, by some happy accident, the volume is congenial, when once the solution is known, the bubble of interest is pricked.

For my own part, I follow the simpler method; but recognizing that the value of the feminine system is too evident to be lightly cast aside, I submit with some diffidence a few simple rules for the guidance of discriminating readers.

(1.) New books in paper covers should be read after the feminine system.

(2.) When a brand-new author issues a brand-new book, the feminine method is very safe.

(3.) When the newspapers hail the author as the Thackeray of the United States, the Balzac of America, or the Fielding of the nineteenth century, the feminine system should be rigorously followed.

(4.) When a novel is suspected of a "purpose," apply the system and discover the purpose.

If these directions be scrupulously followed, it is my confident belief that I shall deserve the lasting gratitude of every reader who would save time, trouble, and vexation of spirit.

Thus I admit the typical last chapter has its legitimate use. But surely it is not for this that authors add their smooth explanation of the past, their elaborate horoscope of the future, their public scrutiny into lives that have passed beyond the limits of their story. Their purpose is to gratify the people, not to do honor to their craft. As the component part of a work of art, the weakness of the traditional last chapter is but too evident. When once we have

reached the climax, we are straightway tempted to close the book. There the story ends. The curtain drops. Gold and tinsel vanish. The actors become men and women much like the rest of us. To describe them further is mere gossip.

Many a successful author knows this in his heart. But if, regardless of his reader's curiosity, he carefully omit the closing sketch of a paternal hero and a domesticated heroine, then "Give us a sequel!" is at once the cry. With half-assumed reluctance, the complacent author yields. In due time the sequel is brought forth. Everybody reads it. The Sunday newspapers predict undying fame. The original is surpassed, they say, the author has outdone himself. A year later the very title is on the verge of oblivion. Indeed, the failure of the sequel is proverbial, for David Balfour and the romances of Dumas merely serve to prove the rule.

But, most commonly, the author holds nothing back, and the last chapter is given to the reader in all its relentless accuracy. Let us take a few familiar examples. It is, for instance, to a last chapter that we owe the description of Daniel Deronda's wedding in the very heart of Jewry, and willy-nilly we must read of Mira "glowing like a dark tipped yet delicate ivory-tinted flower in the warm sunlight of success." "What in the name of satiety is the need of this!" one exclaims involuntarily. But here the reader will say that I am prejudiced; that my thoughts are fixed on Gwendolen; that I never really appreciated Mira; that this last vignette of the sentimental Jewess, surrounded by the whole Cohen family, makes me needlessly intolerant. Lest these charges be thought too plausible, I will adduce a fairer instance.

The conclusion of *Jane Eyre* purports to be written by the heroine ten years after her marriage with Rochester. What has she to tell us? "I know no weariness of my Edward's society. . . .

We talk, I believe, all day." (Bless us, of course they did, or she had not been Jane Eyre nor he Rochester.) "Diana and Mary Rivers are both married." (We guessed as much.) "My Edward is no longer stone blind." (Here, it is true, is news, but might it not have been hinted to us before?)

Even Hawthorne, who was not wont to swerve from literary ideals, was badgered by public curiosity into some reluctant explanations. The *Marble Faun*, I believe, originally ended with the famous scene in the Pantheon where beneath "the eye of Heaven" Kenyon and Hilda plight their lovers' oaths. Here was the natural and therefore the artistic ending; but the public cried out, and half a chapter was added. Hilda's former disappearance is explained. Poor Donatello's fate is hinted at. But, still insatiate, the reader clamors for the secret of the Faun. "How would Cuvier classify Donatello?" he demands. This is too much. At last the long-suffering author protests: "On that point, at all events, there shall be no word of explanation," and his promise is well kept.

One half of this apparent curiosity is in reality pure laziness. Like children who turn to the appendix for the answer before they do a problem, readers grudge the smallest claims upon their intellect or fancy. They do not read, they say, for mental exercise, but for pleasure. Print is plainer and more satisfactory than speculation. It is the author's business to write the story, and a good workman makes his work complete. Why should a reader, buried in the easiest of chairs, and fortified against discomfort by dressing-gown and slippers, be obliged to cudgel the brain and start the imagination from quiescence, when the author can save the trouble in no time? A pest upon *The Lady or the Tiger*! A plague on the ears of the Faun! Better a thousand times crop them short than leave them hidden in this everlasting doubt.

Yet, to my thinking, it is just here that a chief duty of the author lies. He owes it to the reader to develop qualities which the world too often leaves untouched. Not business nor golf, not housekeeping nor driving, will stir the imagination; yet if it lie fallow, how much is gone from life! Once roused, the fancy feeds on its own growth, until it colors the world and softens the hardness of every outline. The last chapter opens a wide opportunity. In it, if the author will, he may lead the reader to the borderland of fact and fancy, and thence let him stray unaided. The first step taken, the exercise becomes a pleasure. The reader closes the book, but his thoughts run on and on, and in his mild way he shares the keen delight of a creative mind.

It is a hopeful sign of the times that many novelists of to-day have self-control enough to halt when their story is told. But, unhappily, their whole task is not accomplished thus. A dull story with the best of endings is but a crime without aggravating circumstance. To the vulgar author, the opportunity of the last chapter is denied. Long since, the reader's attention has flagged hopelessly, and pricked as it may be, at the close, it will not budge one inch beyond the pale marked by the blessed "*Finis*." Again the mind becomes a peaceful blank.

I know no more perfect master of the art of effect in a last chapter than the Russian Turgueneff. When the acme of interest is past, he never runs on in garulous anti-climax, sparing the imagination every effort; nor does he drop a curtain behind which it is impossible to grope. The few pages which end his novels, like the mists that wrap a distant landscape, vaguely suggest the unknown scenes beyond. If some incident subsequent to the story is necessary to complete our understanding of a character, — as for instance the death of Dmitri Rudin, — he gives it to us briefly, yet



without reserve. But if the details we seek are the mere sequel of the plot, we find them hedged about with tantalizing doubt. What reader, as he finishes the wonderful story of Helene, does not pause while his mind follows her from Venice upon her unknown journey? And who is insensible to the fascination of the thought that her fate may be divined by him alone?

For such an ending to such a story the reader may well feel grateful. Creations like this are rare, as they are precious. Their authors are fewer still, but they are born to immortality.

IN 1862, when President Lincoln issued his second call for troops, a certain young man quitted the gold fields of Colorado, and hastened across the plains to Omaha as fast as the enduring ox-teams of the time could carry him. There he took a train for Michigan, the state of his residence; stopped at Kalamazoo to marry his sweetheart, and to deliver to her his belt of gold dust; and then sped on to the recruiting station at Detroit. He enlisted in the ranks, went to the front, fought in no less than seven of the historic battles, incurred serious physical troubles, was wounded, and in the third year of the war was discharged and sent home a lieutenant of his company. This man, still in the prime of life, sitting under his own vine and apple tree, heard of the recent war with irritation.

"Why can't we have peace?" he asked. "What is all this trouble about, anyway? What's all this talk about civilization, if men must fall at one another's throats? As for these young boys who are enlisting, they'll be crying for their mothers. Why, Bill Brown left his father, now getting to be an old man, to look after the farm alone this summer. Bill'd no business to go off. The best way for him to serve his country is by staying at home and getting in the crops. And Conover, who was clerking for Sisson, he's gone too, and

hasn't been married but a month. Why can't he stay at home and take care of his wife? She'll be a widow, the first thing she knows! It's a very strange thing to me that men can't attend to their business, and get over the habit of killing one another."

While there are many exceptions to the rule, this lament of the civil-war veteran is that of many of his class. They represent what may be termed the subjectivity of the spontaneous patriot. They are not men accustomed to viewing historical events in an objective way, and they are interested in the course of things chiefly as it affects themselves. It is an open question whether such men as Bill Brown, and Conover, and the veteran as he was in his youth (for they are all of the same class) are not of more use to a commonwealth than men of reflection. At any rate, they make up the ranks; they do the work in the fields, in the shops, in the trenches, in the churches; they comprise the great majority of this enormous, heterogeneous nation. But what distinguishes them most from the men of reflection is the fact that they unconsciously obey the laws of nature. When they are young, they are young. When they are old, they are old. They have a time for seeking the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth, and a time for the lean and slippered pantaloons; nor do they feel impelled to accept sentiments inconsistent with their time of life, nor to affect a state of mind they do not feel. This simple obedience to the course of nature makes many of the heroes of our past generation intolerant of those of to-day. Years have softened them; their aggressive masculinity is a thing of the past, — all the more because they once put it to the test, and expressed themselves passionately in the most strenuous conflict of the world; having satisfied themselves, their women, and their friends of their manhood in this most conclusive way, they rest content with peace. They

**The Two  
Stages of a  
Hero.**

forget that the present generation has a right to its drama; that the young women want their heroes, and the old women wish to see their sons distinguish themselves; and that deep in the souls even of young men half drugged by commercial monotony is a dream of prowess, a desire for adventure, and an impatience for some form of intense personal expression.

This histrionic self-expression the present generation has now had. It has idealized itself for its own delight, and is able to regard itself poetically. Now it, too, is ready to move on to unimpassioned work and prudent living.

I HAVE often wondered why some one has not taken issue with Shakespeare on his dogmatic command, "Let still the woman take an elder than herself." The frequent marriages of women to men younger than themselves have been singularly happy and congenial, from Dr. Johnson's marriage with his "dear Tetzey," who was twice his age, to Varnhagen von Ense and Madame Mohl. In Napoleon's marriage the age of Josephine did not matter. When Madame de Staël turned to her young husband, Rocca, one must feel that she brought to him more than Chloe offered Daphnis; and when George Eliot married Mr. Cross, must we not believe that the union was one of dignified significance?

Hear what Varnhagen says in his journal before his marriage with Rahel Levin, the woman whose merit has been attested by Goethe, Jean Paul Richter, and Carlyle: "I was then twenty-four years old, Rahel my senior by more than half those years. This circumstance taken by itself might seem likely to have driven our lives far asunder. It was, however, but an accident; it was essentially of no account. This noble life, so rich in experience both of joy and of sorrow, retained all its vigor; not only the powerful intellect which hovered above

every-day regions, but the heart, the senses, the whole corporeal being, were as though bathed in clear light. She stood a commanding presence between an accomplished past and a hopeful future."

To whom do we owe so high an interpretation of the ideal of marriage as to Charles Kingsley, whose wife was seven years his senior? Turn the pages of his *Life* and re-read these words: "Matthew xxii. 30 has been to me always a comfort. I am so well and really married on earth that I should be exceedingly sorry to be married again in heaven; and it would be very needless. All I can say is, if I do not love my wife, body and soul, as well there as I do here, then there is neither resurrection of my body nor of my soul, but of some other, and I shall not be I."

It is interesting to recall the heroines of Disraeli, — Henrietta Temple and others, — and then to remember that Disraeli defied the theory of feminine attraction which he had advanced in fiction, by selecting for his wife a woman who was much older than himself, and to whom he attributed the success as well as the happiness of his life. The story runs that once, seeing his wife, then aged and frail, leaning on the arm of an attendant, Lord Beaconsfield said of her to the friend with whom he was at the moment talking, "There is the only person who has never bored me."

Those beautiful love poems, *At the Fireside* and *One Word More*, were written by Robert Browning to his wife, who was six years his senior. Robert Louis Stevenson's marriage with Mrs. Osborne, who was much older than he, was, as we all know, a union of extraordinary felicity. His own words in the poem which serves as the dedication to *Weir of Hermiston*, as well as the testimony of his friends, attribute to her much help in his literary success, as well as his domestic happiness.